

AMERICA'S TRIUMPH

Stories of American
Jewish Heroes



DOROTHY ALFESIN

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America's triumph.

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America's Triumph

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OF AMERICAN RABBIS

DOROTHY ALOFSIN



America's Triumph

STORIES OF AMERICAN JEWISH HEROES



Illustrations by LOUIS KABRIN

THE UNION OF AMERICAN HEBREW

CONGREGATIONS, *Cincinnati*

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To
HÉLÈNE AND MAX HOFFMAN
WHO HAVE NEVER FAILED TO UNDERSTAND
MY DREAMS, MY SONGS, MY SILENCES

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Editor's Introduction

America's Triumph, by Dorothy Alofsin, is the first in a new series of books for children known as the Intercultural Series. It will bring an understanding of the spirit which motivates peoples of all folk groups uniting to form America. It will help the reader discern how the choicest threads of each heritage are being woven into the ideals, life, and culture of our land. It will, we hope, stimulate increased desire among children and teachers to understand each folk group and its part in our American democracy, so that through this understanding our American unity will be strengthened.

In *America's Triumph* the author has woven a series of stories of American Jews into the web of a unique experiment undertaken by a group of children in a junior high school class, with the guidance of an inspired teacher. While conducting a project they become acquainted with Haym Salomon and with his love of liberty; they meet Judah Touro and see his help to all classes and creeds; they visit the scene of Lillian Wald's triumph and come to understand its influence on their own community; they live with Louis D. Brandeis and draw from his struggle for justice an insight into America's desire to remain true to the dream of its founding fathers; they become interested spectators of Dr. Joseph Goldberger's experiments and learn how he served his land and all mankind. In the course of their adventures, the children acquire a desire to also serve America.

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

The criterion for inclusion in each case was, Did this individual make a contribution which, inspired by Jewish tradition, brought needed help to humanity? Mrs. Alofsin has chosen ten such American Jewish heroes and told their story skillfully, dramatically, and with appeal for young people, using material historically true about each leading character. That these, and many others of different backgrounds, of varied races and creeds, found it possible to realize themselves creatively in America, contributing at the same time to human betterment, *is* America's triumph.

The book, beautifully illustrated by Louis Kabrin, will serve all children who are interested in studying various groups which constitute the great experiment in democracy we call America.

For Jewish children, who sometimes travel a difficult road, this book provides some of the equipment that can strengthen them for their journey.

EMANUEL GAMORAN



Acknowledgments

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Concerning indebtedness for information regarding the individuals who lived long before my time, it may be said of me, as it has been said of Homer,

What he thought he might require
He went and took.

Historical societies, including the American Jewish Historical Society, gave interested assistance, as did the relatives and friends of the modern personalities, whom I interviewed, seeking material that would help me show the whole person, in his environment and with his associates, instead of his contribution alone. To all of these go my warm thanks.

I wish also to express my appreciation to Mr. M. Myer Singer, whose artistic gift made this such an attractive volume, and to Dr. Emanuel Gamoran, who has a happy faculty for turning a difficult task into an exciting adventure.

DOROTHY ALOFSIN



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America's Triumph



History Lab, U. S. A.

(PROLOGUE)

Something really exciting has happened to our town since you moved away. I'm glad you came back for your vacation, Bill, so you could see the change.

Remember the way we used to listen to people who spread prejudice, and how we clashed and pulled against each other? Well, we pull together now, and what a difference it makes. It all began last September, on the first day of school.

That first morning I was sitting on the broken stone wall beside our Junior High School when Sammy Weinstein passed by with a couple of undelivered papers under his arm, taking them back to his father's stationery store down the street. He looked at me, looked away as if he meant to pass by without speaking, looked back, and said in his shy way:

"Hi, Adam! How's our class poet?"

"Hi," I called back not too interested, kicking my heels against a loose stone.

What was the use being class poet of such a shabby school, with nothing but a hoop in the gym, and no uniforms for the basketball team? How could one even call it a team when the fellows on it only talked to each other when they had to?

And they're not poor players, either; not by a long shot. There's

Jim Zatinski, as good a center as any school could want, and Tony Ferranti, a swell forward, and Sammy Weinstein, a nifty guard. Each one is tops, but together they don't quite click. Would that make a poem? What was there to write about when one lived in a town as poor as ours, with nothing but a granite quarry in it?

A half hour later I was still sitting there feeling pretty glum. Fellows and girls were coming down the street in separate little groups. Frank Masters and his pal, Jed Minton, crossed from the other side of the street. You remember Frank, don't you? His father owns the garage on Main Street and his mother belongs to the Old-Stock Americans Club.

Well, as Frank and Jed came up close, they motioned toward the groups and began singing in a low voice, to the tune of "The Yanks Are Coming," the parody I made up last year, "The Cliques Are Coming."

"Look," Frank said, jerking his thumb toward a tall young man striding down the street toward us. "That's the new principal. He's been here a week, studying our community. There was a piece about him in Saturday's paper."

"Yes, I saw it," I told Frank. "His name is Peter Brandt and he goes in for something called new education. He writes books, too."

We watched Brandt come closer, then pass us by. His eyes were friendly when he looked at us, but his chin announced he could get tough if he had to.

"I suppose he'll teach our history class," Jed remarked, watching him go inside. "Well, we'd better go in. The bell will ring soon, anyhow."

Sure enough, we twenty kids studying the history of the United States found that Mr. Brandt was our teacher.

We talked about immigrants, and the years when people from

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different countries came to America, and why they came. Mr. Brandt pointed out that we are an energetic nation because so many energetic persons came here. Then he said:

"How would you like to learn something about the people of each folk group living in our town, and their importance to the United States?"

Jed Minton laughed. His laugh had a bite in it. "That sounds as if you think the—er, the men chopping granite," he blustered, "who came to our country in the steerage, are just as important as Frank's family, whose people came over in the *Mayflower*."

"Steerage passengers," Tony Ferranti exploded, "had to pass physical and mental and moral tests!" He laughed, but his laugh didn't sound happy. "That *Mayflower* gets an awful lot of stretching in this town."

Some of the kids giggled. They knew Jed and Tony had a fight last week and were still angry. As soon as the giggling stopped, Mr. Brandt said in a quiet and pleasant voice:

"My great-grandfather came from Holland. He traveled by steerage, too."

Everybody was so quiet, I heard the crickets in the wall. But Jed wasn't doing any chirping. His face was as red as a soft tomato. Mr. Brandt waited a minute, then he said:

"Let's not forget that all Americans are immigrants or the children of immigrants—except American Indians, of course. That's one thing we all have in common. Even our Statue of Liberty, in New York harbor, is foreign-born. Now let's see how many foreign countries are represented in this class."

We learned then that four of us were descended from Irish immigrants, four from Italian, three from English, two from Polish, one each from Greek, French, Chinese, and Swedish immigrants, and

one, a Negro girl, from African immigrants. The ancestors of the two Jewish members of our class, Marilyn Miller and Sammy Weinstein, came from Russia. Sammy's father came when he was a young man. Sammy's mother was born here, of Russian parents. Marilyn felt important because her family came more than a hundred years ago.

"There was a lot to be done for the United States in those days," Mr. Brandt agreed. "But we still have problems to solve and skills that have to be developed. Each age has its own needs."

The next day the class talked about our age and its special needs. Jim—he's a wizard in science—Jim said radar and television were in their beginnings and maybe one of us would help carry them farther along. Sammy said work was needed to show us how to have a peaceful world without wars. We decided that any person who helps to achieve these needs will make an important contribution to America, and at the same time to world progress.

Mr. Brandt asked us to name some Americans of the past who achieved important benefits for our nation, and to tell from which folk group they came. We decided that an important achievement was something which made life safer, more comfortable, or more interesting. We thought it was lucky for us that such persons or their ancestors had come to our country.

But we couldn't think of many—we remembered only a few like Thomas Jefferson, John Peter Zenger, and Andrew Hamilton who defended Zenger, Robert Fulton, and Thomas Edison. Then Jim remembered that Count Casimir Pulaski came from Poland to help us fight the Revolutionary War. That reminded Nanette Gerlier—she's the French member of our class—that the Marquis de Lafayette came from France and led some of our troops in that struggle for

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independence. Cornwallis, the British general, called Lafayette "the boy" because he was so young, but the boy proved more than a match for Cornwallis.

Tony made some of us admit that the people who turned forest land into farms and built cities and railroads made an important contribution, too. Then Jim pointed out that some of our comforts and pleasures, like steam heat and movies and radio, were developed by many persons, each building on top of what others had done.

Before that session ended Mr. Brandt asked us to talk with our parents and then write a composition. In it we were to tell why our ancestors came to the United States, whether they found what they came for, and what kinds of work they had done.

Well, Bill, that's the way we studied United States history with Mr. Brandt the first few weeks of school. Along with other facts, we learned a lot about our own and each other's families. Doing it that way was fun. We had to look up information in books, too, and talk and write about what we learned. Looking back on it now, I think our most important gain was that we got to know each other better in those two weeks than in all the years we went to school together.

Somebody mentioned the atom bomb one day. Mr. Brandt said if people practiced brotherhood, we would have declared a week's vacation and danced in the streets when atomic energy was discovered. Atomic energy can be applied to the needs of every-day living and when we learn more about it, it will make life easier and better for all. He said:

"It's unfortunate that some countries feel endangered by our ability to manufacture atom bombs." We talked a little about that, and how we want European countries to become democracies, to copy our form of government. One of the fellows said European newspapers describe what's going on here, and maybe if we cleaned

up some American trouble spots, those people would follow our way. One of the girls said, "Couldn't we students accomplish more if we worked on the problems of our own town and school?"

So we talked about our town and school, and of some of the things we ought to have and didn't—uniforms for our basketball team, a decent phonograph for music class and some new records—dance records, too, for our monthly student socials.

Mr. Brandt told us about schools in other towns, that have class projects to earn money for such "extras." He said:

"Let's try to think of a project by which we can earn money for some of the special needs of our school."

The teachers must have been meeting with Mr. Brandt, because other classes soon took up studies that seemed all in one piece with our history class. In current events we talked about problems in our town, like damage done to unrented stores and windows broken in houses closed up for the winter or for the summer, perhaps because people were unfriendly toward each other, maybe due to lack of understanding and respect.

In music one day we had a talk on Negro music and we learned the difference between ragtime, jazz, and blues. The teacher played records on our squeaking phonograph until we each recognized the difference. During one music period we sang Stephen Foster's songs; the next time we had spirituals. One session was spent talking about George Gershwin and how he translated America into music. Then we learned one of his song hits from a musical comedy.

In English class we read poems by Paul Dunbar and Langston Hughes—they're Negro Americans—and another day we read some by Jessie Sampter, a Jewish American. In science we learned about

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George Washington Carver and men and women from other groups. We began to see that people who came from every country in the world had a part in making our nation what it is today.

On Thursday of the second week Jed and Sammy had a battle right in history class, a battle of words. Jed started it with a fresh remark about Jews, and Sammy said it wasn't true, and why was Jed a trouble maker?

Mr. Brandt got them to quiet down. Then we talked about what had happened. Mr. Brandt didn't say much. He just listened and led us, with a word or two, in order to keep our thinking straight. We found the answers ourselves. Jed's remark was not true.

Frank said to Jed: "You weren't born with prejudices. Somebody gave them to you in the beginning. Who did it? Your parents? A Sunday school teacher, maybe? The kids on your street? You could use your brain, you know, and not repeat mean remarks you hear, especially when you don't know if they're true."

Near the end of the session we were sure about several things:

That when we are prejudiced about people, we ought to first examine ourselves, to discover what we think about them and why we think it. Then, if we want to behave in a fair and intelligent way, we should make a study of the people involved, to learn all we can about them. That's the only way we can know the truth.

The bell rang and Mr. Brandt said:

"We'll talk some more about this tomorrow."

In assembly next morning, Mr. Brandt told all the students that America's most important present need is for all her sixty folk groups to learn to live and work together like friends, with an understanding and respect for each other.

He said America was a nation of nations, and that our country was built by many people, all working together as good neighbors. He said the American way was a respect for differences. He warned us that if we don't work together now, our unity will be lost and America will no longer be a strong, peaceful country. He said he wanted our school to adopt a slogan, "Unity Through Understanding." He ended his talk by saying:

"You girls and boys should consider your classrooms as laboratories. That's where you can learn to live together and work and play together in harmony, the way we should do in a democracy. That's where you can learn to understand and appreciate your own folk culture, if you don't know it already, and that of your fellow Americans. For our roots in the past have an influence on our lives in the present, and on our contribution to our land."

We knew what he meant. He had talked one day in assembly about what each folk group brought to America. He told us then how some groups brought emotion and color into our art and music, while others brought expert methods for growing wheat or good ideas for putting up strong buildings. He traced the influence of the Hebrews on the men who laid the foundations for our nation. They knew the Hebrew Bible well—the Old Testament, we call it—and from it they took the ideal of justice for everybody. America's first seal was inspired by the Old Testament, too. It showed Pharaoh being thrown into the Red Sea, and its motto stated:

"Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God."

Well, to get back to Mr. Brandt: That day, in history class, he asked if we'd like to have our class become a special experimental laboratory in United States history—History Lab, U. S. A., he called it. Would we like to study one folk group each year, while some of the other classes included information on all groups? Then with our

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class working together as a unit, he said, we could present what we learned to the assembly.

We talked about it back and forth. We thought it would be interesting and that we could learn more, concentrating on one group. We discussed ways to go about it. We thought we ought to do some reading first, then get acquainted with persons of that folk group, maybe get one of its prominent men to speak at assembly. We could listen to records of its music and see its art. If there wasn't any in our town, maybe our class could take a bus trip to the city. After we knew the group, we could write a play and put it on.

We had a lively discussion. I think everybody took part. One of the fellows said:

"The student council can do something along with us—maybe have some of that folk group's special foods served for refreshments after a meeting—or put on its special dances at a monthly social."

One girl said: "Our class can have an exhibit of art and books, if we can borrow enough. The public library might have some books sent down from the city."

Then I got an idea. "How about dividing our class into three teams?" I asked. "Each team could make its own plans and prepare something different. And in addition, each student could pick one person from the folk group studied, learn as much as possible about his life, and write a paper."

Mr. Brandt looked pleased. "That gives me an idea for a fund-raising project," he said. "We could all work together on it. The income would enable us to provide some of our school's special needs."

The minute he began to explain his idea, you could see the kids liked it. Mr. Brandt said if we would really work and learn to know our characters well and write good papers—"not just surface facts which many people may know," he explained—then he would

select the best ten or twelve of these word-portraits, improve the writing, and find a publisher to bring them out in a book.

"Such books are needed," Mr. Brandt informed us. "If you will dig for interesting facts and present them with justice and understanding, the book will help to create unity among Americans. You students will supply the facts. I will merely sweeten the sour places in the writing."

He chuckled, and said: "Judging by some of the compositions you've turned in, a good bit of sweetening may be necessary."

Voting to decide which group we should study was exciting. We spent part of a few sessions thinking and talking about it.

"Each folk group," Mr. Brandt cautioned, "has average people and also some inspired ones who stand out because of their important achievements. After you select your group and begin searching for one individual to write about, don't neglect getting acquainted with average persons. Both are important, as this class discovered one day, so you should know both."

We decided that each of us would try to get acquainted with one person or family of the folk group we would study. If we could we would work and play with them, eat with them, and worship with them. We would read books that explain their history and culture.

We talked about which group to study. It narrowed down to the Chinese, Italian, and Jewish people. After some more discussion we eliminated one group and then another. Studying the Jewish people became our class project for the year.

We had different reasons. Some of them were: Because there's so much talk about the Jewish people, and we want to know what's true and what isn't. Because several novels with Jewish characters

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have been published lately and people we know are discussing them. Because Jews are an ancient people whose culture is different in some ways from all others. Because of the new Jewish State, Israel, created with the help of the United Nations, and the special problems Jewish people have to meet to help this baby among the nations develop in a healthful way.

Marilyn looked terribly unhappy as the talk went on. Then she blurted out: "Let's study some other group. Let the Jewish people alone. There's too much talk about them already."

That's when Sammy spoke up. He said: "The trouble with you is that you don't know anything about our people. You need this project more than the rest of us."

Well, we finally convinced Marilyn that we were going to work together, as friends, to acquire an understanding of the Jewish people, and she ought to go along with us and share in our gain. Just before class was dismissed, Mr. Brandt asked us to write down what we believed, good or bad, about the Jewish people. We turned those pages in without our names and Mr. Brandt put them away without looking at them. He said:

"At the end of the year, when our project is finished, we'll read and discuss these papers." Then he told us:

"Let me warn you not to lump these people together, not to make the mistake of thinking they are all alike. Seek them out as individuals who differ from each other in many ways. In writing their stories, present them as individuals. Then you can say to the person about to read what you've written:

"Look at this true portrait of an American . . . this is how he lived . . . this is what he thought . . . thus he struggled for what he believed in . . . here is his triumph. Read his story, then ask yourself honestly, did America benefit by the kind of life he lived?"

Did the American of his day . . . do the Americans of my day . . . do I . . . benefit because he lived as he did, believed as he did, labored and fought as he did?"

He dismissed the class then and I caught up with Sammy Weinstein on the way out. "Will you go to the library with me after school?" I asked. "I'd like your help in selecting the book I ought to read first about the Jewish people."

As weeks passed and we discussed in class the facts we were learning, we decided how we wanted to present each character's story. We wanted not to write a boastful tale, but to show through some lives that the Jewish people has done its part, along with every folk group, toward America's progress.

Mr. Brandt suggested we should try to imagine ourselves in the setting in which these inspired ones had lived, to help us understand their problems and achievements.

When I wrote about Dr. Goldberger, I pictured myself back in his day, listening to him and to those with whom he worked.

That's when I began to understand that each individual's triumph is America's triumph, too. For America, through her gift of freedom and opportunity for each person, harvests his achievements in return.

Well, Bill, I'll have to leave you now. I'm driving to the city with Mother and Dad. They became so interested in what I learned about the Jewish people that they want to see the Jewish Museum our class visited in the spring. I shall be their guide.

Here, I brought a copy of the book we all helped to write. Good looking, isn't it? But just wait until you read the stories! Everything in it, about each historical character, is the truth.

I'll see you again in a couple of days. Then I'll tell you some of the exciting changes that came to our school and to our town because of our History Lab.



For Love of Liberty

HAYM SALOMON

Rachel Franks, fifteen years old and soon to be married, strolled down New York's busiest street that warm afternoon, September 22, 1776. Her usual lively manner was subdued, her brown eyes lacked their merry sparkle. The odor of smoke which hung in the air and the Redcoats swarming in the street and peering from every doorway, suspicious, accusing, worried her.

She told herself, "The daughter of Moses B. Franks, New York's prominent merchant, has nothing to fear." But a small voice whispered in her mind, "What of Haym Salomon, the man you love, whom you're going to marry? Will this suspicion about the fire bring danger to him?"

She forced back a startled exclamation as a young Redcoat stationed before the tavern stepped into her path. She looked away from his admiring glance. She wanted nothing to do with the invaders. What airs they put on toward all Americans!

She passed a cluster of women, their hoop skirts touching, their heads close together. "I suppose they're talking about yesterday's fire," she decided. "Why do they stand there whispering under the suspicious eyes of the British?"

Rumors were flying through the town. There would be many arrests, for the British were angered by the loss of five hundred badly

needed houses, just a week after they had pushed back the troops of General Washington and taken possession of New York. Even their officers would be uncomfortably crowded now, with so many soldiers to be quartered, and a fourth of the town destroyed.

The fire had begun soon after midnight. Fresh south winds had fanned the flames until the whole sky was alight. No alarm had been possible, for all the city's bells had been removed to a place of safety before the British troops entered New York, to prevent the enemy from making the brass and copper into cannon.

"Rachell"

Someone was calling her name in the fearful tones that had in one week become a habit. Her eyes circled the street.

Hester, her rosy-cheeked friend and neighbor, was across the way, beckoning to her. There was something frightening in her face and in her voice.

A farm wagon was clattering by. Rachel waited impatiently. Hester, who was always full of smiles and laughter, looked like a carrier of bad news. Alarm spread through Rachel.

She started to cross the road and saw, too late, some cattle almost upon her, being driven to pasture. She had to scamper across the road to avoid being run down by the bellowing beasts.

Her friend reached out, took her arm, and said, under her breath:

"A Redcoat is watching us. Smile. We'd better walk on. I'll take you home."

They had passed the soldier. "What is it?" Rachel questioned. "What has happened?"

"Your beau . . . Haym Salomon . . . the British arrested him. My mother was in Haym's place buying coffee when they came. 'You're a spy,' they said. 'We have proof that you've been helping the Rebels.'"

Rachel, shocked, stopped walking. A British officer was standing near, watching her. Then Hester was laughing, pushing Rachel's elbow, forcing her to keep moving.

"Your father's home," Hester whispered. "He knows about it. He sent me to look for you."

"Oh, Hester!" Rachel sucked her breath in, trying to pull free from her fear as she quickened her steps. Surely her father would be able to get Haym released. But—suppose he couldn't? Suppose the British knew something?

Haym, so courageous, who had loved liberty almost from the moment he was born in Lissa, Poland, in 1740, was now in the hands of the British. Would they torture him? Would they be able to make him admit his part in America's rebellion?

Only last evening they had sat before the open fire in her parlor, talking about the home they would have after their marriage.

"It will be wonderful, my darling," he had said, "to have a home and you in it." His sharp black eyes which flashed with anger when he talked about the British were so gentle where she was concerned. "Some of the sea captains who bring me goods to sell are seeking furnishings for us at every port they touch . . . such necessities I can provide. But the freedom from worry I'd like you to have I cannot promise."

He studied her youthful face closely, and said, "I wish for your sake that the times were not so dangerous. You understand, don't you, that I have to keep taking risks until we've won the war?"

Yes, she understood that. Haym's love of liberty had caused him to leave his native Poland, which denied equal rights to its citizens. While still a youth he had gone from one European country to another, seeking a land with freedom for all. He had learned the language of each country as he worked his way. He made many

friends; some were merchants who taught him how to buy and sell goods to earn his daily bread.

He was past thirty when he reached New York. He soon discovered the Sons of Liberty, a group of young men working to free America from Great Britain. He joined them. His store became a secret meeting place for planning acts against the British. Rachel knew, that for more than a year now, Haym had had a feeling that British officials were watching him, suspecting him.

Before she had met Haym, Rachel had heard whispers of this daring newcomer, the young merchant in Broad Street. Even during this past week, when the city swarmed with British soldiers and Hessian mercenaries—German men hired out for pay by their masters in Hesse, Germany, to fight for the British—Haym had carried on his dangerous work. He had continued to hide young Colonials who had escaped from the churches which were now British prisons, and to smuggle them out of the city. He even talked Hessians into deserting the British and joining the American army, to fight for the colonies.

“How else,” he asked them, “can you win liberty for yourselves?”

Rachel could see her house now. She wanted to run but didn't dare, fearing watching eyes. She felt as if she were being pulled forward by her fear for Haym and her need to talk with her father. If the British had no proof, would her father be able to get this man freed, this man she had promised to marry?

The British didn't have proof and they learned nothing by their questioning. Still, they kept Haym a prisoner in the dreaded Provost Jail until they discovered that he knew ten languages. Then he was turned over to the Hessian general, Heister, and the general placed



His store became a secret meeting place . . .

him as interpreter in the commissary department, where food and supplies were provided for officers.

Before that had happened, Rachel had been almost out of her mind with fear. On the same day Haym was arrested, Captain Nathan Hale, disguised as a Dutch schoolmaster, was caught while returning to General Washington's headquarters on Long Island, bringing information about British plans. The young captain was court-martialed and hanged as a spy the next morning. Rachel had feared Haym would meet the same fate, for the British charged him with setting fire to the city.

When Haym was placed in the commissary near imprisoned American and French soldiers, with Hessians coming and going constantly, he had thought it funny. The British were giving him a chance to really work against them.

He watched for opportunities, brought aid to Continental and French prisoners, and helped many to escape and rejoin the American forces. He created discontent among Hessian officers. The British never suspected that he was responsible for many desertions and resignations by these men.

Rachel guessed that some of these Hessians left the notes from Haym which she found slipped under her door when she came down in the morning. She knew that the imprisonment had given Haym, who hadn't ever been strong, a painful cough, and that his lungs were weakened. She tried to get a pass into the jail, hoping to smuggle in a bottle of medicine. But the British wouldn't let her see him.

One rainy afternoon almost two months after his arrest she heard the clang of the knocker on her front door, three quick short bongs, Haym's signal. She couldn't believe her ears, nor her eyes, when she had thrown the door wide open.

Haym was at the footscrapers, trying to remove the thick mud of

the unpaved streets from his shoes. "Let it be!" she cried, and pulled him into the house.

Then she was in his arms, hearing the good news that he was paroled. She was laughing and crying at the same time, shocked by his sunken cheeks and his terrible cough.

"Oh, my darling," she said, "look what they've done to you!"

He laughed, his black eyes sparkling. "Wait until you hear what I did to them," he whispered.

He had to tell her everything, what he had seen and heard. The British officers were boasting:

"Compared to our wives, the ladies of the town look very poor indeed. They have scarce an extra petticoat. Any garment that could make a Yankee soldier a shirt or a pair of breeches has been taken from them."

He heard them tell that most soldiers taken prisoner were in rags. "We have to buy clothes for them from old women who make a trade of stripping dead Rebel soldiers," they informed a newly arrived British officer.

Once again Haym took up his business as merchant, and his work with the Sons of Liberty. Now he had the task, secretly, to persuade the Hessians to desert the British and join the American army.

He was filled with dismay when he showed Rachel a news bulletin published in the city that autumn:

"Five thousand half-naked prisoners are in town in the hands of the British. They have received neither money, subsistence, nor clothing. They are distressed and filthy."

"It's money that we need now," Haym said to Rachel. "If only I could raise large sums of money for our government."

FOR LOVE OF LIBERTY

At the foot of the page, they read this note:

"The Philadelphia inhabitants are moving out with their families, the fear of the British is so great."

"I don't believe it," he said. He knew many Philadelphians who wouldn't run away. They would stay and fight the enemy.

On January second, 1777, before Rachel's sixteenth birthday, they were married. For the first time in many years Haym had someone to take care of him. Yet never for a moment, in spite of his new-found happiness, did he forget the fight for liberty.

He watched for notices that appeared mysteriously in the night on public buildings, giving news of the Colonial army. Some battles were going badly. Colonel Ethan Allen, who, with the Green Mountain Boys, had captured Forts Ticonderoga and Crown Point, was quartered in the Provost Jail. Prisoners in the Dutch Church were in miserable condition; the guards wouldn't permit anyone to talk through the fence with those in the yard, or to give them food or clothes. Still, General Washington had won a battle at Princeton and had given the British a good sound thrashing. That was encouraging.

Most of the time Rachel went about her household tasks humming a cheerful tune. But whenever marching soldiers turned into her street, a cold fear clutched her heart.

"Be careful, Haym," she pleaded. "Please be careful."

He always gave his promise, then went quietly about the necessary tasks that, multiplied by all patriotic Colonials, must finally result in freedom.

The words of Thomas Paine, the courageous young patriot, were echoing through the Colonies:

"These are the times that try men's souls. . . . Ye that dare oppose not only tyranny, but the tyrant, stand forth!"

Haym, and others like him, continued to stand forth.

When a second great fire swept New York, the Salomons feared there would be trouble. On August 3, 1778, sixty-four dwellings, three topsail vessels, and quantities of King's stores were destroyed in a single night.

Late the next day Haym was sitting quietly at home, looking lovingly at his first child, Ezekiel, only three weeks old, asleep in his cradle.

He heard marching men turn into the street. His heart began to thump. To keep his wife from noticing, he tried to occupy her attention.

"I need a nice gift for Mrs. Lane," he told Rachel. "She and her husband have been helpful to me, in my business and . . . and in other ways. What would you advise?"

"She gives dinners for important visitors from the South," Rachel answered thoughtfully. "You could have the silversmith make a handsome footed salt dish. It will help her seat her guests."

For a second Haym forgot the sound of marching, surprised that a salt dish could serve more than its simple purpose. Then his ears picked up the threatening sound again. "How?" he asked his wife, aware that his voice sounded strange, glad that Rachel hadn't noticed it. The soldiers had always gone by in the past. He didn't want his wife needlessly frightened.

She laughed lightly and said, "Don't you know that guests of honor and important folk are seated above the salt? That those of inferior rank, young children of the family, and servants, are seated

below it and must never speak to those above? Of course," she added, "they may answer when spoken to."

The marching men stopped. There was a pounding on the door. Rough voices called, "Open, in the name of the King!"

He saw Rachel lean limply against his tall writing desk. All the color had drained from her face. He started toward her. Then the room was full of Redcoats. Two seized his arms. He was under arrest, charged with treason against the King.

From the moment of her husband's arrest, Rachel moved as through a nightmare. Haym was accused of helping General Washington in a plot to burn the King's fleet and destroy the British warehouses in and around New York.

This time they had proof that he had for years helped the Continental rebellion against the British. He was placed in the Provost Jail and condemned to be hanged as a spy.

Rachel did not know, until several days after it happened, that Haym escaped from the jail the week after his arrest. And terrifying weeks passed before she and her baby were with him again and she learned the whole story.

A Hessian soldier, a mere boy, was his guard. The boy, so far from his kin, was lonely. Haym talked to him, whenever he had an opportunity, of the joy of being a free man, of living and working on his own piece of land, so easy to get in America, of paying no tribute to any king.

"And how does one become free?" the boy asked, his voice without hope.

"By walking out of this jail and joining the American army. Fight in our ranks. Then you will win freedom for yourself, too."

Hope came alive in the boy's face. "If I dared—"

"Many Hessians have already done this," Haym reminded him. "Join your countrymen who are with General Washington, and be free."

"But—I haven't a shilling in my pocket—"

Haym brought forth a string of golden guineas that he had kept hidden on himself.

"Take these," he said. "They're all I have. I wish there were more. Let them help you become a free man."

The boy hesitated. "If I go to freedom because of you," he said softly, "then I must set you free. You'll need this gold yourself."

Haym shook his head. He forced the guineas into the boy's hand. "It will be easier for me. I know how to find my way around New York; you don't," he said. "You will act?"

Footsteps sounded at the end of the corridor. The boy stepped away from his prisoner, listened, relieved when the steps died away. He returned to Haym.

"Tonight we will both be free," he whispered. "The moon will rise late; that will help us. I'll leave your door and the outer door unfastened. Give me time—a half-hour will do—after I unlock your cell door. Then go. Good luck."

They shook hands on it. That night Haym was free again.

He reached the American lines on August 11. Two weeks later he was with friends in Philadelphia. The British had left the city. The Continental Congress was meeting at Independence Hall, managing the business of the Revolution.

Haym chuckled as he read a poster reprinted in the *Pennsylvania Packet* which had appeared mysteriously at public places in New York. It seemed to be a British advertisement, but it had been written by the Revolutionaries to poke fun at the British:

“To be sold at Private Sale: The British rights in America consisting of, amongst other articles, the Thirteen Provinces now in Rebellion, which Britain, in the hour of her insolence, attempted to subdue; a respectable body of his Majesty’s troops, and a considerable part of the royal navy, together with all the loyal subjects of America.”

Even before Rachel and baby Ezekiel joined him, Haym was planning how he could get into the fight for freedom again. He wrote to Congress, asking for employment to aid the Revolution. No answer came.

The British blockade kept needed goods out. The army lacked blankets and woolens for uniforms. There was a job that needed doing.

He had friends all over Europe. He could write to them in their own languages. He must settle in Philadelphia and engage in trade. Perhaps he might even find a way to raise the large sums so greatly needed by the Government.

He had no money. In New York, the British had seized his entire fortune, between five and six thousand pounds. But he had a good name, a reputation for ability and honesty. He would discuss the matter with his friends that very day, directly after synagogue services. Perhaps they would help him.

They did help him. He proceeded to buy, on trust, tobacco, cordage—tons of ropes for ship’s rigging—and other merchandise, and his friends guaranteed that the purchase price would be paid. He sold his stock at a small profit, paid his bills at once, and bought more goods with the money he earned. When he made an especially large purchase, his friends helped him again.



"Take these, they're all I have . . ."

"There are no greater riches in this world than good friends," he told his wife after she joined him.

Yes, she knew that. In New York their friends had looked after her and the baby from the time of Haym's arrest. They brought her the happy news of his escape as soon as it was known. And how clever had been the arrangements by which she and her infant son were helped to make the journey to Philadelphia!

Haym worked from dawn each morning. He quickly built up a steady trade and a reputation for good judgment and fair dealing toward his customers. People throughout the Colonies ordered goods through him, paying a commission for his labor and his risk. He borrowed large sums to finance trips for men who ran the blockade. He had blankets brought in, and other needed goods for the army.

"Living in Philadelphia is exciting," Rachel would say. She liked walking in its streets, so filled with color and fashion.

"No wonder," Haym responded. "It's America's largest city. Forty thousand people live here, more than in New York and Boston together."

Rachel never tired of seeing the women in their satin or brocade gowns, and the men strutting about in cocked hats trimmed with gold lace, wearing silk stockings, their breeches and coats made of matching colored silk, with fashionable scarlet vests. Lace trimmed ruffles, a mark of gentility, edged their coat sleeves and covered their hands. She could see they were refined—they used the snuff box so gracefully.

Months passed. Haym was prospering, doing a fine business in his broker's office in their small home on Front Street, near the Coffee House. He could hardly manage time to watch his son play soldier in the kitchen, or to dance his infant daughter on his knee.

There was excitement and joy in Haym's face one day when he hurried into the kitchen. Rachel was cooking porridge for baby Sallie on the charcoal cooker beside the open fire.

"It's come," he told her, "the chance for which I hoped. Now I'll be able to raise money for our government. Our soldiers will be paid. They will be properly fed and clothed. I shall see to it."

"How?" she questioned eagerly, happy with his joy. "Tell me about it."

"You know this paper money I've been selling for some of my customers, getting them gold and silver for it?"

"Yes." She knew why this was necessary. Many who sold goods needed to carry on the war refused paper money in payment.

"Robert Morris heard about it and sent for me."

Robert Morris, Superintendent of Finance for the Colonies, had appointed Haym Salomon Broker to the Office of Finance!

"Leave no stone unturned," Robert Morris instructed, "to find money and the means by which I can obtain it."

That meant getting hard money, gold or silver, for the foreign paper money called bills of exchange, loans given by France, Holland, and Spain to help with the war against Britain, and for Continental paper money, to pay for gunpowder and other necessities.

"It won't be easy," Rachel said doubtfully.

Continental paper wasn't popular. "It's not worth a Continental" was a scornful phrase. "There's no gold in the Treasury to back it up," people argued.

A few months before, some men of the Continental army had mutinied because they hadn't received their pay in months. Rachel had read about it.

"And when we do get paid," the soldiers had grumbled, "it's in Continental paper. When we exchange our private's pay of seven

dollars a month, all we get for it is twenty cents. What can we, or our families, buy for that?"

Haym refused to be discouraged. "I'll get money," he promised. "From now on I'll live for that alone."

Haym Salomon became a familiar figure at the Coffee House each day, talking with those who had hard money to invest in the paper he must sell, on which he offered his personal guarantee.

All too often he sat far into the night in his office facing Front Street, chilled to the marrow, writing letters and trying to convince people to invest in paper money, so he could raise the large sums needed to win the war, money demanded by Robert Morris each time he sent for Haym:

"Sell these bills . . . Sell bills payable on the first of August to answer Mr. Pierce's note . . . sell . . . sell . . ."

It wasn't easy. Haym's cough became more painful. The doctor warned him he was working too hard.

Rachel pleaded with Haym to rest. "You have a family to consider," she told him. "You owe something to your children—to Ezekiel, Sallie, and baby Deborah. You must take care of your health."

Always she got the same reply: "Later. I'll rest after we've won the war."

He would add to quiet her fears: "As soon as the British flag is torn down forever, I'll take a long rest. Then I'll set to work to provide for you and the children."

When battles were lost, Continental money was harder to sell. People protested:

"Risk our last pound on this mad daring of a revolt without decent

army or navy, and with such scant armament? What can our puny sums accomplish against the foremost power in the world? It will surely end in failure!"

When he insisted, they would answer: "If the British win, Continental money won't be worth anything. And even if we win, how can the Revolutionary government, with its bankrupt treasury, repay us?"

It became known that Haym was buying Revolutionary paper heavily, spending for it all the cash he earned through buying goods for others.

"There's a man with a keen head for business," people said. "If he's investing, it must be all right."

But Haym wasn't investing for profit. He was investing for liberty.

Gusts of snow and sleet blew against the window this February morning in 1785 as Rachel Salomon, twenty-three years old, now a widow with four small children, straightened up before the box of household articles she was packing.

Through misty eyes she looked at the brass candle holder with its own snuffer, which she held in her hand. She turned it slowly, reading the words engraved in the gleaming metal, *To Haym from his beloved wife, Rachel, 1782.*

She recalled the night she had given it to him, three years ago. How quickly the anxiety in his eyes had changed to happiness, when she pointed to the brightly burning candle in it, saying:

"It's a promise that the light of liberty will yet shine in our beloved land."

Well, the Colonies had finally won their freedom two years ago, exactly twelve months after she had made the prophecy. Through

seven hard years of war her husband and so many of his countrymen had spent their strength and all they possessed to achieve it.

Tears filled her eyes. She blinked them back, angry with herself. She could hear Haym's voice, that night only six weeks ago, when the doctor had told him frankly that he had at most a week to live. Haym had said, then, as she stooped to smooth his pillow:

"Rachel, my dear, you'll have to be a soldier now. Oh, my darling, no tears—please, no tears—they reproach me for having done so little for you and for our children."

No, there mustn't be tears, come what may. Haym merited no reproach. He had lived courageously all the forty-five years of his life. His ability and strength had been spent for his country's cause, and his part in the struggle had helped to bring the victory. General Washington, James Madison, Robert Morris, and so many, many others could bear witness to that.

Rachel wrapped the candle holder in an old embroidered doily, placed it in the box, then reached for a brass warming pan that lay on the rush-bottomed chair beside her. These two articles belonged together. How often they had accompanied Haym to their chamber. There had been a lighted candle in the holder then, and live coals in the warming pan to comfort Haym's chilled body, worn thin by his terrible cough.

A baby's cry sounded. Rachel stopped in her work, waited, then tiptoed to the rear chamber where little Haym, born two weeks after his father died, lay in his low maple cradle beside Deborah's trundle bed.

She went through the doorway sidewise, lifting the hoops in her skirts a little. She bent over her baby and saw that he was asleep again, his tiny fist dug into his cheek.

How good of her neighbor to have taken the others for the day—

HAYM SALOMON

Ezekiel, at seven, over-serious like his father; Sallie, six years old; Deborah, a mischievous butter-ball, two and a half years old. Without them to look after she would get more packing done.

She wished her neighbor hadn't shown her pity so plainly. She knew all too well that there were many, here in Philadelphia, who felt sorry for her, the once prominent Rachel Franks, suddenly become a poverty-stricken young widow with four little ones depending on her alone.

It seemed strange that people still thought of her as Rachel Franks, daughter of Moses B. Franks who had been a merchant before the war, and sister of Isaac Franks, General Washington's aide-de-camp. Well, the time would come when she would be remembered as the loving wife of Haym Salomon, patriot. Throughout the thirteen states of these free United States of America, she would be remembered so.

She had told her neighbor brightly that morning, "It will be fine for the children to make this long visit to my family. I'm much obliged to you for helping me get my packing done."

She tiptoed across the wide floor boards of her chamber to the open fire, poked it gently until the coals were glowing and the heat waves flowed into the room to take up the chill air blowing in around the window frames. Then back she went to her work. The dear reminders of her eight years of marriage to Haym must be carefully packed away.

Rachel moved to Haym's tall writing desk and opened it. She took out the metal box of goose quills, the package of ink powder to be mixed with water, and the silver shaker half full of fine sand for blotting letters.

As she packed them, thoughts flowed through her mind of the great amount of money Haym had raised to carry on the war, for

outfitting soldiers, and the large sums he had personally lent to James Madison and other members of Congress.

Often these were not loans, but gifts. Salaries were so long delayed that these men needed money to pay their living expenses so they could carry on the affairs of the young, inexperienced government. They would have gone to debtor's jail if Haym hadn't helped them. He had advanced over \$20,000 in this way.

James Madison's letter to a friend about this help was known to many. He had written:

"I have been a pensioner for some time on the favor of Haym Salomon . . . the kindness of our friend near the Coffee House is a fund that will preserve me from extremities, but I never resort to it without great mortification, as he obstinately rejects all recompense. To necessitous delegates he always spares them supplies, etc."

James Madison had told his friends:

"When any member [of Congress] was in need, all that was necessary was to call upon Salomon."

Others, too, had received money from Haym this way, among them Thomas Jefferson, James Wilson, another member of the Continental Congress, Edmund Randolph, and aide to General Washington, General Mifflin, and General St. Clair of the Continental Army. And in the winter of 1783, when there had been great distress in Philadelphia, Haym had distributed two thousand dollars to the needy.

The war had finally ended. What joy and excitement there had been when Congress, in Philadelphia assembled, had declared the end of the war by land and sea! Haym had rejoiced that the side of justice had triumphed.

The last British troops were evacuated from the country on November 25, 1783. The British flag, which had flown in America for

a hundred and nineteen years, was gone. In its place was the American flag, which stood for freedom for everybody. Haym, her husband, had helped to place it there. He had helped to save the Republic and to win the freedom every Colonist now enjoyed—the freedom that was an everlasting promise to all who dwelt in America.

The young government had proceeded to lay permanent foundations for the courageous Republic. Haym, too, continued his final arrangements as broker for Robert Morris.

“Soon,” he told his wife, “I shall be free to think of my family first.”

But that time hadn’t come. He fell sick and couldn’t recover. His body had been too greatly weakened by overwork.

Rachel drew forth from the desk the papers she must carefully pack away. There was a copy of the *New York Packet*, now a month old. It carried an item which stated:

“Last Thursday died of consumption in his home in Philadelphia, Mr. Haym Salomon, Broker to the Office of Finance, a gentleman in a very extensive line of business which he conducted with precision and integrity.”

Yes, he had bought goods for people throughout the Colonies and made a great deal of money this way. He was known to be one of the largest depositors in the Bank of North America. Had his patriotic gifts and generous investments in Revolutionary paper finally consumed all his money?

She must save this legal looking paper, too, the inventory of Haym’s estate. When the children were older, she would show it to them. She turned the pages and her eyes lingered on the figure of

\$353,744.45. This was the Revolutionary paper bought by her husband, that she now knew hadn't any value at all.

She must hurry; she must get her packing done. This visit to her family would give her time to try to understand the confusing condition of Haym's affairs.

He had earned such large sums. How was it possible that practically nothing was left? He hadn't expected his family to be faced with hardships and poverty. If only she had more knowledge of business—of Haym's business—perhaps it wouldn't all be lost.

They had planned to give their dear children every advantage. They had talked so often of the happy childhood and youth they would provide for their little ones. Was there anything she could do to make up this loss to them?

In a few hours her neighbor would bring them as far as the door and turn back to her own house. The children would shake the snow off their clothes, then hurry inside.

Dark-eyed Sallie, in her long skirt, tight bodice, and stays, would hush her merry laughter the minute she entered the door. Ezekiel would come in holding Deborah's hand. He would remove his cocked hat and long paneled coat and his eyes would turn to his mother, grave, questioning. She hadn't been able to remove from his eyes that unhappy questioning look which began with his father's sudden death.

She must give them something to make up for the hardships which would in future be theirs. As soon as they returned she must gather them at her knee. She must say:

"It is a great privilege to have had a father who served his country so vitally and so well. Listen now to his story, the story of how he spent his strength, his skill, and his fortune to gain for everybody in America the liberty he loved."



A Gift and an Opportunity

JUDAH TOURO

Judah Touro, at the ship's stern, watched Boston Harbor receding, and his knuckles shone white from his grip on the rail. Under the shadow of the ship's sails reflected on the water, a line of foam was driven back, but Judah did not see it. He felt a need to hold fast to the familiar scene: the fishing boats going home loaded with cod, the sea gulls arching by, their shrill cries soaring. Never before in all his twenty-six years had he felt as sad and as lonely as he did at this moment.

The autumn sunshine beat down on blunt-bowed trading brigs from European ports, and on coasting craft from New York and Philadelphia which lay at the wharves, loading up cargoes of salt codfish and molasses. Beyond the boats was the city—beautiful, cultured Boston. And in Boston was his cousin Catherine Hays, whom he loved with all his heart but must never see again.

"Get out of my house," her father had commanded, "and don't ever come back!"

Catherine was lost to him. He could have her only in his mind and heart. There she would live forever. And he in hers. Catherine had sworn that if she couldn't marry him, she wouldn't marry at all. Every word in her letter was engraved in his mind. He could see the page clearly, headed by the date, Sunday, May 10, 1801. And now

A GIFT AND AN OPPORTUNITY

it was October and he was going forth to begin life all over again in New Orleans, a lonely life, away from everyone he knew.

Why was it a sin for cousin to marry cousin? He knew two young people, cousins, who had run away from home and married against their parents' wishes. But he couldn't commit so dishonorable an act. He couldn't bring sorrow to his uncle, from whom he had received so many years of care, who had been like a father to him.

From the day Judah was born at Newport on June 16, 1775, on the eve of the Battle of Bunker Hill, his uncle Moses Michael Hays, who was his mother's brother, had given him love and kindness. When Judah was nine his father died. Then his uncle took him, with his brother and sister and mother, into his own home. Soon their mother died. The children continued to live with their uncle, a part of his family, receiving the same love and care as his own children, receiving the same instruction, too. His uncle had said:

"Guard your good name. Make yourself as useful as possible. Be careful of what company you keep, and select only honorable persons for your friends."

Would he find new friends in New Orleans? What manner of people lived in that French-Spanish city, in the Louisiana colony of which it was a part? He had heard strange tales about them, that they were all very gay, with low morals. That he wouldn't believe unless he saw it with his own eyes. No people was all good or all bad. His uncle had often said:

"Any time you hear a whole people condemned, discard the criticism as false. Every religious and folk group has a great amount of variety. No people has all the virtues or all the faults. They're distributed pretty equally among the families of this earth."

Another time, when Judah had repeated gossip about a certain folk group in America, his uncle had said:

JUDAH TOURO

"Refuse to believe any evil charge made against a whole group by the envious, the small souls, the men and women who spread hate in order to divide our citizens. Dig down deeper and seek out the truth. Only when you know its people, when you have learned its history and accomplishments, can you form an honest, a true opinion of any race or nation."

Would he meet other Americans in New Orleans? Would he find the kind of people he had known in New England? His own father, Reverend Isaac Touro, the first rabbi of Newport's beautiful synagogue, which had been visited by President George Washington, had often entertained in his own home, at dinner, such prominent citizens as the Reverend Ezra Stiles, the first president of Yale College. His father had taught the Hebrew language to Reverend Stiles.

And in the home of his uncle—the only Jewish home in Boston—he had also met cultured people of the first circles of society. Every Saturday his uncle's Sabbath dinner was shared with friends, and there was good talk around the table. Children were welcomed, too, for his aunt and uncle were fond of young folks. Little Samuel May, coming to dinner with his father, sometimes remained for several days. Each night when Samuel went to bed, Aunt or Uncle Hays, as they were called by the boy, waited beside his bed until he repeated his Christian prayer, that he might not lose the benefit of religious training while in their home.

At his uncle's table, Judah had met such men as Robert Treat Paine, whose father had signed the Declaration of Independence. Judah had seen and known many of the patriots who had helped to free the Colonies. He had listened to tales of the recent Revolutionary days, still fresh in the minds of Boston citizens.

Boston was becoming a vague blur on the horizon. Judah turned his attention to the people strolling on the deck. Most of the men wore the new full broadcloth pantaloons, scant cutaway coats with pockets in the skirts, and their own natural hair, cut short. Those still in breeches were elderly men with powdered hair and queues; they preferred to expose their lean shanks in the fashions of Europe's royalty instead of wearing clothes accepted by common folk.

A family group of father, mother, and small son was approaching. The woman, young and pretty, wore a lavender velvet poke bonnet tied under her chin. Her lavender velvet pelisse, open in front, showed a short-waisted dress of white muslin. There was something vaguely familiar about the woman. Was she one of his uncle's customers?

No, it was the way she carried herself and her sparkling eyes and gentle smile that seemed familiar. These reminded him of Catherine, how she had looked the last time he saw her, in her garden. She had run from the house in satin slippers tied across her instep, with no heels and the thinnest of soles. She wore a cloud of softest light blue muslin made into the scantiest and shortest of gowns, coming barely to her ankles. Over her head she had thrown a scarf of delicate lace.

"You've cut your hair off!" Judah had exclaimed at sight of Catherine's wig with its curls, all the rage with Boston women. He couldn't bear the thought that ruthless scissors had clipped her beautiful hair close.

"It's hardly decent to be seen wearing one's own hair!" Catherine had protested.

The family group stopped beside him. The father put his foot on the rail, removed his high crowned beaver hat, and fanned himself with it. The small boy watched his father closely. He, too, put one

foot on a lower rail. His father smiled, patted the chubby leg in its crimson stocking, pulled down the child's cambric ankle ruffles to cover it, and said:

"My son, you should learn much on this voyage. Travel, if one's eyes and ears are alert, is the best of teachers. See that you do not waste your time."

The advice took Judah back to his youth. His uncle had talked this way to him. Judah had received the simple schooling given to most boys; then his uncle had trained him in his place of business, teaching him to buy and sell—teaching him, too, how to conduct himself. Yes, he had received great kindness from his uncle until he fell in love with Catherine who was so charming and so good.

Three years ago, in 1798, when Uncle Hays had discovered the attachment, he had sent Judah as supercargo—officer in charge of selling the goods carried—with a valuable shipment to the Mediterranean. His uncle had thought the separation would break up the love affair.

Judah, then only twenty-three years old, knew there might be trouble because of Napoleon's wars. Sure enough, the ship was attacked by a French privateer. Judah took part in the battle with courage and determination, helped to fight off the French ship, and landed his cargo safely.

He could hardly wait to return to Boston. He brought good news, fine news. Even his uncle couldn't have made a better profit on the cargo. Surely Uncle Hays would relent, surely he would permit his daughter to marry the cousin who had proved himself so trustworthy and capable.

Uncle Hays, whose word was law in his household, hadn't relented. When he saw the attachment growing constantly stronger, he discharged Judah from his employ and ordered him from his

A GIFT AND AN OPPORTUNITY

home. William Stutson, fellow apprentice, shared what he had with his homeless, jobless friend, while Judah tried to sway his uncle from his determination.

His uncle had won out. Under these conditions it was better to leave Boston. He was twenty-six years old. He had his savings, a hundred dollars, in his pocket.

Life was a gift and an opportunity. With it one should create something good, to make the world a better, happier place. Could he do this? Was he big enough, without Catherine, without happiness, to turn his life to some real use?

Judah reached New Orleans in February, 1802, four months after sailing from Boston. He had been delayed, for when the ship reached Havana, Cuba, he had discovered that all his money was stolen. He left the ship and worked in Havana until he had saved enough cash to continue his journey. Then he boarded another vessel.

They had sailed into a storm, with the ship plunging and heaving. Below deck the air became thick and forced the passengers up. But not for long. The wind howled; waves formed a trough as the ocean churned in fury. The ship was sucked, rocking, into the trough before it rose again, and Judah's stomach righted itself along with the ship. The sight of towering waves sweeping the deck, of sails torn to shreds, the taste of rough salt spray against his mouth, made him quickly reel below with tortured stomach and anxious prayer. Never again would he trust himself on any boat.

The ship he came on carried Boston notions addressed to him by his Yankee friends in Boston. He promptly opened a small store near the levee, selling candles, codfish, soap. Every ship arriving from New England brought goods to him. He was investing his prof-

its in real estate. Soon he would buy ships, too. He had confidence in New Orleans; its port would soon take a larger part in world commerce.

For America was expanding. Vermont had been admitted to the Union in 1791, the first state added to the original thirteen. Kentucky joined the Union in 1792, Tennessee in 1796, and Ohio in 1803.

Several months after Ohio was admitted, it became known that President Jefferson had purchased the vast Louisiana territory from Napoleon for fifteen million dollars. New Orleans would grow rapidly, Judah Touro was sure, once it was officially transferred to the United States of America.

To his dismay he discovered that the residents resented America's purchase of their territory and were sick with fear that large numbers of Americans would move in among them.

The dreaded day, December 20, 1803, arrived and New Orleans, with its ten thousand inhabitants, who were mostly Creoles and their slaves—along with the rest of Louisiana—was being officially transferred to the ownership of the United States. This city had first been French, then Spanish. Now it was Creole, with both peoples blended, a city of cultured men and women who retained the French language and way of life. They lived in luxury in their quaint houses with balconies; artistically railed in wrought iron that looked like patterns in lace, these hung over every street.

Judah Touro stood at the window of his small New Orleans store and saw the worried faces of the people who passed. It was a day of mourning in the city. The only Americans familiar to the Creoles were the flat-boatmen who brought cargoes on the Mississippi River. These were rough men who boasted they were "half alligator

and half horse." They were often drunk and troublesome as they made their way, on arriving, between bales and barrels of merchandise piled on the wharves beyond the levee, the embankment created to hold back the Mississippi flood waters.

From his position at the window Judah saw two young ladies, graceful dark-eyed Creoles, approaching. A young American sailor with an overdose of liquor in him, reeling toward them from the opposite direction, saw them, too. He put two fingers in his mouth and whistled, a shrill piercing sound.

"Pipe all hands on deck!" he shouted gleefully. "Cast anchor next to me!"

The young ladies, trilling French words rapidly to each other, were running to the store. Judah was shy with women, but he came to the doorway and smiled a welcome.

"Oh, Meestair Touro!" one said breathlessly as they crossed his threshold. "It's the Americans. You see what happen now!"

Only an hour ago a Creole gentleman, while buying broadcloth for a suit, had said: "This is a sad day for our beautiful city. With the Americans coming in, our best families will surely move away."

Judah looked out. The sailor had braced himself against a lamp-post. Another sailor was approaching, perhaps a shipmate of the first.

"D'ye want to get put in dry dock, wid bars to look at?" the second sailor called. "T' your guns, m' jolly tar!" He came up to the lamp-post, linked arms with his shipmate and led him away.

"The sailor is gone," Judah told the ladies. "I expect there wasn't any harm in the boy. Just lonely so far from his home and he took one drink more than he's used to."

"But he's an American! We couldn't help being afraid."

As the ladies went out, chattering away to each other, Judah

told himself how much happier the world would be if people were less ready to believe the worst of each other.

Eleven years had passed, bringing the day when Judah Touro, just beyond the battle-field, regained consciousness to the sound of cannon. Ah, yes, he remembered now what had occurred.

It was January 1, 1815, and the British had attacked New Orleans, their twenty-second attempt to occupy the city. He, Judah Touro, was among those who volunteered to help defend the town. He had joined General Andrew Jackson's militia and fought in the ranks. When a volunteer was needed to carry shot and shell to the battery from the powder magazine, he had offered to do this dangerous work. While bringing a load of shells, something had struck him with a terrific blow and knocked him to the ground.

He tried to turn his head. He felt weak, so very weak. All he could see was the wall of an old building beside him. And a kneeling man whose hands moved lightly and swiftly over his body. A doctor, perhaps?

He felt as if he had awakened from one dream and was now passing through another. He remembered vaguely talking with Catherine who was surrounded by a blue cloud, back in her garden in Boston. He wanted to hold fast to that dear vision. But pictures kept dropping into his mind, following each other swiftly, shutting out the pleasant dream about Catherine.

The pictures were all of New Orleans and the crowds of people coming from the East, men who made fortunes in a few weeks or months in the growing city, and lost them as quickly. He was troubled by the lawsuits which were such a commonplace occurrence now. The city seemed all confusion and quarrels and the clatter of

swords in the fighting of duels instead of the quiet, charming place it had been.

There was too much sickness in New Orleans and there were not enough hospitals. Men who came alone to make a home and a future for themselves and their families were the ones who suffered most. Homeless, sometimes hungry, too—then fever wrapped them in flame and thirst, turned them lemon yellow, shook their bodies and made their hands thin and transparent. Yellow fever and cholera, too, snatched too many people. He was glad, so very glad, that his money had helped to care for the strangers without home and family, far from their kin.

That reminded him of something he had forgotten to do. He should have destroyed the letters expressing their gratitude. He didn't want those who survived to be shamed because they had needed help. He must try to pull himself together so he could go home and destroy what they had written.

He must be dreaming again. He was hearing the voice of his dear friend, Rezin Shepherd, calling to him from a distance. He must stay awake so he could take care of the letters. Perhaps it would help if he kept thinking of something—of all that had happened in the thirteen years since he had arrived in New Orleans.

1808 had been a good year, with two great events. Slave trade had been abolished by act of Congress. That was good. No man had the right to enslave another. Well, he had bought quite a few, for one purpose only—to set them free. Some he had set up in business. He must continue to help these people.

1808—Judah fought the desire to fall asleep—What else had happened that year? Oh, yes. The *Phoenix* had made the first steam voyage from New York to Philadelphia. Some day he'd buy steam vessels, too. The sailing vessels he owned were a beautiful sight. They

brought goods from many ports. He liked to stand on the levee and watch them come in, with tall and tapering masts, their snowy sails catching the wind. But he wouldn't board them. No, no! He'd had enough of ships and sailing on the voyage from Havana.

His head was swimming. He was hearing Rezin's voice again. Rezin was saying:

"I've got to take him home, Doctor. He's my friend, Judah Touro. I'll try to find a cart."

"It isn't any use," another voice replied. "I'll make him as comfortable as I can. But he might as well stay here."

Why, it wasn't a dream at all! Rezin was bending over him, unscrewing a flask and holding it carefully to Judah's mouth. Rezin was saying:

"I'm going to take you home. I'll be back in a few minutes. Hold on, Judah, my friend."

Everything would be all right, now that Rezin had found him. He needn't worry about anything. He must just manage to keep awake. He would continue thinking of the past.

1812 had been a great year, too. That year Louisiana was admitted into the Union as a state, the eighteenth. A week later, Louisiana annexed West Florida. But that year brought trouble, too, the war of 1812 between Great Britain and the United States. Now his own city was being fought for.

He had noticed one thing which pleased him. Americans and Creoles were learning to live together in peace and friendship. The war, with its need for pulling together to defeat the invader, had brought the two peoples closer.

He hoped New Orleans wouldn't be destroyed. It was a beautiful city, the center of the tobacco, cotton, grain and sugar trade. The wharves along the levee were lively with songs of Negroes unloading

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cargoes. Every vessel from the Atlantic coast brought goods to him, too.

Rezin was back. Judah felt himself being lifted to the floor of a cart. A gentle-voiced Negro who seemed vaguely familiar addressed him by name. Rezin was holding Judah's head in his lap, strengthening him with brandy, a drop at a time.

Strange, Judah thought, how his mind kept wandering. Instead of seeing himself as a man of forty, he seemed to be a young boy again, back in his uncle's place of business, listening as Uncle Hays advised:

"Always deal honestly with every one. A fair name is a person's most valuable possession."

He tried to hold on to the thought that he must tell his uncle he hadn't ever had a lawsuit, and wouldn't in the future. He had followed his uncle's advice.

The cart had stopped before Rezin's place of business. He was being lifted out. Why, it was Rezin's home, over the Shepherd store, into which he was being taken!

Days of suffering passed before Judah Touro learned the story of how his friend had found him.

Rezin Shepherd, as aide to Commodore Patterson, had been helping to fortify the right bank of the river for the city's defense. Manners were needed. Rezin crossed the river to seek them. Coming up on the other side he was told that Judah Touro was injured.

Rezin rushed to his friend's side, forgetting completely his errand for the Commodore. Throughout the trip to the city when he kept his friend alive with brandy, all his thought was devoted to Judah. After he had placed his injured friend in the care of women who were nursing the wounded, he remembered his important errand.

He rushed back to his post and found an angry Commodore at

the battery. "Neglect of military duty is a serious offense," the older man snapped.

"Commodore," Rezin replied, "you can hang or shoot me and it will be all right. My best friend was injured in battle; he needed my help. Nothing on earth could have made me neglect him."

The Commodore relented. Rezin took up his military duties again and had a part in the Battle of New Orleans a week later, on January 8.

That night Rezin, exhausted, stood beside Judah's bed and told him what he knew of the defeat suffered by the British, which had brought an overwhelming victory for the Americans.

"It was a slaughter," Rezin said tiredly. "Whole platoons of Englishmen lay dressed in their gay uniforms, ready for the triumphant entry into our city promised by their officers.

"The battle was over in twenty-five minutes. Then our soldiers came up. They forgot their anger. I guess it turned to pity for these men who came four thousand miles to lay waste a peaceful country. There was one shocked moment when we saw the carpet of dead and injured. Then our men were kneeling, giving water to the wounded, lifting them up and carrying them on their backs to the medical staff.

"I saw the Adjutant General's report an hour ago. General Jackson's loss was thirteen killed, thirty-nine wounded, and nineteen missing. I don't know the figures for the English, but they must be tremendous."

The figures, when made known, brought little rejoicing among right-minded people. War wasn't glamorous; it was a horrible monster that picked off the best men so that even the victor lost. War was an uncivilized weapon for settling the differences of nations.

In twenty-five minutes three hundred of Britain's finest young

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men had been killed, twelve hundred wounded, five hundred taken prisoner, all because of muddled thinking on the part of Britain's leaders.

It developed, soon after, that the Battle of New Orleans was unnecessary. Great Britain had signed a treaty of peace with America at Ghent in Belgium on December 24, 1814, but the news didn't reach America until February 11.

Judah remained in Rezin's home. For over a year he endured pain and suffering. The twelve pound shot which had struck his thigh had torn away much flesh. But for the quick action of his friend the injury could have been fatal, instead of leaving him with merely a limp and an aching leg in damp weather. He owed his life to Rezin's devoted friendship, like the friendship of Jonathan and David in the Bible.

When Judah recovered and took up his business duties, Rezin insisted, "Remain here. There's no need for you to live alone with only a servant to take care of you."

Rezin's home became permanently Judah's home. The Shepherd family—Rezin and his wife and child—were his family. He would never be lonely again.

Each morning when this man, with the kindest eyes anyone had ever seen, limped down the street to open his new, larger store on Charles Street, people set their watches. They had learned that Judah Touro was as dependable as a good clock.

A small, homely man limped toward the crowd gathered at the First Congregational Unitarian Church of New Orleans on St. Charles

JUDAH TOURO

Street. It was 1823 and the city, visited the year before by its worst epidemic of yellow fever, had suffered great loss in men and money. The church, unable to pay its debts, had to be sold.

Reverend Theodore Clapp, its minister, had already raised \$25,000 among friends of the church. But it wasn't enough. Creditors demanded payment. Twenty thousand dollars more was needed.

Judah Touro studied the crowd as he came closer. Most of the people didn't look like bidders. "Everybody loves to watch an auction," he told himself.

What great changes the city had undergone since his arrival. Its population growth to 40,000, before the terrible epidemic struck, had been a matter for pride. Outside the old Creole section, new American streets were spreading, with warehouses, shipping offices, hotels, and homes. Beyond lay rich plantations with orange groves, sugar cane, cotton and corn, with great houses for the owners' families and cabins for the Negroes who worked the fields. Only the old Creole section of New Orleans with its quaint homes and beautiful balconies, its magnificent parties and balls, showed little change.

As Judah went forward toward the church, he recalled one of the streets of the old city through which he had passed that morning. He had seen river water being sold in barrels from wagons in the street and poured into tall jars in courtyards, there to be filtered with charcoal or alum to make it fit to drink. He had watched prisoners from the city jails, wearing iron collars and dragging heavy chains behind them, under the watchful eyes of a guard with a whip, as they cleaned accumulated water and rubbish from the gutter that lay between the road and the narrow brick sidewalk.

He was within the edge of the crowd at last. He could see Reverend Clapp, a fine man. How downhearted he looked. There, the bidding was beginning.

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A man up front called his bid, an amount so low that a spectator laughed. Another bid followed, a third, a fourth, all small. No wonder the minister looked unhappy. The way the bidding was going, the congregation could lose its church and still remain in debt.

Judah passed two men talking in an undertone, staring at him. Then he reached Reverend Clapp, greeted the minister, and went forward toward the auctioneer.

Behind him, out of range of Judah's hearing, one of the two men was saying:

"Leave it to the Jew to grab such a valuable piece of property in this fine business section. Bet he'll tear the church down and build a bigger store for himself, so he can make more profits."

The bids were still low. Judah, irritated, stopped half-way through the crowd.

"Twenty thousand!" he called. "I bid twenty thousand dollars."

A moment's surprised hush followed. Low grumbling was heard. Then the auctioneer announced:

"The bid is twenty thousand. Do I hear another bid?"

Silence. Faces turned to watch Judah Touro.

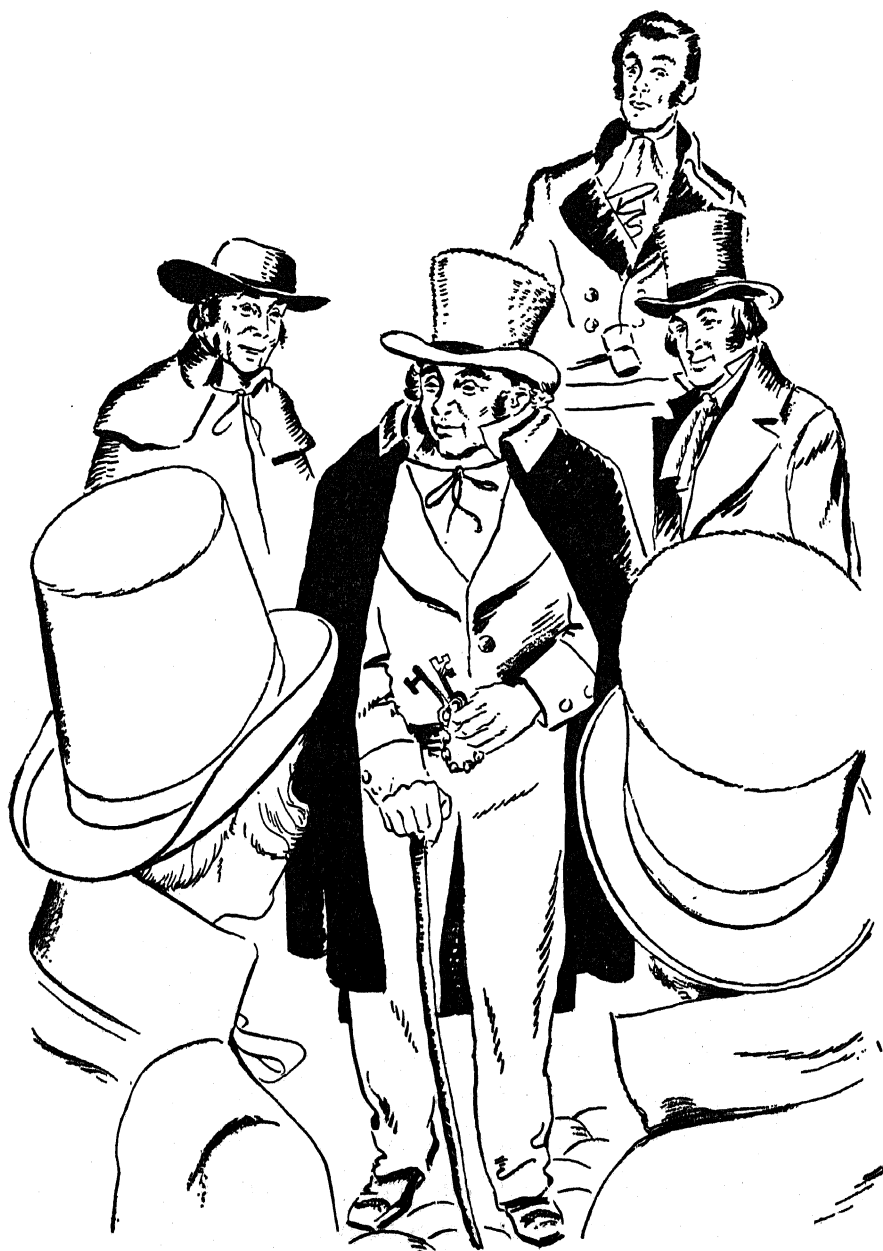
"Twenty thousand once!" the auctioneer called. "Twenty thousand twice!"

He waited, hammer in hand. His glance swept the faces of the men before him, then returned to rest on Judah Touro.

"Twenty thousand three times." His hammer rapped sharply. "Sold to Mr. Touro, the highest bidder, for twenty thousand dollars."

A lane opened to the auctioneer's table as people moved aside to let Judah take care of the final arrangements. They watched him write a check and receive the keys of the church.

He seemed completely unaware of watching eyes as he returned slowly to Reverend Clapp.



He seemed completely unaware of watching eyes . . .

"Here, my friend," he said, and dropped the keys into the minister's hand.

Many years later when his congregation was among the most fashionable in New Orleans, Reverend Clapp wrote:

"Then we were few, feeble, impoverished, bankrupt. A noble Israelite snatched us from the jaws of destruction. He was urged to tear the church down but he held it for our use. A block of stores on the site would have earned an income of half a million dollars. To a gentleman who made a liberal offer for the property, he replied, 'There isn't money enough in the world to buy it.' Years later when it was destroyed by fire, he bought a new building for us."

But at the moment he received the keys, the Reverend Clapp was speechless. His eyes wet with unashamed tears, all he could do was grasp the hand of Judah Touro.

When the shabby little man with a touch of greatness turned to leave, a gentleman standing near asked, "Can I give you a lift to your store? My carriage is around the corner."

"No. No, thank you." Judah shook his head vigorously. "I'd rather walk."

Only a year before his brother Abraham, prominent Boston merchant, was killed while riding in a carriage. Never again, Judah determined, would he ride behind horses.

Reverend Clapp stood watching until Judah, walking with his hands clasped behind him, could no longer be seen. Someone touched his arm and he turned abruptly. It was Rezin Shepherd.

"Was my friend Touro here?" he asked the minister.

"Yes. He just left." He opened his hand and showed the keys. "He bought our church and turned it over to me."

Rezin nodded, not surprised. "I heard of another gift of his a few days ago," he said, "while I was at the bank. Listen to this."

A widow with several small children had called on Judah Touro. She hadn't a penny for food and clothes and her landlord threatened to throw her and her little ones out of the poor cabin they occupied. Where would she take her children? How, under such conditions, could she give them the care they should have? Was it possible to rear them to be good citizens when they suffered for want of the barest necessities?

Even as he listened to her unhappy story, he pulled his check book close and filled in a check.

"Take this to the bank at once," he directed, "and have it cashed."

Out of breath from hurrying, the woman entered the bank and presented the check to the teller. He examined the oblong of paper, glanced at the woman in shabby, rusty black, shook his head and handed back the check.

She was hurt and angry when she returned to the Touro store. "Here," she said. "He wouldn't give me any money. I didn't think a rich man would make sport this way of a poor widow."

Judah called his clerk. "Go to the bank with this lady," he said, "and inform the teller I said he was to pay her this money."

The check was for \$1,500. The teller, having no proof of the woman's identity, had been afraid to make payment on such a large check to a woman who looked as if she were penniless.

The sultry air of New Orleans, that August day in 1843, made one gasp like a trout on a drying creek-bed. But Judah Touro was completely unaware of the discomfort as he sat in his store, behind his desk, with several Boston newspapers spread before him.

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From each paper there stared up at him the picture of the newly dedicated Bunker Hill Monument. "It's a beautiful monument!" he told himself, his eyes shining with joy and pride.

All his life his one vanity was that he had been born on the eve of the Battle of Bunker Hill. How good it was to have a part in honoring the men who fought that important battle. He felt humbly grateful for this opportunity which had come to him.

The corner-stone had been laid by Lafayette seventeen years before, but the monument couldn't be completed because funds were lacking. Then Amos Lawrence volunteered to give \$10,000 if someone else would give an equal amount. Judah heard about it and promptly sent his check for \$10,000. He asked that his name be kept secret.

During the great rejoicing in Boston because the monument could at last be completed, someone made his name known. He had been angry about that.

He leaned forward and read the story of the dedication. He would have liked to have been there. The President of the United States had attended and Daniel Webster had made a great speech. Somebody had written a poem which was read at the unveiling:

Amos and Judah—venerated names,
Patriarch and prophet press their equal claims,
Like generous coursers running "neck to neck,"
Each aids the work by giving it a check,
Christian and Jew, they carry out one plan,
For though of different faith, each is in heart a Man.

He must write to his Boston agent and thank him for the papers, and for keeping him informed on how his Boston friends were getting on. He was glad he'd learned of the illness and poverty of

William Stutson, who had helped him so generously when he, Touro, had lost his job and home. Well, William would never again want for anything. Judah had instructed his agent to provide everything needed for the man's comfort and happiness without telling from whom the help came.

Judah reached for a pair of shears. Carefully, his fingers a bit unsteady, he clipped the clearest picture of the monument from the paper. He stood up, fastened the picture to the wall with a tack, and stood back to look at it.

He'd like to see it with his own eyes. But—a trip to Boston? He frowned, shook his head. He felt ashamed of his fear of boats and horses. But he couldn't help it. He'd have to be content to look at the picture.

Judah's business continued to expand with the growth of New Orleans. Despite epidemics which followed each other in rapid succession, it was still a gay city and a great seaport, the second largest in the United States.

Early in January of 1854, plans were already taking form for the Mardi Gras which the city, since 1827, presented annually. This time the celebration must be especially magnificent to help people forget last year's epidemic of yellow fever, worse even than that of 1822. On some streets it had taken as many as ninety of every hundred, mostly men between twenty and forty years old.

The Mardi Gras would begin the Friday before Lent and end Tuesday at midnight, a final bit of revelry before Ash Wednesday. Soon the city would be decorated with bright-hued bunting and flags. There would be laughter, merry cries, the blare of bands playing in Canal Street which was roped off each year for the revelers.

Millions of tiny bells sewed to costumes would tinkle as the masked throngs danced in the streets and followed the parade of beautiful and grotesque floats. Every effort was being put forth to attract people into the city so they could see that all was well again.

In the Shepherd home on Canal Street, in Judah Touro's room, another kind of planning had just been completed and four men were going toward the door. One of them, Thomas Layton, notary public, handed Touro the freshly written document.

"Here's your will," he said, "all properly witnessed and signed. I'm proud to have drawn it up. It's the most interesting document I've ever seen."

They shook hands. The notary followed the others out.

Sitting relaxed in his chair beside the open window, Judah held the long legal pages without looking at them. The morning was still young. Later he would read his will to make sure he had remembered all his friends and the causes so dear to him. For the present he wanted to sit and dream—of the distant past, of Catherine, of Uncle Hays, of the fate which had brought him to New Orleans fifty-two years before and given him a part in building this great city. Through his fleet of beautiful ships, among the largest that entered the port, he had even had some part in the commercial development of Louisiana and the rest of the United States.

How lonely he had felt on the ship which took him away from every one he knew. He had wondered if he'd find friends in New Orleans. He hadn't expected the great good fortune which had come to him in Rezin's friendship. It had grown stronger through the years, even when Rezin had to be away from the city for long periods, occupied with his career. He was glad Rezin was living in New Orleans again, that he would look in on him soon.

Judah smiled, seeing the memory of himself on the ship as he

sailed away from Boston. He had wondered then if it was possible to carve out a good life, a worthy life, under the circumstances which were his.

Still smiling, he asked himself: "Was it a good life? I wonder how it would look to others?"

Not that he had planned in advance what he would do with the days and years. It had been a natural progress from one task to another. How different would his life have been if he could have married Catherine?

A person had to do what was important to him, according to the values he learned as a child. Father Newman (later Cardinal Newman) had once said: "Give me the boy until he is thirteen; you can have him afterward." Well, then, Uncle Hays had a part in everything he, Judah, had accomplished in the seventy-nine years of his life.

And now, nearing the end of the road, what did he want above all else?

He wanted to continue serving, even after death, the two cities he loved, New Orleans and Newport. The free library of New Orleans, the city's first public library, erected by him, the new hospital and the fine synagogue he had built, must be only a beginning. The synagogue served the Jewish people; the hospital and library served all. That was the pattern he wanted to follow for the future, too.

He opened his will and began to read: *And as regards my dear, old and devoted friend Rezin Davis Shepherd, to whom, under Divine Providence, I was greatly indebted for the preservation of my life when I was wounded on the 1st of January, 1815—yes, that was right. Half of his fortune was to go to Rezin. And of the other half, willed to charities, two-thirds was to go to Christian institutions.*

He turned the pages slowly, reading the items with care. Yes,

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\$80,000 to build an almshouse in New Orleans to take care of the needy. And a large sum for the Seaman's Home, too.

His shaking finger, moving down the page, stopped. Yes, it was there, a substantial amount for each of the city's six orphan homes. That made him especially happy, to bring help to the children of the poor—so many had lost their parents in the yellow fever epidemics. He was glad he'd assisted gifted young men to continue their studies in the past, that his will provided this help for the future. If he could have had a child, a son or daughter, what joy it would have given him.

Well, his friend Captain Marcy had named his son J. Touro Marcy. A fine man, long after he, Judah Touro, was gone, would grow up bearing the Touro name.

His finger moved down the page again seeking something. Yes, there it was, the money that would buy the Old Stone Mill in Newport for that city and purchase land around it for a park. The Mill had been erected by Norsemen long before Columbus arrived.

Newport's fine old Redwood Library would in the future be better able to pay for books and repairs. The synagogue where his father had preached would be assured of care for many, many years, and so would the cemetery where his mother was buried. He was glad he'd built a fine wall around it. The great poet, Longfellow, had visited this Jewish cemetery at Newport and then had written a poem about it containing the lines:

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,
And not neglected, for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green.

The unseen hand was his hand. That gave him happiness, too.

He stopped in his progress down the page, remembering that he once thought he would never be happy again. Well, if one did his best to be useful, happiness sought him out. A different and deeper kind of happiness known only to those who helped their fellow men.

He turned another page and smiled as he continued reading. Almost every Hebrew congregation in the United States would receive some help through his will, as well as Hebrew schools, hospitals, and relief societies in America and in Palestine. Thus, after death, he would continue the help he had given in life.

Boston—he had lived in Boston, too—where was Boston mentioned? Ah, yes, he had found it. The Boys' Orphan Asylum, the Female Orphan Asylum, the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Now he would check the gifts to friends, including Mistress Brooks, Rezin's married daughter—and his cousin Catherine Hays. Dear, dear Catherine.

A soft knock sounded and Rezin came in, bringing a bowl of fruit. "Feeling chipper this morning?" Rezin asked.

Kind eyes in the homely, wrinkled old face lit up. "Fine, fine!" came the answer. "Tom Layton was here. He wrote my will. Everything's been taken care of, except two matters I'll leave to you."

"Whatever you wish, Judah."

"Thank you. Burn all my letter books and account books and all my correspondence, in the old brick well. It'll take a few days, I expect. But please be sure it's all destroyed." He smiled, thinking of letters from young friends and aged friends, many of them from Negroes—beautiful letters that had warmed his heart.

Rezin brought an afghan and tucked it around him. "It shall be done," he said. "What else?"

"When my time comes," Judah continued, "take me back to the city of my birth and place me beside my mother."

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Through his mind a pleasing thought drifted, but he did not voice it: There Catherine will sleep, some day, only a few yards from me.

Rezin plumped up the pillow at Judah's back, thinking, "I won't tell him that Catherine has just passed away. Let him be happy in the belief that she is well."

He straightened up and said: "I'll leave you with your thoughts for a while. I'll come back to sit with you in about an hour."

Their glances met, held, each telling wordlessly his friendship for the other. Then Rezin turned and went out, closing the door softly behind him.

Judah, smiling, looked out on the street but he did not see it. Once again he saw himself standing at the ship's rail as Boston Harbor receded, thinking:

"Life is a gift and an opportunity. With it one should create something good, to make the world a happier place. Am I big enough, without Catherine, without happiness, to turn my life to some real use?"



Fight for Justice

URIAH LEVY

A hot land breeze blew over the Philadelphia waterfront that afternoon in 1804 as Uriah Levy, a strong boy for his twelve years, lowered the small sea chest from his shoulder and set it down on the cobbled street. He turned for a last backward glance at the wharf. One vessel, stripped of its sails, looked lonely, the way he would feel if he couldn't go voyaging again. Would he find his parents angry because he had run away two years ago and sent word only that he'd gone to sea?

Well, he'd have to face their anger the way he had faced the painful punishment with the "cats" on shipboard. Hating the lash, still, he'd stood up to his floggings like a man. When the cat-o'-nine-tails, with its nine ropes, and the pellet of lead in each rope end, burned into his bare back, he hadn't let out a whimper.

"When I'm a man," he had said, his black eyes flashing his anger at the bo'son's mate who had flogged him, "nobody's going to swing those wicked cats on my ship!"

Uriah picked up the chest again, bending under its weight, and went eagerly forward past sailmakers' lofts and offices of ship chandlers, who provisioned ships for voyages. He could hardly wait to see his mother and father since he had suddenly realized that his absence might be making them unhappy. That he hadn't meant to

do. He would ask to be forgiven. And he would ask permission to sign up again as a cabin boy and return to the sea.

He stopped to rest, wiped his sleeve over his perspiring forehead, and thought with a smile that his sisters and brothers would stare goggle-eyed when they heard his exciting adventures. Well, he'd been a landlubber, too, before he first sailed in 1802 as cabin boy aboard a coasting vessel. Now, only two years later, he knew many things he hadn't known before.

He could recognize any ship at a distance: a sloop, single masted, with staysail and jib; a schooner, generally two-masted, rigged fore and aft. He'd seen a few three-masted schooners, and been told of some having as many as seven masts, beautiful sights with their snowy sails. He'd seen brigantines, too, and sailed on a yawl, with rudder post and tiller forward, instead of abaft, behind, its mizzen-mast.

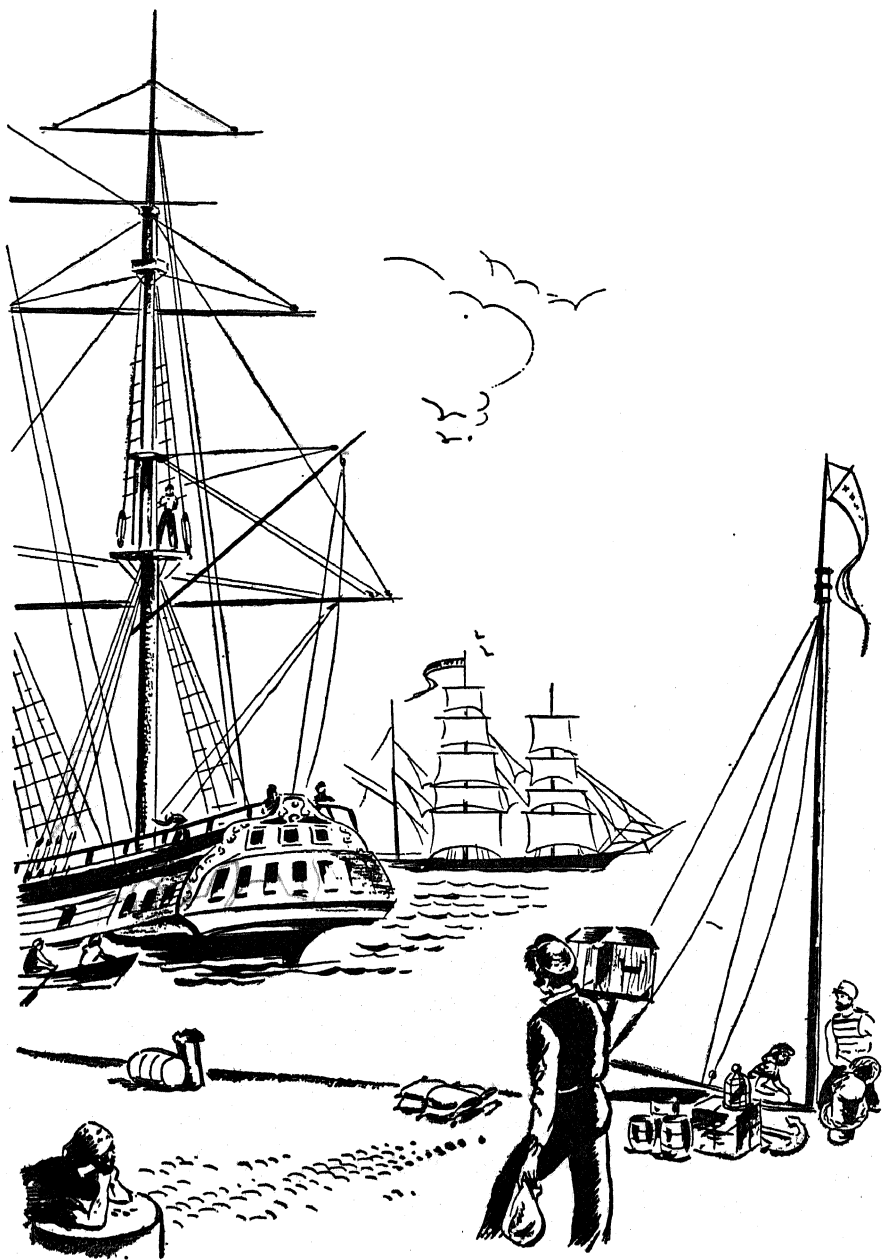
He wondered anxiously, as he continued toward his home, if he'd ever again help to shorten sail when riding into a storm, while the timbers creaked and the rigging moaned, and his voice rang out lustily with the sailors, as they sang their lively chanties. Would his father let him return?

An hour later he tried to get the answer to that question.

"If you had talked things over with us," his father said sternly, "your mother and I would have helped you go to sea some day. We want you to be happy."

"Then I may return?" Uriah cut in, delighted.

"First you ought to study so you can rise to something higher than a cabin boy," his father replied. "You took the foolish way, running off without asking our advice. Go to the kitchen now and talk with your mother. She's wept for you ever since you left. Tomorrow evening there'll be time enough to discuss the future."



"We want you to be happy."

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All the next day Uriah was in a fever of impatience. He showed his treasures to his sisters and brothers: the silver bo'son's pipe, a little bent but still capable of producing a piercing whistle; the coarse canvas hammock in which he'd slept; the pocket compass he had found on shore when his first voyage ended.

He told them how he had purchased small articles in one port and sold them in another, as did the rest of the crew, thus earning the money he had given to his mother. With his legs spread wide as if he stood on the deck of a vessel in a rolling sea, he described the casting of nets for hauling in silver-bellied fish and told an exciting story of being chased, while in a small boat, by an injured, angry whale. He enjoyed their envy and admiration. But in the back of his mind was worry that he had perhaps lost forever the chance for adventure on the sea.

The evening came at last and with it his father's decision:

"For two years, until you're fourteen, you will study with a schoolmaster. You will also learn more Hebrew and more about our religion. Then I shall apprentice you for four years to a ship owner and merchant."

"But, Father, I want to go to sea now!" Uriah's sharp black eyes were pleading. His voice held an anxious note.

"Don't be so impatient, my son," came the firm reply. "Believe me, my way is best. I talked today with John Coulter, the great ship owner and merchant, and he promised to take you on when you're fourteen. You will then learn what is necessary for the sea. You will gain experience by sailing in his vessels. If you will study and work well, some day you may rise to be a first mate. And if you behave yourself while you're learning, the taste of the cats will lay but seldom on your back."

Two years after Uriah was apprenticed, the embargo of 1808 was keeping many ships in port. One night he brought exciting news.

"Mr. Coulter has put me in Philadelphia's best naval school," he told his parents happily. "I'm to study navigation and other subjects."

Nine months later when trade was partly opened, Uriah went to sea again. He advanced steadily until, at eighteen, he was second mate of the brig *Polly and Betsy*. Then, his apprenticeship ended, he made five voyages as first mate of the brig *Five Sisters*. From his wages and the profits of small business ventures he saved enough to buy, in October, 1811, a one-third share of the schooner *George Washington*, and he took command as master.

In six years he had passed through every grade of service: cabin boy, boy, ordinary seaman, able seaman, boatswain—whose duties included taking charge of the rigging, anchors, and cables—third, second, and first mates, and, not yet twenty, was a captain.

"You couldn't have done it without an education," his mother reminded him.

In January, while Uriah was on shore at the Isle of Man, off Scotland, his vessel lying to with \$2,500 in Spanish money and some casks of wine, the mate and part of the crew went off with the ship. Uriah, left penniless, worked his way back to the United States, obtained money and necessary papers, pursued to the West Indies the pirates who stole his ship, and brought them to Boston to be tried. The ringleader was hanged.

It was raining. Uriah leaned from the window to call the boy selling papers. "We've declared war against Britain, sir," the boy said, handing him one.

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We had to do it, Uriah thought, opening the paper. Press-gangs on British ships attacked so many of our merchantmen, kidnapped our sailors and forced them, as prisoners, to work on British ships. 1812—so soon after the Revolutionary War—and we're fighting a second war for independence.

Well, I know how it feels to be taken by a press-gang. Let's see, it was in 1808, four years ago, when I was unloading Coulter's brig, working on shore in the Island of Tortola in the West Indies. The press-gang from the British sloop-of-war *Vermeyra* grabbed me and forced me to work on their decks a whole month. But they didn't outsmart me. I brought my case before the British Admiral, Sir Alexander Cochrane. He had me released as soon as he inspected my papers.

The British can't keep doing that to us. We'll show them. I could be a Sailing Master in our Navy. I'll send proofs of fitness right away to President Madison. Hope I get my certificate of appointment soon, so I can get into battle on the sea.

The duties of a Sailing Master in the United States Navy were, first, to navigate the ship and inform the Captain of the ship's position at least once daily. Second, to superintend the rigging, the stowing of the hold with everything necessary for the voyage, and to be responsible for the ship's cleanliness and smart appearance. In battle, the Sailing Master was officer of the deck.

Levy's first appointment was on the *Alert*, serving on harbor duty. Then he transferred to the United States brig *Argus*, which had a Sailing Master.

"I'll do any kind of work," Uriah promised. "I don't want to be stuck in a harbor. I want action on the sea!"

URIAH LEVY

When two weeks out, the Captain appointed Levy an Acting Lieutenant for the entire cruise. The *Argus* ran the blockade, carrying Mr. Crawford, United States envoy to France. Crawford and Levy struck up a friendship, through which, years later, Levy was introduced to General Lafayette and other prominent men.

The envoy was landed. Then the *Argus* cruised in the Irish Channel, destroyed British merchantmen and captured ships as prizes.

"Huzzal!" the men shouted excitedly each time a vessel was captured and their profits mounted. For when a prize was taken every officer and man on board shared in the profits from its sale.

A captured merchantman might bring three hundred dollars for each seaman and three thousand dollars for each officer, after a share of the income was set aside for the government. Sometimes even larger sums were acquired. The brave fight when the *United States* captured the British frigate *Macedonian* had brought thirty thousand dollars for Captain Stephen Decatur. A young powder monkey—the boy who carried flannel bags filled with gunpowder, that served as cartridges, from the powder room to the forecastle guns—could, if he wished, get himself a college education with the prize money he received. Men and boys who answered the call of the sea found adventure waiting, and the chance to reap a fortune, too.

Acting Lieutenant Levy was placed in charge of a crew to take a valuable prize ship to a port, had a fierce battle with the British war vessel *Pelican*, was captured and taken to a prison in England. There he rejoined his shipmates, for the *Argus* had been captured the day after he left her. He remained in prison sixteen months.

Then came peace and freedom, and with them the hope for eventual advancement on the sea, as Uriah Levy took up his duties as Second Sailing Master on the United States ship *Franklin*, commanded by Commodore Stewart.

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Under the Navy rule that "masters of extraordinary merit and for extraordinary services may be promoted to lieutenants," Uriah Levy requested promotion and was sponsored by four great commodores.

At the Patriot's Ball in Philadelphia that May of 1816, newly invented gas lamps glowed softly as the orchestra struck up a waltz tune and young gentlemen, many in naval uniform, led their ladies on the crowded floor.

From the chairs along the walls, their elders watched the lovely females, eyes modestly drooped, as they swayed in their partner's arms. Clad in ball gowns of delicately tinted gauze over satin, ankles hidden under long clinging skirts, but with necklines dropped below their shoulders, they danced—oh, ever so delicately—and the ladies' petticoats whirled and exposed slim ankles to horrified eyes.

"What is the world coming to," the elders asked each other, "with even our best people dancing this new, vulgar waltz? The minuet, with its stately bows and curtsies, no longer satisfies the younger generation."

Dashing, high-spirited, twenty-four-year-old Sailing Master Uriah Phillips Levy hummed the waltz tune as he led the beautiful girl in his arms over the crowded floor. Mr. Potter, secretary to Captain Dallas, danced by and came too close. Accidentally, Levy trod on his foot. He stopped dancing, apologized to Mr. Potter, then danced on.

A few minutes later Mr. Potter, passing again, kicked Levy and spoke insultingly to him. Forgetting that he was in uniform, Levy answered the insulting words with a blow, was challenged to fight a duel with pistols, and accepted.

At the appointed time and place, Uriah Levy, accompanied by his

second, met his opponent. Levy, knowing himself to be an excellent shot, pleaded with Potter that the duel should not take place.

Paces were counted, then Levy and Potter faced each other. "Don't be a stubborn fool," Levy protested. "Why sacrifice your life? Neither your honor nor mine is at stake."

Potter's only reply was to take aim and fire. The shot went wild. He fired a second time, a third and fourth and fifth, while Levy reasoned with him unsuccessfully.

"One of us is going to die," Potter said coldly. He took careful aim; this sixth fire nipped Levy's foot.

Having stood as target six times without returning his opponent's fire, hoping to put an end to the duel, Levy now raised his pistol, took aim, fired. Mr. Potter dropped, fatally wounded. Uriah Levy gave himself up to the authorities.

"You'll have to stand trial," he was told. "You'll be notified when the day has been set."

While his friends complimented him on his patience and courage in standing up to Potter's fire without returning it, a friend of Potter's challenged Levy to another duel. Before he could reply, he was warned by his Commadore not to accept the challenge.

Then, to Levy's dismay, with the matter of the duel not yet tried, he became involved in a court-martial because he had ordered the boys to clear the table for breakfast one Sunday morning in the wardroom of the *Franklin*, which served as sitting and dining room for the junior officers. Lieutenant Bond had objected, saying a sailing master had no right to give an order to wardroom boys. Levy insisted that he had. Whereupon Lieutenant Bond insulted him.

Both were tried at a court-martial; both were found guilty of the charge and sentenced to be reprimanded by the Secretary of the Navy. This was done.

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In the days that followed Levy wondered anxiously if this would keep him from promotion, perhaps even put an end to the career in the Navy he so eagerly desired. How would he be able to help his widowed mother and his sisters and brothers? Would this court-martial be held against him?

Months passed before Levy knew that it wasn't held against him.

When friends toasted his promotion to lieutenant on March 6, 1817, Uriah said:

"My dearest wish has been gratified."

He did not know what lay in store for him: years filled with strife, with undeserved punishment, with unmerited disgrace. Some of his fellow officers were prejudiced against him for two reasons:

He had been advanced out of line, without first serving as a midshipman, a student for the rank of officer.

He was a Jew.

Then the Levy-Potter case came up for trial.

The important issue to be determined concerning a duel was who had offered the challenge. Custom had decreed that a gentleman of honor could not refuse to accept it.

Levy brought his witnesses, friends who were present at the Patriot's Ball, and the man who had served as his second, who had heard him plead with Potter to discontinue the duel. Their testimony was heard and Uriah Levy was freed of blame.

The Franklin, 74 guns, carrying the pennant of Commodore Charles Stewart, lay in the Mediterranean at Syracuse, Sicily. Uriah Levy, its tenth lieutenant, presented himself to the Commodore.

"I'm ready, sir," he said, "to transfer again to the frigate *United States*."

The Commodore hesitated, then said bluntly:

"I'm sorry, Lieutenant, but I have to inform you that Captain Crane, too, of the *United States*, has protested against receiving you on his ship."

For one brief moment Uriah remembered how he had stood up to the cats—and to the colt, the short rope's end coiled in the bo'son's hat, always ready for use—when only a slender boy of ten years. His chin jutted forward. "Why?" he demanded.

"Somebody spread the rumor that you're not an agreeable person, that—er—the officers will lose the pleasant tone of their mess if you are with them. The Captain was asked to interfere with your transfer. That's why he refused to receive you this morning."

Uriah thought of the past two years on the *Franklin*, which carried over four hundred men, yet he was generally alone. His fellow officers had thought their unfriendliness would force him to resign.

"I informed Captain Crane," the Commodore continued, "that if there are any charges against you to state them and I will try you; that I can't permit an officer under my command, bearing the confidence and commission of the government, to be thus treated."

Lieutenant Levy met Commodore Stewart's friendly glance. "What is your wish, sir?" he asked.

"You understand, Lieutenant, that you are being transferred only because the frigate *United States* has less than its full number of lieutenants and we have more than we require?"

"Yes, sir."

"Present yourself on board the *United States* at once. You will deliver this letter. Here, read it."

Lieutenant Levy read the brief note.

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United States Ship *Franklin*
Syracuse, February 4, 1818

To William M. Crane,
Commanding the Frigate *United States*.

Sir: Lieutenant Uriah P. Levy will report to you for duty on board the frigate *United States*, under your command.

It is not without regret that a second order is found necessary to change the position of one officer in this squadron.

Respectfully, your obedient servant
Charles Stewart

"Look up First Lieutenant Catesby Jones," the Commodore advised, "on board the *United States*. He has expressed disapproval of the behavior of the other officers."

Uriah later that day sought out the First Lieutenant. "I'd like your advice," he said frankly, "on what course to pursue under these embarrassing circumstances while I'm on board this vessel."

Lieutenant Jones surveyed the man before him with a nod of approval. "Do your duty as an officer and a gentleman," he replied. "Be civil to all, and the first man who observes a different course toward you, call him to a strict and prompt account."

Several months passed. Lieutenant Jones, having been transferred to another ship, was bidding Levy farewell.

"I'll miss you," Levy said. "Your friendship has made my stay here much pleasanter."

That was true. Lieutenant Jones had told his messmates: "Receive him as a gentleman and brother officer, respect and treat him as such until by his conduct he should prove himself unworthy." With but a single exception, the officers had accepted Jones' advice.

The great wooden ship lay in the harbor surrounded by the other ships of the squadron. The sun shone down on her scrubbed deck as the bo'son's mate raised to his lips the silver whistle that hung around his neck. He bent over the main hatch and sent forth a preliminary peep, then sounded a piercing blast.

"All hands on deck to witness punishment!" he roared.

The crew scurried topside in bell-bottomed trousers, loose jackets, and stiff-brimmed hats of glazed black linen with ribbon streamers. They waited uncomfortably a moment, then were marched near the spot where, twice daily, they received their ration of a half-pint of grog, a mixture of equal parts of whiskey and water.

A few days before, Jim Lynch, sullen because he had been twice deprived of his grog, had stepped over the rope before the grog tub when his turn came, held out his tin cup and watched eagerly as the ship's corporal filled it. He had gulped his grog down as he stepped away, and gone back into the line a second, then a third time, while the corporal continued filling cups without looking up. The men in line had winked and grinned as Jim gulped his third cupful. But they did not think it funny now, with Jim about to come up for punishment.

The extra grog hadn't improved Jim's temper. A fist fight had followed. Mad drunk, he hadn't seen the Captain coming, had swung out and plastered a stunning blow on the Captain's nose. Then the air was filled with shouting and his mates were pulling at him. Hours later, in the ship's brig, Jim woke up with an aching head.

Seamen passing the brig told him the rumor they had heard, that the Captain's blue eyes had turned black.

Jim groaned. He'd taste the kiss of the cats for sure. Fifty strokes? He'd have to pay plenty for that luckless punch on the nose.

The midshipmen, looking like cranes in their tight pantaloons, and

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the marines in their smart uniform, with long coats and high-crowned hats, arrived, took their places, and completed three sides of a hollow square. Here and there a side glance and a whisper showed the nervous tension of the men.

"Silence!"

Swords clanked against ladders. The lieutenants were coming in full dress suits of blue, with small epaulettes on the right shoulders and tall black hats. The Captain appeared in full uniform, with cocked hat and sword, his blackened nose and eyelids shading into yellow. He hardly looked at his officers as they bowed and saluted with raised hats. He took his place and nodded to the First Lieutenant.

"Master-at-arms, bring the prisoner!"

Lieutenant Uriah Levy, waiting with the other officers, became aware of boats standing by at the gangway, belonging to the other ships in the squadron. He guessed their purpose. This was going to be worse than anything he had ever seen. He clenched his teeth, told himself, "If I ever get command of a ship, I'll put an end to all flogging."

The prisoner, stripped to the waist, was led between guards into the square. His raised arms were tied to a grating. In the middle of his back an old battle scar shone white as an officer read the sentence of the court-martial: one hundred lashes around the squadron, for:

Disobedience of orders

Getting into the grog line a second time

Getting into the grog line a third time

Being drunk

Swearing in the presence of officers

Fighting

Striking an officer

Refusing to go to the brig

Threatening the men who locked him up.

Uriah thought: "The Naval Act of 1799 forbids more than twelve lashes for an offense. To get even for his punch in the nose, the Captain thought up that long list. Poor Jim. He'll look like raw beef-steak when it's over."

The bo'son's mate lifted the cats and waited.

"Two dozen!" the Captain barked.

The cats swung, whined through the air, struck the middle of Jim's bared back. He bent under the blow, shivered, straightened at once. Again and again the cats whined and struck while Jim clenched his teeth and braced himself for each blow. When the last of the two dozen had been laid on, Jim was helped down the gangway to a small boat. In it a drummer struck up the "Rogue's March" as a line formed behind it of the other boats that would, in turn, escort Jim to their ships for further flogging.

"All hands aloft!"

Perched in the rigging the crew watched Jim being taken from one ship to another. When he was finally brought back, he had to be practically carried aboard, and taken to the sick bay.

"Jim fought in the war," Lieutenant Uriah Levy protested that evening. "What he got today was mighty shabby payment."

"Nonsense!" a lieutenant cut in. "Without flogging there'd be no discipline. Should the Captain have said 'thank you' for the punch Jim gave him?"

Uriah looked at the faces in the dim candle-lit wardroom and knew that he stood alone, that he had been standing alone since Lieutenant Catesby Jones' transfer.

"There are other ways to punish a man," Uriah insisted. "Besides, Jim wasn't responsible for that punch; it was the grog he swallowed."

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If I had my way, there'd be no grog rations on board our Navy vessels."

There was loud laughter. Perhaps the officers were remembering that an able seaman's wages were only twelve dollars a month, and an ordinary seaman received ten dollars.

"Come, come now," the doctor objected. "If it weren't for the grog tub, we'd have no sailors to man our ships."

Life in the overcrowded wooden ships was uncomfortable and monotonous. Voyages lasted too long. Drinking water turned dark and took on the rotted odor of bilge water. Food was poor, even for the officers who brought live animals aboard, to be slaughtered during the voyage and served at their mess. Quarrels were frequent. Courts-martial were a common occurrence.

On board the United States ship *United States*, in the Mediterranean in 1818, Lieutenant Uriah Levy was being tried at his second court-martial. The charges were "disobedience of orders, contempt for his superior officers, and unofficer-like conduct in having struck a petty officer." Lieutenant McCauley, who succeeded Lieutenant Jones, had made the charge.

The men before the mast, seeing the scant respect Levy received from his brother officers, had tried to imitate them. Levy, meeting with unprovoked rudeness from a boatswain's mate, was irritated beyond endurance. He lost his temper, reached out, and slapped the man. The Lieutenant, who ranked Levy, rebuked him in the presence of the crew.

"I'm not to be called to account in this manner," Levy protested. To be criticized in the presence of the boatswain's mate would surely bring further impudent behavior.

When the evidence was weighed, Levy, shocked, heard the court pronounce sentence:

"That Lieutenant Levy is to be dismissed from the frigate *United States*, and not to be allowed to serve on board of her, and to be publicly rebuked by the Commander-in-Chief."

The sentence was never carried out. Commander Stewart, commander-in-chief of the squadron, disapproved the sentence.

But there was to be little peace for Levy. A year later, on board the ship *Guerriere* in the Mediterranean, he was tried in a third court-martial for challenging Lieutenant Williamson to a duel. Lieutenant Williamson had been the informer against him.

Officially, dueling was frowned upon by the Navy, but society approved it as the correct way for a gentleman to avenge insult.

This third court-martial brought the following sentence: "That Levy is to be cashiered—dismissed in disgrace—out of the naval service of the United States, and that this sentence be carried into full and complete effect as soon as it is approved by the President of the United States."

But President Monroe disapproved the sentence and ordered Levy restored to duty.

Two years later when Lieutenant Levy was first lieutenant of the brig, *Spark*, a fourth court-martial tried him at Boston on charges of scandalous conduct, brought by Lieutenant Weaver, who had refused to accept Levy's challenge to a duel.

The Court found Levy guilty. The sentence stated:

"And the Court, taking into consideration the great degree to which Lieutenant Weaver provoked Lieutenant Levy, thus leading to the conduct of the prisoner, do therefore only sentence him to be publicly reprimanded by the commanding naval officer of the station.

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"The Court, in passing this sentence, cannot, however, forbear expressing its disapproval of the behavior of Lieutenant Weaver towards the prisoner."

Commodore Bainbridge summoned Lieutenant Levy on board the *Columbus*, read the Court's decision in the presence of the officers, and said:

"Lieutenant Levy, you are admonished. Resume your duties as first lieutenant of the brig *Spark*." He ordered an officer standing by, "Give him his sword."

The sword couldn't be quickly found. Commodore Bainbridge took the sword from his own side and handed it to Levy. The officers gathered around and congratulated Levy on having so easily discharged his sentence.

In West Indian waters the United States gunboat *Revenge*, commanded by Lieutenant Levy, was attacked by the Spanish sloop-of-war, the *Voluntario*, although the United States was not at war with Spain. It would be inviting disaster, Lieutenant Levy decided, to let his small gunboat battle so big an enemy.

He lowered a boat and gave his commission to an officer. "Take this to the Captain on board the Spanish ship," he ordered, "to prove that I have the right to be in these waters."

His officer received the Spaniard's spoken apology. The *Revenge* continued on her cruise until she sank in the Bay of Honduras, Central America.

To Lieutenant Levy's dismay, he was called before a Court of Inquiry. The charges were: Cowardice during the *Voluntario* attack, and responsibility for the loss of the *Revenge*, while in the care of a government pilot.

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The Court found that throughout the affair "the conduct of Lieutenant Levy was cool and collected and in no respect showed want of personal courage." Regarding the sinking of the gunboat, he was told that he "showed more confidence in the pilot than was warranted."

Later, the President, in dismissing the case, informed Lieutenant Levy that "his patience on the occasion of meeting with the *Voluntario* was greater than his duty required, and that he would have been justified in resenting the attack."

There were times when patience was right, Levy told himself, and times when it was wrong, and a man had to behave according to his conscience. He had never been a coward. He was ready to fight for justice anytime.

Several years later, Levy carried government dispatches to Mr. Ewing, the American minister in France, and attended, on July 4, a banquet given by Americans to honor the day. General Lafayette was the guest of honor and Mr. Ewing presided.

A toast to "Andrew Jackson, President of the United States," was hissed. Lieutenant Levy jumped up, struck one of the hissing men in the face with his glove, and challenged two others to duels. The offenders apologized. Americans applauded. But Levy's enemies continued to persecute him and dignified courts kept summoning him on trivial charges.

At a fifth court-martial, Lieutenant Levy was tried for offering to waive rank and fight a duel while on board the United States sloop-of-war *Cyane*.

The Court found Levy guilty "of conduct unbecoming an officer but not of a gentleman," and sentenced him to be reprimanded.

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"But the Court," the statement added, "finds it necessary to say that the sentence has been made thus mild because the matter was provoked by the highly improper conduct of Lieutenants Spencer and Ellery, which the Court could not consent to pass over without expressing its disapproval."

The Court found Lieutenant Spencer guilty of unofficer-like and ungentlemanly conduct. He was sentenced to be suspended for twelve months, and prohibited, during that time, from wearing his uniform.

"There's something about Paris this morning," Lieutenant Levy thought as he strolled down one of its boulevards, "that reminds me of Thomas Jefferson. There was a man! Author of the declaration of American independence, and of the law for religious freedom of Virginia. One of the best presidents we've had, too.

"Let me see—he died in 1826, just six years ago. Seems as if some honor should be paid him—a fine statue of him, maybe, placed in the Capitol.

"Well, why not? I'll call on David d'Angers, the best sculptor in Paris, right now, and order a bronze statue."

Levy whistled and a carriage drew up beside him. At the studio, he found some visitors leaving. He waited until d'Angers joined him.

"Here's what I want," he explained. He watched with delight as a sketch took form under the sculptor's pencil.

"Yes, I'll send you pictures of Jefferson," he promised. "You say the statue won't be ready for more than a year? That's a long time to wait."

URIAH LEVY

The statue finally arrived. It showed Thomas Jefferson having just signed the Declaration of Independence. Upon the scroll in Jefferson's hand was engraved an exact copy of the Declaration, including his signature and John Hancock's.

Lieutenant Levy presented the statue, through both houses of Congress, to the people of the United States, to be placed in the nation's Capitol at Washington. He gave the original clay model to New York City.

To his surprise and delight he received, through New York's mayor, Cornelius Lawrence, a gold box. On its lid was engraved this inscription:

"The Common Council of the City of New York to Lieutenant Uriah P. Levy, of the United States Navy, as a testimony of respect for his character, patriotism, and public spirit. February 6, 1834."

A few months later Levy learned that Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's estate, which held that great man's tomb, was sinking into decay. The third president's daughter, Martha Jefferson, lacking funds to support so large a place, had sold it. The purchaser, after a few years, had moved away. The house was rotting; the gardens, so dear to Jefferson, were choked with weeds.

Lieutenant Levy bought Monticello and engaged a staff of workmen. With loving care he proceeded to bring back to their former beauty the house and grounds which to him were an honored shrine.

Several years later Uriah Levy was promoted to the grade of Commander, and given charge of the corvette *Vandalia* of the West India squadron. He was ordered to cruise in the Gulf of Mexico where American vessels were suspected of bringing slaves from Cuba into

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Texas. But no slave ships were encountered, although Commander Levy's corvette gave chase to every mast that appeared above the horizon.

Through the years he had spoken up against the flogging of sailors. He hadn't permitted this punishment on any ship where he was in command. Newspapers published the facts and made his views known to many citizens. *The Old Dominion*, in its issue of November 16, 1839, wrote:

"The cat and the colt, created by savages and tyrants, are not used on board the *Vandalia*, under Uriah Levy's command. This is a matter for notice, since only a few weeks ago 2,500 lashes were inflicted in one day on board the ship *Delaware*."

And the New York *Evening Star* wrote:

"Great moral reform has been brought about in the sloop-of-war *Vandalia*, by Commander Levy.

"For petty crimes Levy has the seaman's grog watered, a pint of water to a gill of whiskey. If a man returns to the ship intoxicated, his messmates lash him into his hammock until he is sober. Then no officer speaks to him for several days. The crew is remarkably steady and attentive to duty."

In 1842, Commander Levy was summoned to appear before a sixth court-martial at Baltimore, to answer to the charge of "scandalous and cruel conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

A midshipman had complained that one of the ship's boys mimicked him. Commander Levy, instead of ordering the usual dozen lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails, had the boy tied to a gun and a lump of tar the size of a dollar stuck to the small of his back. A few feathers were fastened to the tar.

"Since you're so fond of mocking people," the boy was told, "we'll make a parrot of you."

The punishment lasted five minutes, then the boy removed his badge of disgrace with a little grease, content that he had escaped a painful flogging.

The Court found Commander Levy guilty and sentenced him to be dismissed from the United States Navy. But President Tyler changed the sentence to suspension without pay for twelve months.

The informer in the case was Lieutenant Hooe of the *Vandalia*. Hooe was tried, later, at a court-martial, convicted for treating with contempt his superior officer and disobeying his order, and dismissed from the West India Squadron.

Uriah Levy's energy and ability won him steady advancement, in spite of the officers who conspired against him. In 1844, Levy was promoted to the rank of Captain. But he was not appointed to a ship.

To be a captain was a great honor, for it was the highest grade of service in the Navy. Great Britain had its Admirals, but the American government considered such titles unsuited to a democracy. Commodore was a courtesy title, applied to captains in the United States Navy who commanded or had commanded a squadron, for the grade of Commodore, which some men wanted established, had not yet been passed by law.

Having reached the highest grade of service in the Navy, Levy wanted to be actively employed in it at sea. For eleven years he applied in person and in writing. During Ireland's famine in 1847, when a shipload of food was sent in the *Macedonian*, Levy offered to take command of her and volunteered to turn over all his pay for the voyage to the starving people of Ireland.

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He occupied his time, while waiting for an appointment to a ship, in efforts to put a stop to flogging on board ship. He wrote for the press, he spoke up against it, he bought cats-o'-nine-tails and sent them to members of Congress. Then, to his great joy, John P. Hale, Senator from New Hampshire, secured the passing of an act abolishing flogging in the Navy, and the reform for which he had fought became a reality.

Captain Levy's letters applying for a command brought no satisfaction. His last written request to the Secretary of the Navy was dated August 25, 1855.

Unknown to the public or to him, the Board of Fifteen, a secret Court, had already stricken two hundred names from the Navy list, including Captain Levy's. Without giving him a hearing, without a word of regret for depriving him of the position he had gained by so many years of faithful toil, he was sent this letter:

Navy Department, Sept. 13, 1855

Sir:

The Board of Naval Officers assembled under the act to promote the efficiency of the Navy, approved Feb. 28, 1855, having reported you as one of the officers who should in their judgment be stricken from the rolls of the Navy, and the finding of the board having been approved by the President, it becomes my duty to inform you that accordingly your name is stricken from the rolls of the Navy.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. C. Dobbin

To Mr. Uriah P. Levy,
Late Captain United States Navy,
New York

Smarting under the injustice, he remembered that before an officer's name could be stricken from the rolls there must be proof of inefficiency in performance of duty. He proceeded to wage a fight for the investigation of the case of any officer who wished to protest dismissal by the Board of Fifteen. Finally, in January, 1857, Congress passed an act establishing a Court of Inquiry, and Levy requested that his case be heard.

"A nation is but a larger family," Levy told the court when it opened at Washington in November, 1857. "What would you say of a parent who, having once punished his erring son, arms himself with a rod and inflicts, once more, a second punishment for the same fault?"

He made this moving plea:

"My parents were Israelites and I was nurtured in the faith of my ancestors. In deciding to adhere to it, I have but exercised a right guaranteed to me by the constitution of my native state and of the United States, a right given to all men by their Maker, a right more precious to each of us than life itself. While claiming and exercising this freedom of conscience, I have never failed to respect the same freedom for others.

"Remembering always that the great mass of my fellow citizens are Christians, profoundly grateful to the Christian founders of our republic for their justice and liberality to my long-persecuted people, I have earnestly endeavored to act in the wise spirit of our political institutions.

"I have to complain—more in sorrow than in anger do I say it—that in my official experience I have met with little to encourage, though much to frustrate these efforts. From the time it became known that I aspired to a lieutenancy, and still more after I had gained it, I was forced to encounter a large share of the prejudice

and hostility by which for so many centuries the Jew has been pursued. This is not in accordance with the instruction of Christianity or of its author. You should know this better than I."

He turned to look at the naval officers who had come to speak against him. Then his closing words rang out:

"As you daily pass the statue of Thomas Jefferson to come to the place where you now sit—the statue which I had the honor to present to the people of the United States—it pleads against the bigotry and injustice, the prejudice and envy by which I have so long been pursued.

"Think not, if Americans once sanction persecution—even to the degree of keeping silent where it exists—that it can be limited to the Jew. What is my case today, if you yield to this injustice, may tomorrow be that of the Roman Catholic or the Unitarian; the Episcopalian or the Methodist; the Presbyterian or the Baptist. There is but one safeguard: to preserve justice for everybody.

"With confidence that you will hold sacred the guarantee of our Constitution, I leave my destiny in your hands."

For weeks the Court of Inquiry listened to testimony of government witnesses, and to the fifty-three witnesses presented by Levy's defense counsel, including eight Commodores, the Governor of New Jersey who had been in the Navy, and other prominent Americans. It examined one hundred documents brought in by the defense. It heard Commodore Gregory state:

"So far as my information goes, the prejudice existing against Captain Levy originated in his being a Jew."

Commodore Catesby Jones, who as First Lieutenant on the *United States* had befriended Levy, testified in his behalf:

"I have known Captain Levy forty-one years; professionally, on shipboard; socially in Philadelphia, Washington, New York City,

URIAH LEVY

and wherever we met. He is equal to any other officer with whom I am acquainted.

“Mentally, in my judgment, Captain Levy has not many equals left in the grade from which he was expelled. While always ready to resent insult, I do not think him reckless. Captain Levy is prompt in the discharge of all public and private duties. As to patriotism and devotion to his country, her institutions and interests, I know of no one, in or out of the Navy, more truly devoted than Captain Levy.”

When all the testimony had been heard and weighed, the Court ordered Uriah P. Levy to be reinstated to the active list of the grade of Captain in the Navy from the 29th of March, 1844. This was approved by the President and confirmed by the Senate.

Uriah Levy felt himself vindicated. He had fought a good fight, a successful fight, not for himself alone, but for every loyal American who meets with unfair individuals. His great and growing nation—during the past fourteen years she had added seven states: Arkansas, Michigan, Florida, Texas, Iowa, Wisconsin, and California—stood by her promise in the Bill of Rights.

Now there was something he wanted to do for the people of the United States. He would make them his heirs to Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's home, leaving it as a precious gift to his countrymen.

There was contentment in his mind as he dictated his will: “I give and bequeath my estate of Monticello in Virginia, formerly belonging to President Thomas Jefferson, together with all the rest of my estate not herein disposed of, to the people of the United States, or to such persons as Congress shall appoint to receive it . . .”

He could not know that unforeseen difficulties, after his death, would prevent the United States from receiving his gift of Monticello, which he gave as an expression of his gratitude.

FIGHT FOR JUSTICE

On April 16, 1859, a naval order was issued: Captain U. P. Levy, to command the *Macedonian*, to serve with Commodore Lavalette's squadron in the Mediterranean.

Preparing for the voyage, Captain Levy wondered if he should take Virginia, his gay young bride, along. Some other commanding officers, embarking on a long cruise, had been accompanied by their wives. Only a few years after the war of 1812, Captain Thompson, commanding the *Guerriere*, had taken his wife and daughter with him when he cruised in the Mediterranean.

"I'll see how the Navy Department feels about it," he decided.

If the Navy should give its approval, a ship's boy could be trained to perform some of the duties of a maid, as was done for the other officers' wives.

This would be a long voyage. The squadron would follow the coastline of Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Italy. There would be gay times on shore, with dinners, balls, and parties for the ship's officers. It would be helpful to have his wife along, to serve as hostess when important persons of the countries to be visited would be guests on his ship.

Captain Uriah Levy stood on deck as the sun slid below the horizon, and thought how pleasant it was to spend early March in the Mediterranean. The day, crowded with duties, had been especially fine. He had much to look after since Commodore Lavalette, on February 21st, resigned as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Squadron on account of ill health, and left him, Captain Levy, in sole command of the fleet.

He watched a junior officer being rowed toward the gangway. He became aware of the soft splash of water at the ship's bow, and of

his wife's voice nearby. Then he saw that Virginia was sitting on the deck, chatting with one of his officers.

"Is your ship's boy satisfactory?" the officer asked.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Levy replied. "But Jack keeps me busy hemming black ties for him. Each time he promises, 'Just this one,' then the next day he brings another. Why do you suppose he wants so many ties?"

The officer threw back his head and laughed heartily. "It's because the sailors adore you that you're doing so much hemming," he said. "The height of their ambition is to wear a tie sewed by you, so they bribe Jack."

The small boat was beside the gangway. The officer was coming up, holding a letter in his hand. Captain Levy went to meet him.

They stood a moment, talking in quiet tones. Then the younger man went back to the boat. Levy broke the seal on the long envelope and drew forth an official communication from the Navy Department. He stared unbelieving, at the unaccustomed salutation.

His wife was coming toward him. He smiled at her, then looked at the letter again and read softly, under his breath, *Commodore Uriah P. Levy, Commander-in-Chief* of the Mediterranean Squadron.

Through his mind surged remembrances of forty years of bitter persecution. But he hadn't let it get him down, nor sway him from giving his fullest measure of cooperation. Not for a single moment had he doubted his country's wish to give him justice. And now his devotion and faith were being crowned with this great joy.

The setting sun shot flecks of fire on the rippling waves before him as Virginia joined him at the ship's rail and read the letter.

They stood there together, not speaking, hardly aware of the sounds on the deck. Uriah thought of his beloved land, and of a great document which stated:

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“We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.”

Gradually the sun's bright glow faded and dusk fell. Commodore Uriah Levy, with his wife beside him, stood at the ship's rail looking out over the water, and there was peace in his heart.



The Story of a Wish

NATHAN STRAUS

Nathan Straus, surrounded by five hundred of America's most distinguished citizens, was remembering how he, a boy living in a log cabin, had made a wish. The boy hadn't really believed it could ever be achieved. But the wish had come true.

He reached for the souvenir program bound in white silk and read the words, *Banquet given in honor of Nathan Straus by Citizens of the City of New York, January 31, 1911, at Cafe Boulevard*. He turned the pages to the sketch of his life. There, in that sketch, was proof that his wish had been achieved. And because of it he was being honored by all these dear friends: Andrew Carnegie, Professor Abraham Jacobi, Adolph Lewisohn, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and so many, many others.

Governor Dix, too, had come from Albany and was striding toward the head table, stopping along the way to bow to a lady wearing yards of colored lace made into the new hobble skirt, and to shake hands with her escort, uncomfortable in formal attire.

If affairs of state hadn't interfered, President Taft would have been present, one of the speakers to address the guests. There it was, engraved in clear black letters on the program, *The President of the United States*. That boy in the log cabin would never have believed it.

THE STORY OF A WISH

How vividly he remembered that boy tonight. He had come with his mother and the other children from Bavaria, Germany, in 1854, when he was six years old. His father, Lazarus Straus, had come a year earlier and prepared a cozy log cabin for his family at Talbotton, Georgia. Soon the Baptist minister was dining with them, the only Jewish family in town, listening while Nathan's father discussed the Hebrew Bible and the Talmud, reading and translating with ease.

The boy Nathan had listened, too, especially the night his father read from the Talmud, "To save a life is to have created a world." "How wonderful," the boy had thought, "to save a person's life—to know that someone lives and is happy, who otherwise wouldn't have been alive. I wish that some day I'll be able to do that."

Achieving that wish had become his goal.

Nathan Straus rose to his feet as the Governor of New York came up beside him to his own place at the head table. They shook hands. Then Governor Dix raised his glass and addressed the guests assembled:

"I propose a toast to the man who has made the world better by his having lived in it."

The gentlemen were standing, and all the guests were drinking to him.

A friend leaned close and said, "Today is your sixty-third birthday, isn't it? I hope you'll live to be a hundred."

Nathan replied with a chuckle, "I'll settle for seventy."

Then he raised his glass, too, joining in a toast to his beloved wife Lina, companion in his program of life-saving, who sat beside him.

Nathan Straus, remembering his wish, thought: "I was ten years old, then."

He had attended the log cabin school at Talbotton, and his father had taught him each evening so he would understand the Jewish religion. Later he went to Collingsworth Institute.

The past seemed so vivid tonight. He remembered the day the circus came to town, when he was a small boy. His father could afford to buy only one ticket. Isador was the eldest, so the ticket went to him.

Nathan, eager to see the animals, crawled under the canvas. An attendant saw him and kicked him in the forehead.

"When I'm a man," the small boy cried as he glared at the attendant, "I won't ever be mean to children. I'll help them."

During the Civil War his father sold his small store and invested the money in cotton. They moved to Columbus, Georgia. At fifteen Nathan wanted a pony. Money was scarce; he must earn it himself.

Hemp was greatly needed and little was available. Nathan bought up pieces of hemp, sold them to a manufacturer, and bought a pony. But a week after Lee's surrender at Appomattox there was looting by Union soldiers and Nathan's pony was taken. It was never seen again.

Lazarus Straus's cotton was burned, leaving him penniless at the age of fifty-six, his savings of thirteen years of hard work in America destroyed.

"But I have three fine sons," the father said, "all ambitious, all eager to help."

He had hoped that he would be able to help his sons, instead of needing their help. "But I brought them to a fine land," he said to his wife, "where they will have equal opportunity with all others. And I've provided them with a good name."

Yes, Nathan thought, the family had an honorable name. Hadn't his father's grandfather served in the French *Sanhedrin*, the court

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which was organized by Napoleon? Hadn't it required courage for his own father to leave Bavaria and move to a strange land where he must learn a new language? He had done this so his children could grow up in America's democratic spirit of the Bible.

When the Civil War ended the Straus family moved to New York City, and Nathan's father, together with the eldest son, Isador, launched a new firm, Lazarus Straus and Son, importers of pottery and glass.

Nathan, seventeen years old, took a business course. The following year he became a salesman in the firm. Eight years later he took two plates to R. H. Macy and convinced him to rent his basement to the Straus firm for a crockery department. In less than a year Mr. Macy took Nathan and Isador as partners in his firm.

Two years later Nathan went to Mannheim, Germany, to buy merchandise. He called on a friend of his father and, at first meeting, fell in love with his daughter, Lina. Nathan became engaged to her the next day and married her the following spring. Ten years later R. H. Macy sold his share of the store, and Isador and Nathan, then forty, became sole owners. Together they built up Macy's, and eventually, the Abraham and Straus department store in Brooklyn.

Nathan's original ideas improved working conditions for many people. One day a saleslady fainted in his store. Nathan learned she couldn't afford nourishing lunches because she had to support an invalid mother. He helped the family, then installed a lunchroom in his store where a complete meal cost five cents. He provided rest rooms and medical care for his store employees. Soon other firms, favoring the Straus program, provided their employees with these benefits.

Outside the window of the Cafe Boulevard, large flakes of snow were drifting downward. The friend sitting beside Nathan Straus touched his arm and he withdrew from his thoughts of the past, smiled apologetically and said, his voice low, "My mind wandered off—wool gathering."

The speaker was talking about him, telling the guests happenings of twenty years ago. Nathan frowned as facts he had tried to keep secret were disclosed:

In 1891, thousands of poor families mysteriously received turkeys for their Thanksgiving dinners. Newspaper reporters, seeking a story, finally discovered that Nathan Straus had provided them.

"It's a very small thing," he told the reporters.

In the panic winter of 1892-1893, when the homeless and hungry crowded New York, he was the first to see the need for large-scale emergency relief.

Coal was high; the poor had to pay twenty cents for a pailful. Nathan got permission to use the Dock Department piers for distribution centers, and gave a bucket of coal for five cents. Thousands of families were helped to keep warm with the million and a half buckets of coal he distributed. Some people criticized him, saying that persons who were not in need were profiting from his gift. He retorted:

"I'd rather make mistakes and give sometimes to those who don't need it than to fail to help one person who does. When a woman comes with a baby carriage for coal, I don't want her embarrassed with questions."

He opened a chain of food stations. He knew how it felt to be hungry. Each year, since he was thirteen, he had fasted twenty-four hours on the Jewish Day of Atonement. He saw the fasting as a test of will power, a training in self-restraint, a means to a better spirit

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for communing with God on that holiest of days. The fasting gave him an understanding of how it felt to be hungry and brought compassion for those who suffered from lack of food.

"Fasting is a fine thing," he had said, "when you fast because you want to, and enough food waits at the end of your fast. But when you don't know when your next meal will come, hunger creates hopelessness."

At the lodging houses he opened when panic gripped the city and homeless and hungry shivered in the streets, fifteen hundred were cared for every night without loss of self-respect, for each was permitted to pay five cents for bed and breakfast. Those who lacked the five cents could perform small tasks at the lodging house to earn it.

Nathan Straus, listening to the recital of his help, felt embarrassed by the praise. He had simply given back to life some of what life had given him, he told himself. The money he had earned wasn't his alone; it had been placed in his care to use for his brothers; and all men, everywhere, were brothers to him.

When dinner ended and another friend arose to address the guests, Nathan Straus wondered what the subject would be.

It proved to be pasteurized milk, for which he was still fighting. This was a matter in need of discussion, for it meant saving the lives of precious babies. He listened closely, ready to grasp suggestions which might come out of the talk on how he could increase his efforts. He saw that the story, dramatized by the speaker, held the attention of the audience:

Mr. Straus had kept a pure-bred cow at his summer home in the Adirondacks to assure pure milk for the family. In 1892, the cow

suddenly died. Mr. Straus, puzzled, had an autopsy performed. It disclosed that her lungs had been destroyed by tuberculosis. If this could happen in his well-kept stables, what chance did poor people have to get pure milk, when theirs came from filthy sources? What was happening to poor babies who lived entirely on such milk?

He made inquiries and discovered that during the previous year one out of every four babies born in New York City had died before it was a year old. He talked with prominent doctors, then began a campaign for pasteurization—exposing the milk to a degree of heat that would kill harmful germs without destroying the flavor or benefits of the milk. He had to fight public ignorance and commercial greed.

He established a laboratory in New York City. There pasteurized and modified milk were prepared for infants, sold at half their cost to those who could pay, and given without payment to those who were in need. The first year, 34,000 bottles were given out.

Pure milk! became his battle-cry. He flooded newspapers with the story of what lurked in raw milk, sent his facts to medical societies, appealed to civic leaders.

The statement that tuberculosis in cows could not pass through the milk to infect people was widely advertised, an attempt of the large milk companies to discredit his campaign for pasteurized milk.

In 1894, he enlarged his laboratory and through his six distributing stations provided 2,500 nursing bottles each day. Of 20,111 babies who received his pasteurized milk during four years, only six died.

Each year—but particularly during hot weather—doctors treated babies and young children sick with typhoid, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and intestinal ailments. Tuberculosis was increasing throughout the United States. Nathan Straus insisted it wasn't enough to simply treat the ailment.

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"Remove the cause!" he demanded. "It is impure milk that kills most babies."

He often said laughingly that he had milk on the brain. When he was attacked, he opened a new milk station and braced himself to battle his opponents.

He was arrested and brought to court, charged with having watered milk because at some of his stations milk was modified for infant feeding.

In 1895 he wrote:

"I hold that in the near future it will be regarded as a piece of criminal neglect to feed young children upon milk that has not been sterilized."

When his son Jerome was ready to enter college, he made an inspection trip of the milk stations with his father. The following week, ill with pneumonia, Jerome said:

"You ought to sell your horses and give up your stables so you can have more milk stations."

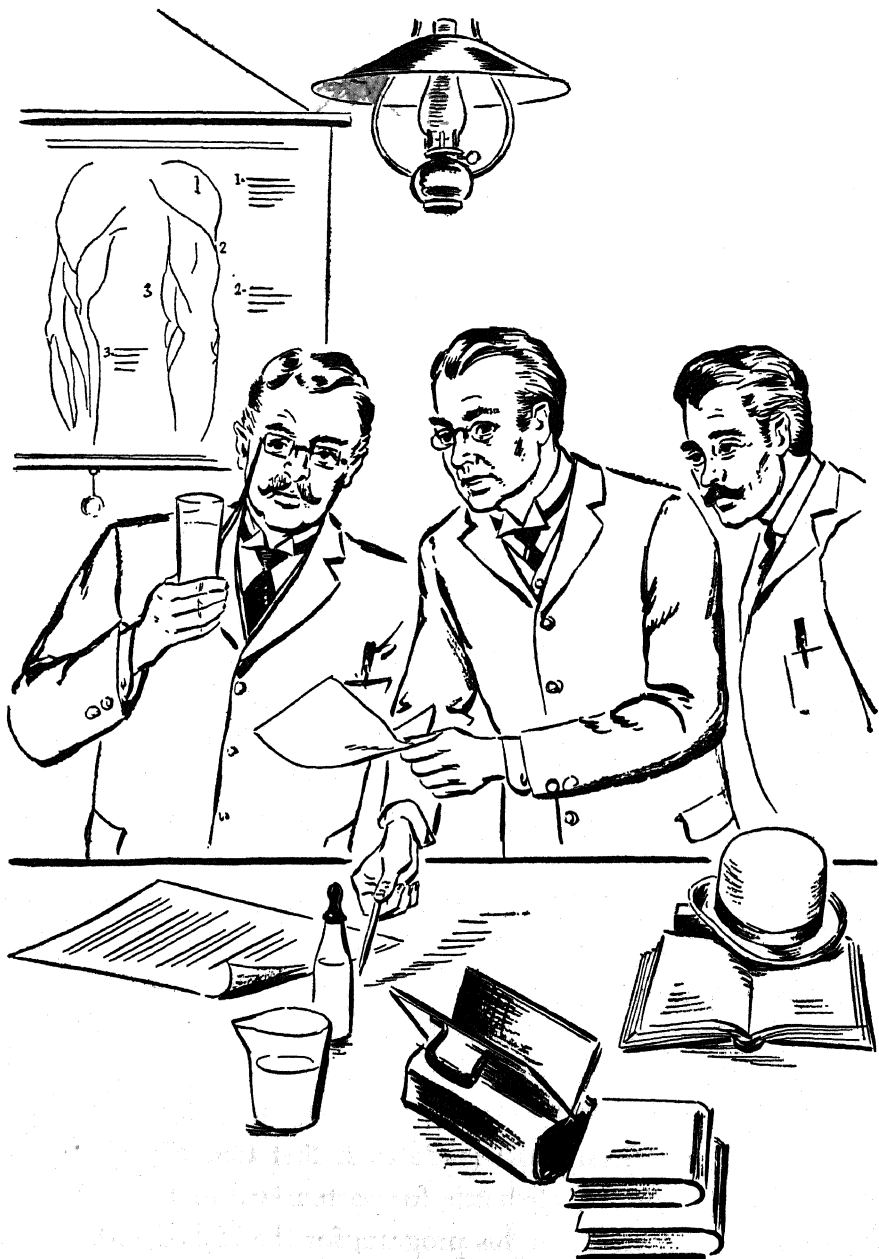
The boy died that night. His words became one more spur in his father's fight for safe milk.

In Europe, conditions were even worse than in America. Mr. Straus was angered by the waste of baby life. He lectured in many parts of Europe and erected pasteurization laboratories there. He perfected a home sterilizer so mothers far from his milk stations could make milk safe for their babies. He distributed thousands of these and gave permission for any tinsmith to make it.

The speaker, closing, quoted Mr. Straus's rule of life:

"Wealth brings with it an obligation to use it for humanity. I want to die poor in money and rich in happiness through having made life safer for many people.'"

The speaker sat down. Nathan Straus heaved a sigh of relief, glad



He talked with prominent doctors . . .

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the speeches were over. Now he would chat with his friends. He could see them heading in his direction from every part of the cafe.

In 1912, his brother Isador, a gentle, thoughtful person, died when the *Titanic*, on which he was returning from Europe, sank in mid-ocean. When the women and children were helped to life boats, his wife refused to be saved. She preferred to join her beloved husband in death rather than to go on living without him.

Nathan, unable to recover from the sorrow of losing his brother, soon retired from business and devoted his time to helping the poor.

Because he believed in brotherhood, his gifts were for all people regardless of race or religion. On the rare occasions when he gave to purely Jewish causes, it was because he knew that the distress of the Jewish people was greater on account of intolerance. Then, too, they did not have their own land to which they could go by right.

"In the *Titanic* tragedy," Nathan Straus wrote, "all creeds were united in the brotherhood of death. If one could only hope for a brotherhood of life! Why wait for death to teach us this lesson?"

The following year, after an epidemic of typhoid carried through milk, New York City introduced compulsory pasteurization. Twenty-two years after the death of his cow, in what had been almost a single-handed fight, Nathan Straus won his battle in New York City.

"Now we'll concentrate on other communities," he said to his wife. "And we must increase our help to Palestine."

Nathan and Lina Straus had made their first tour of Palestine in 1904, at the height of their battle for pasteurized milk. In 1912, on their second visit, he began his program for the Holy Land.

He was shocked by the poverty in Jerusalem. He opened a soup kitchen in the Old City and later added another outside the walls, which provided a daily average of three hundred meals. He created a foundation to assure food for the hungry as long as there would be hungry people in Jerusalem.

He established a domestic science school for girls and a factory where men without a trade could support themselves by making buttons and souvenirs, using mother-of-pearl. He set up a pasteurization institute, a water purifying system, and a health department in Palestine to fight malaria, trachoma, and other diseases.

In the United States, Henrietta Szold of Baltimore, Maryland, had founded Hadassah, the Women's Zionist Organization of America. Hadassah was raising funds for health work in Palestine; a nurse was to be sent there to begin active work.

"Let me help you," Nathan Straus said on his return from the Holy Land. "I'd like to pay the cost of another nurse."

Early in 1913, Lina and Nathan Straus sailed with the two nurses, helped them to settle in Jerusalem, and Hadassah's health program in Palestine for the care of Christian, Jew, and Arab alike was launched.

At home, Nathan Straus continued his battle for pure milk. In 1920, having 297 milk stations in thirty-six cities, he decided that his personal program could end, that it was no longer needed. He presented his New York pasteurization laboratory to the city. The discussion he had stirred up and the experiments he had stimulated had resulted in the protection of baby life.

Eager to express its appreciation, the public chose Nathan Straus, by popular vote, as the citizen who had done most for public welfare in New York City during a quarter of a century.

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Nathan Straus could not abide prejudice; those who practiced it came to know the lash of his angry words.

"Decent Americans are ashamed of you!" he would exclaim.

Many years before, when members of his family, desiring to convalesce after an illness, were not admitted to a hotel in Lakewood, N. J., because they were Jews, he bought land close by and built a hotel to which Jew and Gentile was equally welcome. President and Mrs. Cleveland came there often as guests, thus showing their dislike of prejudice.

Catholics, too, had met with prejudice in Lakewood. Nathan Straus showed his disapproval by giving a large contribution toward building a Catholic church.

During Henry Ford's campaign against the Jews, Nathan Straus challenged Ford to make his charges before a jury of prominent Americans, and give him, Straus, the opportunity to prove Ford's charges false. The nation-wide publicity of this loved and trusted Jew, and two test cases tried in court, brought public disapproval of the smear campaign and resulted in Mr. Ford's apology.

Fighting prejudice wherever he found it, Mr. Straus said, "The Jews have a work to do in the world not merely in fighting for justice for their own people, but in defending the cause of freedom for everyone throughout the world."

The suffering caused by World War I moved Nathan Straus to tears. He took part in appeals for funds and each year gave away more than his income. He coined a slogan for one campaign for the relief of war sufferers, "Give until it hurts," but later changed it to "Give until it feels good."

When the war finally ended, it brought relief to all peoples, but

to the Jewish people everywhere it gave new hope, for Great Britain, during the final year of the war, had won Palestine from the Turks. And Great Britain had given her promise to help the Jewish people establish their national home in Palestine.

"After two thousand years without a home," Nathan Straus said, "our people who are unwelcome elsewhere will be able to come to Palestine by right, without quotas, without pleading for permission to enter."

History had given him the chance to help resettle some of his people in the land God had given to the Jews. He would set to work at once to make it a healthier, happier place for all who lived there. Here was his final task, a holy task. With his wife he made a third visit to Palestine, then planned his program with the same enthusiasm which had marked his campaign for pure milk.

He founded and equipped Child Health Welfare Stations in Palestine, to be operated by Hadassah, for the treatment of malaria, trachoma, and other ills, and to teach mothers how to give modern care to their children. As Hadassah opened more stations and extended its program of healing throughout the land, Nathan Straus frequently supplied vitally needed funds.

He gave large amounts of money to a Moslem orphanage in Jerusalem and to the Arab poor of Jaffa and other cities. He created a special fund to pay for modern agricultural implements for the Arabs of Palestine.

On a fourth visit to that country in 1923, Mr. Straus arranged for the erection of the magnificent Nathan and Lina Straus Health Centers at Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, the only institutions of their kind in the Near East. These would experiment to prevent disease, as well as cure it.

His inscription at the entrance to the Health Centers, in Hebrew,

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English, and Arabic, that they were to serve all inhabitants of the land, Christian, Moslem, and Jew, was in the pattern of all his social service work.

In July, 1927, when news came of an earthquake there, he immediately cabled \$25,000 to Jerusalem, with instructions that it be used for all sufferers, regardless of race, creed, or nationality. The Arabs of Palestine found that they benefited almost entirely by his generous gift. Arab high officials sent messages of gratitude to Nathan Straus that brought tears to his eyes.

Later that year, almost eighty years old, he journeyed to Palestine and laid the corner-stone of the Jerusalem Health Center. On his return he said:

"I am grateful to America for what this blessed land of liberty and equal opportunity has done for me and my people, and for the opportunity which my people and I have had to contribute to America.

"And I am grateful to God for the opportunity and joy I have experienced in doing something for the Holy Land, the Jewish homeland which is being rebuilt by self-sacrificing pioneers so it may once again be an inspirational source of liberty, civilization, and peace for Israel and all mankind."

Nathan Straus marked his eightieth birthday on January 31, 1928, by giving a large gift for reconstruction work in Palestine.

Newspapers throughout the United States had honored him on his seventieth and seventy-fifth birthdays. Their tributes on his eightieth birthday were a testimony to the man who had made help to mankind, not a side issue, but the main purpose of his life.

He was presented with a bound volume containing two hundred letters from prominent people of the world, written to and about

him. They expressed birthday wishes and spoke of what he had done for humanity. The letters had been collected by a friend, Herman Bernstein, author and editor.

Included were letters from President Coolidge, Governor Al Smith, Mayor Walker, Cardinal Hayes, Bishop Manning, from officials of the nation, of foreign countries, and world leaders of all religious groups. Nathan Straus replied personally to each.

Dr. Bluestone, director of Palestine's Hadassah Medical Organization, wrote from Jerusalem:

"His name has become a household word in this country among Jews, Christians, and Moslems as a symbol for all that is kind to those who are in suffering."

The letter of Sophie Loeb summed up what Nathan Straus's eighty years on earth had accomplished:

"For generations to come the heart and soul of you will go marching on through countless thousands of children that you have saved for mankind."

A few months after his eightieth birthday, Mr. and Mrs. Straus celebrated their golden wedding anniversary surrounded by their family: two sons, their only daughter, and their grandchildren.

That spring a new colony in northern Sharon, Palestine, was named Nathaniah, honoring Nathan Straus.

The bloody riots of the Arabs in Palestine, in the summer of 1929, brought deep sorrow to Nathan and Lina Straus. He sent an appeal to the Grand Mufti to put an end to the massacres. But the Grand Mufti ignored his plea.

Again and again Nathan Straus mentally reviewed the benefits which the Jewish people had brought to the Arabs:

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A vast army of Arab children had been saved by Hadassah's child welfare stations, by its modern hospital care and the free pasteurized milk it distributed. Malaria had almost disappeared. Trachoma, which had caused much blindness because forty-five per cent of Palestine's inhabitants had suffered from the disease, had been reduced to four per cent by the expert care of Jewish nurses and doctors.

In twelve short years—barely a minute in the four thousand years' history of the Jewish people—Jewish pioneers had placed a quarter of a million acres in the Holy Land under cultivation. They had reforested the barren hills, planted over eight hundred acres with trees, had drained swamps, built modern roads, and stopped the advancing sand dunes which stretched over thousands of acres.

Nathan Straus had thought it would be a matter of pride to the people of all three religions having a stake in the Holy Land to have that cradle of civilization a spot of beauty instead of one filled with disease and decay.

There was so much still to be done, he told himself. But he was tired, so very tired. Younger men would have to carry on the work.

For weeks Nathan and Lina Straus went into deep mourning, taking no part in public life, seeing only intimate friends. Their sorrow for the heroic Jewish dead in Palestine, for the many wounded, for the ruthless destruction of homes and crops which had been so painstakingly achieved, robbed them of the joy of life and hastened the death of Mrs. Straus the following spring.

Without her at his side, Nathan Straus found the days empty. Eight months later the man who loved and served America and the Holy Land, a brother to everyone in need, fell into a peaceful sleep.

The benefits to mankind which his youthful wish had set in motion would go marching on into the future.



The Voice in Her Heart

LILLIAN WALD

Rachel Schulman, capable white-haired receptionist, sat down before her desk in New York's Henry Street Settlement. Her eyes strayed to the portrait on the wall. How skillfully the artist had captured the radiance of Lillian Wald's personality.

Enthusiasm shone in the oval face; there was compassion in the large brown eyes, and her sensitive mouth looked ready for laughter. It was hard to realize that Lillian would never again come to this Neighborhood House she had founded.

Rachel reached for yesterday's page on the calendar. The date, September 2, 1940, stared at her and she withdrew her hand, leaving the page to mark, a little longer, the end of a life which had been rich in achievement.

The morning would be uncrowded, since many of the fall activities were not yet begun. She was glad of that. For a while she wanted to forget the present and recall some dramatic happenings of the past.

This was the evening she, as an old friend, was to tell a women's club the story of Lillian Wald's life in ten minutes. The chairman had been insistent about that. Only ten minutes, she said, were available on the program.

Could anyone describe Lillian Wald's life in ten minutes? She would have to sift and weigh and select her facts with care before

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going to the meeting. It wouldn't be easy to decide what was of greatest importance and what should be omitted. How ought she begin her speech? Perhaps it would help if she could sit with her thoughts for a while, to relive in her memory the crowded days and years since her first meeting with this friend she had lost yesterday.

That was in March, way back in 1893. Lillian Wald, a young nurse with gentle hands and a friendly, encouraging smile was bending over her, the frightened twelve-year-old child who had been struck by a horse-car when she slipped on the icy cobblestone pavement. That was the first time she had seen the energetic young woman who was to bring such great social advancement to New York City's East Side, whose solutions for her Henry Street neighbors were finally applied throughout the city, the nation, and in many parts of the world.

The tapping of a cane drew Rachel from her thoughts. Tom Macdougall, also an old timer in this neighborhood, made his way slowly into the room and sank into a chair, his wrinkled face somber.

"Noo, how be ye this sad day?" he questioned. "Her's was a guid life. Och, it's a pity it had to end."

Freckled Don Levine, who was twelve, came in with his sister Miriam and sat down on a bench to wait. Miriam was to return to high school next week. She would also continue to cook the meals and care for the home supported by her two brothers who were only a few years older than she. The help she needed to budget their earnings and plan her time so neither the house nor her school work would be neglected would be given to her this morning.

Don was generally noisy. Now he wiggled restlessly on the bench and whispered to Miriam. They, too, must know of Lillian Wald's death, Rachel told herself. They must have heard the announcement on the radio.

"Good morning! Good morning!"

Reverend Barton was coming in, wanting to talk with the head worker about one of his boys. Hale and hearty for his seventy years, cheerful and friendly, he looked searchingly at those present.

"Why the sad faces, neighbors?" he inquired. "Are you mourning for Miss Lillian? One shouldn't mourn for a life that is rich and good. One should give thanks for it."

That's how she had felt that first day, and ever after, Rachel thought. It seemed amazing then that Lillian Wald who had been reared in comfort, in a cultured home that lacked for nothing, who had studied at a private school and taken a fling at social life, should have come to live amid the poverty and crowding of the East Side.

The conversation in the room formed a background to Rachel's thoughts. She heard Reverend Barton speaking, then Tom Macdugal's exclamation:

"A Hebrew ye say she was? Well, noo, that mecht a had a part in her comin' doon here. 'Twas the voice in her heart, o' the Hebrew prophets, that tellt her t' help the auld folks an' the bairns wi' their smilin' faces."

They had needed help, too. New York's East Side, in 1893, was crowded with immigrants—as if a giant, with his head in the sky, had bent down, scooped up people from every country on earth and dropped them, all together, in this one spot.

From every boat which docked at New York, crowds of human beings streamed into the city, coming from every land. But most of them, in 1893, were escaping from the brutality of Russia's massacres. They came seeking freedom, bringing in exchange their courage, their energy, their eagerness to build. The promise in their

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Bibles, inscribed on a great bell in this new land, had drawn them to America.

They didn't know the language. Confused, still frightened from their tragic experiences, they became easy prey for those who could and did take advantage of them.

Landlords demanded exorbitant rents for their East Side tenement shacks, so that whole families had to live in single rooms. Bosses in sweat-shops paid niggardly wages for long hours of labor in airless lofts. Unaccustomed to crowded conditions, these people became sick. They couldn't afford the high fees of doctors. Neglect and suffering were everywhere.

Rachel's hands moved slowly, arranging on her desk the cards and printed forms she would need later. But her mind was occupied with her own first months in the new land.

Death stalked the East Side. It lay in wait in dark, overcrowded rooms, with one toilet in the yard for all the families. It hovered over narrow streets crowded with pushcarts full of spoiling fish and fruit. It caught up with many on the rickety stairways when the dread cry, *Fire!* caused fear-maddened trampling, as people tried to escape from tenements that were death traps.

Rachel remembered her own home the afternoon Lillian Wald had come. Rachel had been injured the evening before, returning from her work sorting rags in a cellar for thirty cents a day.

Her father had consumption—Tailor's Disease it was called by their neighbors—from working long hours in a clothing sweat-shop during the eighteen months since they had come from Russia. To add to the scanty income her mother worked at home, sewing facings into the piles of coats her father brought from the factory. Rachel helped, too, and they sewed late into the night by the dim, flickering gaslight. Overtired from insufficient sleep, Rachel had

slipped on the wet cobblestones, been struck by the horse-car, and had been taken home in a peddler's wagon.

Throughout the endless night that followed and into the next afternoon, her mother had applied the poultices sympathetic neighbors advised, but the pain continued. Her mother was constantly leaving her work, urging her to eat something, insisting stoutly that soon everything would be well for them, soon they must find that for which they had come to America, a life that was happy and good, with freedom from every kind of fear.

"You will see," her mother said in Yiddish. "Sometimes bad luck brings good luck."

Her mother's optimistic philosophy had been realized that day when Lillian Wald, carrying the bag from which came forth so many amazing remedies, was brought in by a neighbor.

Rachel lay on the cot in the corner of the room, trying not to cry with the pain in her bruised leg, worried because without her earnings the family might be dispossessed. She knew all too well the meager piles of household articles on sidewalks. It was a familiar sight, a constant reminder of the threat of homelessness.

Then this nurse, with the warmest smile she had ever seen on a stranger, was bending over her and washing from her leg the dried blood that felt so uncomfortable, bathing her, changing the linen on the cot. How good those gentle hands felt, how pleasant was the cooling alcohol on her body, how soothing the salve under the neat bandages.

The heaven-sent stranger was cooking something on the stove, and had brought her a bowl of fragrant milk soup. She was smiling with a friendliness that eased all the pain and worries out of the little girl on the cot.

The nurse came every day and a friendship that was to last

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through forty-seven years was begun. Later Rachel learned her friend's story.

Lillian Wald was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1867. Her family moved to Rochester, N. Y. where Lillian attended a private school. At the age of twenty-two, unsatisfied with the useless routine of the social whirl—the dances, parties, and visits to friends—she came to New York City and took a course in nursing. Then she worked as a nurse in an orphan asylum, contrasted the love and understanding she had received from her mother with the injustice and cruelty suffered by these children. She felt a need to do something that could improve the lot of many people.

She entered the Women's Medical College, and spent five days each week studying medical books, peering into a microscope, and working in the dissecting room. She did not complete her course and become a doctor, but the knowledge she gained there proved valuable later, when she began her crusade for public health.

While at the medical school she was asked to conduct a class in home nursing on the East Side. She accepted. Her students were immigrant women. They met in a house on Henry Street.

One drizzling March morning after she finished giving a lesson in bed making, a little girl begged her to go to her sick mother, who had previously attended that class. Lillian followed the child along littered streets crowded with pushcarts and uncovered garbage cans, through a yard with unscreened toilets, and into a rear tenement. The child's mother lay unwashed, receiving no nursing or medical care. The two rooms which the family of seven shared with boarders were a discouraging setting for a patient's morale.

She made the woman comfortable, set the older children to

sweeping, scrubbing, burning refuse. She prepared some food, discussed the situation with the husband, offered advice. They kissed her hands when she left.

Returning to her own comfortable room she felt herself convicted, as a part of society, for tolerating what she had seen in those streets and in that home. She must do something personally and at once, to correct these conditions. And she must make them known. Surely when people learned of this, they would want to help.

That night she told her decision to her roommate and friend, Mary Brewster, who had taken the nursing course with her. She would drop her medical studies, move at once into the neighborhood she had seen that afternoon, and use her ability as a nurse to help these people.

Mary, descended from the historical Elder Brewster, said at once, "I'm going with you."

Lillian called on Mrs. Solomon Loeb, who had made possible the nursing lessons on the East Side, and announced her plan. When she left, Mrs. Loeb said to her daughter Nina (later Mrs. Paul Warburg and active in the work of the Henry Street Settlement), "I've talked to a young woman who is either crazy or a genius."

Together, Lillian and Mary Brewster settled in temporary quarters until they located rooms which had a bathroom, not easy to find in that neighborhood. In a Jefferson Street tenement, on the top floor, with sun and breeze and a bathroom in the hall for their own use, they set up their headquarters. Simply but cheerfully furnished, this was the first American home to which these East Side immigrants had been invited. Up they came, bringing their troubles; they left with lightened hearts, having received help and advice.

From these rooms the two nurses fared forth at all hours of the day and night, giving friendly service without humiliation, for even

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a ten cent fee avoided the sting and shame of charity. Rachel still remembered her mother's gratitude for the service with which no religious tracts were dispensed, for which she was permitted to pay what she was able.

Tom Macdougall's voice pulled Rachel from her thoughts. Miriam and Don had moved closer to Tom, and the Reverend Barton now sat beside the aged Scotsman. Grandma Esther Goldberg, whom Lillian Wald had nursed through a serious illness soon after she moved to the East Side, had come in and was listening, too.

"Some might ha' tellt us we was dirty," Tom was saying. "We hadna' been dirty in Scotland. But here—ye c'n see hoo defficult it was, frae the crowdin', the dirty streets, the bad smells, an' we puir dolts so tired an' discouraged."

Yes, Lillian had understood that. She had seen the dirt and neglect, but she had also seen the kindness of the poor to each other, the urge for beauty held steadfast in their hearts. She had seen bearded men, eyes alight with unquenched dreams, winding phylacteries. She had caught the glow of Sabbath candles and candles for Saints' days. Warm-hearted, sympathetic, she saw the suffering, pain, and sorrow. But she saw, too, the amazing determination of these people to win through, despite present hardships, to a better way of life—if not for themselves, then for their children.

Lillian Wald invented the term "public health nurse," not realizing that she and her friend had started what was to become a world-wide movement, that fifty years later there would be an army of more than twenty thousand public health nurses at work in the United States, and a tremendous number of these angels of healing spreading a network of health in many countries of the world.



... she saw the suffering, pain, and sorrow.

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She found a friend, Nathan Straus, who introduced her to the president of the Board of Health, and she asked for insignia to connect their work with the civic organization. With his sanction they wore a badge on which was engraved "Visiting Nurse—Under the Auspices of the Board of Health." Then each night Lillian wrote reports of the sick babies and unsanitary conditions they found, not dreaming that this two-nurse project would, fifty years later, become the Visiting Nurse Service of New York City and would, under the direction of Miss Marian G. Randall, make half a million visits to homes in a single year, conduct classes for expectant mothers and fathers, serve in day nurseries and in small factories.

Mrs. Loeb enlisted the interest of Christians and Jews who gave generously of their time and money, their help and advice when these were needed.

Lillian hadn't known until after she began her work that a beginning had already been made in such social welfare work in several United States cities and in London. She was encouraged to find that others, too, were concerned. She exchanged experiences, eager to learn from others as they learned from her. Her great capacity for friendship, her passion for humanity, brought her an ever-increasing circle of friends.

There was drama in the carefully kept accounts of the money entrusted to her. Medicines, milk and eggs, the cost of a chicken to help celebrate a holiday properly, the repair of needed spectacles, a doll for a sick child, the payment of a month's rent to avoid eviction, a white dress for a little girl's confirmation, became good neighbor "lifts" to people in desperate straits. Those who were a little better off paid for the nurses' visits, occasionally receiving loans to stock a pushcart with merchandise or to help tide them over a bad period. The budget, at the beginning less than a hundred dollars

a month, was to grow, within a few years, into tremendous sums.

Grandma Goldberg's voice broke into Rachel's meditation.

"Sure there was a lot of sickness. Look how we had to live and how hard we worked. In union shops people worked ten hours a day. But mostly jobs were in sweat-shops. There we worked fourteen, sixteen, even eighteen hours a day for starvation wages. But people who took work home had even longer hours."

"Jeepers!" Don said. "No wonder poor people were sick."

"Listen to him!" Grandma Goldberg retorted. "You think only the poor people were sick then? I guess there musta been plenty sickness in rich houses, too. Didn't the rich people eat the candy packed in rooms where a baby was dying from diphtheria, or where kids were maybe nearly blind with catching eye sickness? Didn't the rich smoke the cigars bunched and rolled by consumptives?"

Seeing a sick child or one with diseased eyes on the street, following it home to give it nursing care and give training to the mother, could and did draw the two public health nurses into a web of many contributing wrongs which had to be righted.

Pushcart merchants were in constant fear of the policeman who could, and did, kick over the cart and deposit its wares in the filth of the street, because of some slight, perhaps unintentional violation of a city ordinance. Lillian Wald protested for these people, insisted there must be an end to this practice.

The East Side streets, in addition to their pushcarts, were crowded with parked trucks and express wagons, cutting down space needed by children at play, endangering their lives, poisoning the air with sickening odors. Lillian Wald called on the mayor, demanded why, if this parking had to be, the wider Fifth Avenue and Park Avenue were not used instead. Her visit brought results.

Reverend Barton was speaking.

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"We don't have many people like Miss Lillian in this world of ours, I can tell you that. Most of us just take the easy way. Maybe we gripe about things that are wrong, but we don't do anything to correct them. But she was a rebel, a fighter. When she saw injustice she reached for the telephone or called on somebody, and set to work at once to destroy it."

Yes, it was true. Lillian had an astonishing ability for getting people to cooperate. She knew every resource and drew on it promptly, unhesitatingly. She expected assistance and she generally got it.

She had faith in the decency of most people. She was confident that many employers, when shown in human terms the result of abuses, would proceed to improve conditions. She showed them through statistics translated into human lives. Through personal conferences, speeches, letters, written reports of what she saw with her own eyes, she demanded sanitary working conditions, shorter hours, more adequate wages, reforms in housing. Again and again she pleaded:

"See these figures as human beings. Behind each number is a man, woman, or child, human beings like you and me."

In their second year, when the staff of two nurses had increased to four, Mary Brewster became ill and had to give up her nursing work. But her part in the early days of this service was never forgotten.

Lillian needed more time for the widening circle of needs for her East Side neighbors. She must turn over the nursing to other hands, to leave her free for her fight. What was the use of teaching mothers the importance of sanitary food and clean homes when the milk and food available to them was polluted, and flies breeding in open garbage cans in the street could destroy their efforts for improvement?

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How could little children be kept safe when they had to play in dirty, crowded streets? She must fight a battle against these.

She did. City Hall had to listen to her pleas. She became accustomed to delays. But in the end, she won.

If she was ever discouraged, she did not show it. To the people she helped she was always gay and cheerful. No one could feel sorry for himself in her presence.

Two years after Lillian moved to the East Side, friends purchased the house at 265 Henry Street, to become the Nurses' Settlement. Here, in larger, more gracious quarters, by service to her neighbors and by example, Lillian Wald, as head worker, had a tremendous influence on young and old. Her family of nurses continued climbing the stairs, bathing the sick, instructing parents. At other hours they helped in the constantly expanding activities of the house on Henry Street, with its small yard that held two trees and a wistaria vine on a trellis.

Bright flowers were planted in window boxes facing the yard. A big sand pile with an overhead awning was placed in one corner. Swings which the children called *scups*, parallel bars, and an overhead ladder were erected. Baby hammocks were hung so that children, burdened too soon with the care of infants, would have a chance for play.

Kindergarten was conducted each morning. In the afternoons there was directed play in the yard which came to be known as the Bunker Hill of Playgrounds. When a neighborhood child was asked if she knew Miss Wald, she replied, "She was my scupping teacher." The warm smile accompanying the words told how deeply children love those who play with them.

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Older children came after school and played games and danced, sometimes to the tune of a hurdy-gurdy, brought in from the street for a few pennies. In the evenings the yard was lit with Japanese lanterns, and young people, after their day's work, sang and danced and enjoyed, in a gracious setting, the companionship they craved.

Parties were held there on pleasant evenings when, gowned in white, Lillian and her associates rose to greet their guests. "This must be like country life scenes in English novels," said one young man.

There were parties for parents, too, when religious holidays were celebrated. Young people were also invited, for Lillian Wald was troubled because the youth, absorbing American ways more rapidly than their parents, looked upon older folk as ignorant, and the discipline and cultural unity of the family were being lost. Through dignifying in their eyes what the parents held dear, stimulating pride in their folk traditions, checking the young American's contempt for the parents' old country ways, she lessened the widening gap between parents and children which threatened family life.

The Feast of Tabernacles was celebrated on the Henry Street roof. An old man chanted the traditional songs that were thousands of years old and his pride and joy were caught by the young people, members of the Settlement House clubs. Neighbors brought home-made wine of the grape, according to tradition, fruits, sponge and honey cakes. Guests came up who weren't Jewish, and quickened to the beauty of the ceremony.

She showed the young people the beauty in the old country objects brought by their immigrant parents, the brass ornaments and utensils, the furniture and embroideries, by using these in the Henry Street house.

She discovered that some American foods were strange to the

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immigrant women. She started a class in cooking and they learned to prepare nourishing, attractive dishes that were inexpensive.

She organized a Mother's Club, encouraged discussion of their problems with the children, taught them how to make their homes attractive, advised them how to combat the bad influences of the neighborhood.

At the beginning each nurse had her own extra-curricular activity: classes, courses, clubs for every age to which came Greeks, Italians, Russian Jews, Poles, Negroes, and Germans. As a poet spends himself, drawing threads from his mind and heart, to spin them into emotional patterns that give pleasure to his readers, so Lillian Wald and her associates were spending themselves in the most important creative work on earth: improving and enriching the lives of human beings.

She believed that through the mingling of people with different folkways a richer culture would result, that American music, art, painting, and literature would be more colorful and varied as a result of the heritage brought to its shores. She objected to tagging people as "poor" or "foreign." To her there was only one race, the human race.

She considered hatred of one people for another an infectious disease that injured those it was turned upon but even more, crippled those who practiced it. She discerned that even in casual daily contacts one could help others move upward, instead of kicking them down, that in the end one benefited personally as a result of the help given. An encouraging word, a friendly smile, a moment's thoughtfulness could change the pattern of a life. She had seen this happen many times. When a person had a burden too heavy to carry, how could others walk by just carrying their hands? In simple human kindness, she had to share the load.

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She was convinced that if people of different folk groups, religions, and attitudes would get to know each other, a mutual respect and friendship would result. She remembered the experience of a social worker who called on a Jewish woman and her new baby, bringing clothing for both. The woman had survived a massacre in her Russian town and escaped to America. She smiled gratefully, said, "I didn't know Christians could be so kind."

Grandma Goldberg was speaking.

"And how Lillian Wald loved children. She'd stop to watch our kids dancing to the tune of a hurdy-gurdy. She used to say they were the prettiest, smartest, most neglected kids in the whole world."

Yes, Lillian had done much for children. She organized picnics for the younger ones, took them to the country for a day so they need not make the mistake one child did, of pointing to a cow and asking if it was a butterfly. There were hikes for older boys and girls, and summer vacations on farms.

She joined with others in urging the use of public schools for recreation centers. Five years after she came to the East Side, the first schools were provided for this purpose.

She called on the Commissioner of Health, pleaded for playgrounds for the children. In 1902, as a result of her efforts, money was appropriated by the city to equip and maintain Seward Park, the first municipal playground in New York City.

She was horrified at the high death rate of babies in institutions; in one, most babies under six months of age died. She remembered what she had seen in the orphan asylum. She engaged an investigator, learned that babies which institutions boarded out in private homes had a normal chance to survive. She took her facts to the Board of Estimate.

When the first boys' club of the Henry Street Settlement was

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organized, Miss Wald suggested that they talk about a different American hero at each meeting. The boys decided that a hero was one who contributed to the betterment of America. They called themselves the American Hero Club, learned that it often requires greater heroism to keep steadfastly to a difficult task than to stand up for an hour of trial. Boys used to gangs and rough ways came under Lillian Wald's influence in this club. They came out good citizens.

She pleaded with the rich to tear down the musty tenements and put up new ones in their place, said that a decent civilization couldn't be built without decent homes. She didn't approve of putting patches on old, shameful-looking garments when one ought to provide a new, decent one that left its user some dignity. She fought for better housing for many years, and eventually had the happiness of seeing new, adequate apartments, at low rents, constructed on the East Side.

Lillian Wald persuaded the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company to provide public health nursing for its industrial policy holders. Today this company provides eighteen million people with such care, and other companies also include it in their program.

She suggested, in 1907, that the Red Cross conduct a Town and Country Nursing Service for neglected country areas. This was put into operation five years later.

Friends compared Lillian Wald to the United States mint, because she produced riches in abundance. But her production, ideas for social betterment, had far greater value than money.

Girls employed by the Triangle Waist Company tried, in 1911, to organize a union that would work for their protection. Doors at the factory were kept locked to avoid theft, and there were other practices dangerous for the workers. Before the union could be

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organized a fire broke out, the locked doors made escape impossible, and one hundred and forty-three girls died. Many jumped from windows and their bodies piled up on the sidewalk. A mass meeting was held in the Metropolitan Opera House; laws to protect working women were rushed. Lillian Wald, joining with others, inspected factory fire drills and tried to find comfort in the knowledge that such a tragedy would never again occur.

The Settlement was growing. There had been nine nurses in 1898, fifteen in 1900, twenty-seven in 1905. At breakfast one morning Lillian Wald opened a letter from a Boston woman who was shocked by the increased death rate of children every summer. Wasn't there something mothers ought to know to avoid this? Wasn't there any way of getting information and help to the mothers of the nation?

Florence Kelley, reading a newspaper aloud to the Settlement family, stated that the Secretary of Agriculture was investigating the boll weevil which threatened the cotton crop. The federal government, she remarked, was prepared to spend huge sums to keep the cotton crop safe.

Lillian Wald had an inspiration. If the cotton crop was a matter for the government's interest, why not the nation's children? What crop could equal in importance the girls and boys of our land?

Mrs. Kelley took Lillian's idea to a friend, Dr. Edward I. Devine, a scientist. He brought the matter to the attention of his friend at the White House, President Theodore Roosevelt. The next evening, at the invitation of Mr. Roosevelt, Lillian Wald and the scientist were in Washington. The President was enthusiastic and promised his support for a Federal Children's Bureau.

Legislators delayed, but it was finally achieved in 1912. The nation

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had for years practiced conservation of soil, hogs, and cattle. Now it was thinking and planning in terms of human conservation. With others, Lillian Wald served on the White House Conference for Child Health and Protection.

The minister and Tom Macdougall were chuckling over something. Rachel caught a few words— “. . . and the postcards she sent us and the stories she brought back from her trips . . .”

Rachel's lips formed a smile, remembering Lillian's travels which had combined business and some relaxation from active work. She remembered most vividly a trip Lillian had taken to England and several other European countries in 1900. She had attended a Public Health Congress, viewed conditions there; she met and was entertained by prominent and interesting people. She was alert every moment to benefit her friends and neighbors on Henry Street.

A London school had a nurse, provided by a wealthy woman. Why wouldn't it be a good idea to have school nurses in New York, to be employed by the city? These could examine and treat children in the schools and when necessary, follow up cases with visits to the homes.

She took her idea, on her return, to the Health and Education Departments. For two years nothing was done about it. Then, in 1902, there was an epidemic of trachoma, a contagious eye disease, in the schools of the city. Lillian Wald got permission to put her idea into action so the city officials could, through this demonstration, judge how practical it would be.

She assigned Miss Lina Rogers, one of the Henry Street Settlement nurses, to take charge of this task in four schools.

School facilities were inadequate. Yet, in that first month, 893

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treatments were given, 137 visits were made to homes, and 25 children, absent because of curable ailments but receiving no treatment, were cured by the efforts of this one nurse and returned to school. The Board of Health was convinced. It appointed twelve school nurses to be paid for by the city.

Once again Lillian Wald had given something new to the world. For the idea of school nurses, paid by the community, spread rapidly through the United States, and then to other countries.

In 1905, Lillian wrote from England: "The country is lovely, but how piggy are the big land-owners!"

Five years later, on a six-months trip around the world to learn conditions elsewhere, she had stopped off in Japan and helped to write that country's first law to protect children who worked.

After the First World War ended, she was invited to visit Russia. That country was full of "wild children." Revolution and civil war had destroyed their parents and their homes. Like little savages they roamed through the land. Would she bring her knowledge and experience to Russia, to suggest how these wild children could be saved and made into good citizens?

She went to Russia, saw, contrary to what she had read in American newspapers, that religious ceremonies were held in the open, with crowds being blessed by the priests. The private car of the former czar was placed at her disposal. To her it was an example of how uncomfortable kings used to be.

She met some of the wild children who had been placed in an institution. A group of these boys presented her with a bouquet of flowers. Pleased with her delight, they ran off and brought some for her companions. She talked with these children, made recommendations for their welfare.

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Miriam had been listening without taking any part in the conversation. Now she said to Reverend Barton:

"A lot of talent would have gone to waste if Miss Wald hadn't come to Henry Street."

That was true. Her appreciation of the folk culture brought by the immigrant, her determination that it should be woven into the fabric of American culture had saved it from being lost.

The girls and boys were helped to develop their abilities through festival, plays, dance, music. Led by Alice and Irene Lewisohn, the neighborhood young people made costumes, painted scenery, acted, sang, and danced.

When more space was needed for dramatics, the Neighborhood Playhouse was built on Grand Street. It opened in 1915; the following spring it was deeded to the Settlement, a gift from the Lewisohn sisters. Pioneer of the little theater, it drew famous players and spectators. It developed talents of the neighborhood through Irish and Yiddish plays, ballets and operettas, folk dances.

In the Henry Street Settlement new Americans found, at last, the America which lived in their hearts. It recognized and wanted the gifts they had brought: ambition, courage, the colorful art, music and poetry of their folk heritage, and it declared their worth as human beings. The Settlement gave them much, but it took from them, too, the contributions which they were so eager to make.

Lillian Wald was constantly drawing more people into the program of the Henry Street Settlement, but depending, too, on such old friends as Dr. Abraham Jacobi, gifted child specialist, and Al Smith, later to become governor of New York State. She sent little notes signed with her initials, to express her approval and appreciation. Her friends called these "The L.D.W. Degree."

THE VOICE IN HER HEART

Rumblings of the First World War echoed through America. Lillian Wald marched in the Women's Peace Parade, one of twelve hundred women of every folk group in America, who moved in silent sorrowing columns down Fifth Avenue.

War would destroy all for which she, and others like her, had labored. It would weaken the brotherhood of man by stirring up race hatreds. It would maim and destroy precious human beings.

The Settlement, expanding, owned property valued at half a million dollars. Its yearly budget for the Visiting Nurse Service was \$150,000. More than a hundred nurses were totaling 227,000 visits a year and giving care to 26,575 patients.

Simple people and prominent ones continued to gather at Henry Street. Social workers from every part of the world came to see and learn and go back to their work with renewed inspiration. Thanksgiving saw as many as eighty-seven guests sitting down to a turkey dinner; nineteen nationalities were having a good time together, finding many human likenesses, few differences that mattered.

October, 1918, with the First World War not yet ended, brought an epidemic of influenza such as America had never experienced. During the first four days Henry Street nurses, wearing masks, battled with the five hundred cases reported to them. Within a week people were panic-stricken.

The Atlantic Division of the Red Cross called a conference of New York's leading nurses. The Nurses' Emergency Council was created. Lillian Wald, fifty-one years old, with the experience of twenty-five years to aid her, became its chairman.

The city's available doctors, nurses, and supplies were diminished by the war needs. Lillian Wald had an East Side printer work all night. The next morning an army of dignified women, on the steps of department stores, on the streets, in women's clubs, handed out a

printed plea for help. By noon hundreds of men and women had volunteered, were interviewed, and had been assigned to posts.

New York City was like a tremendous field hospital. Everywhere staffs were depleted by the epidemic. Bankers and Salvation Army girls worked side by side as orderlies; college girls and society women washed dishes in hospitals. The laundry staff at one hospital, stampeded by fear of contagion, deserted; instructors and students of Teachers' College took up the work.

The depression, which began with the Wall Street crash in 1929, took a heavy toll of Lillian Wald's strength. The long lines of unemployed at agencies, the soup kitchen lines, the apple sellers on street corners, showed their immediate influence in the condition of homes and families. Miss Wald, directing the Henry Street Settlement House as its head worker, and Miss Marguerite Wales (director from 1923 of the expanded Henry Street Nurse Service) found that the suffering was even greater than in 1893, for these people were not conditioned, as were the early immigrants, to such hardships.

Miss Wald's work multiplied as she extended the nursing service, conferred with individuals and with groups, made speeches, exhausted herself, and turned over more than 80 per cent of the Henry Street Settlement funds to its nursing service. She was sixty-two years old; the strain on her heart, caused by the overwork and the worry, was too great. The doctors ordered rest, but she delayed vacations and returned from them too soon.

She was saddened by the unemployment and poverty, by the recurring depressions in so rich a land. She worried because New York City was using a million quarts milk less each week. The illness of children would rise, as a result.

THE VOICE IN HER HEART

The nurses were busier than ever. Henry Street's millionth patient received care in July, 1932; he was a doctor who, after forty years of service, was himself a chronic invalid and penniless. Starvation was seen daily. Miss Wald pleaded with the mayor for funds from the city to care for these poor, and was refused.

There had been times in the past when her long hours of overwork had brought a brief illness and the doctor insisted on a vacation. But in 1932, when she was sixty-five, she found herself unable to recover from anemia. During the weeks she spent in a hospital her secretary took dictation at her bedside, while Miss Wald worried about the unemployed poor and wondered if they were being too patient about it.

Her mind was still young and active. She would become a part-time worker and spend more time at her lovely House-on-the-Pond in Westport, Connecticut, which she had bought some years before because it was but a short trip from Henry Street. She would rest under the trees in her garden, her eyes on the pond with its overhanging willows.

The following year influenza struck and weakened her heart. But she kept up with world events, sent telegrams to Washington, received visitors, had many house guests, prominent men and women who were doing important work. As in the past, she remained gay, an inspiration to all who came to see her. She said if she couldn't live out of bed, she would live in it and enjoy life.

That April her fortieth year on Henry Street was celebrated. It was a high spot in her life.

There had been celebrations before and many honors had come to her. But this fortieth anniversary with its many parties, and par-

ticularly the fortieth reunion of the Henry Street Settlement Alumni Club, surpassed everything which had taken place before. This was a farewell to the Miss Wald who had worked tirelessly twenty hours a day.

For she had to hear the speeches over the radio in her home, and her own address had to be read for her. In it she expressed her gratitude to the many who had carried on the ideals of Henry Street and were still doing so, including the beloved Al Smith and New York's governor, Herbert Lehman, for seventeen years a director of the Settlement and before that a club leader.

A new head worker, Miss Helen Hall, was installed. Lillian Wald knew that the work she had begun would continue in the same spirit as in the past, and be carried into new, hitherto unexplored programs.

Friends continued to come and neighbors dropped in frequently, urging her to add to her chronicles of Henry Street. She had written the story of her first twenty years in *The House on Henry Street*. Now she proceeded to write of the second twenty years; they took form in *Windows on Henry Street*.

She watched the world from House-on-the-Pond, felt encouraged by the work of her friends in the White House, Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt. Washington was listening to social workers, admitting that the nation owed help to those who could not find work. Ideas for which she had long pleaded were being shaped into policies and laws.

Jacob Schiff had been succeeded by his grandson, John Schiff, on the Henry Street Board. She told him: "Nothing escapes me. I read all the minutes and all the papers and all the reports."

When she had something to say, she said it, and the world listened. She wrote to Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.:

THE VOICE IN HER HEART

“ . . . the [Nazi] propaganda which infiltrates America’s life and America’s thought is the most disastrous thing that has happened within my recollection. You know how I felt about the war propaganda, the efforts to stir to hatred the peoples of the world, but in some ways the Hitler effort seems more disastrous because it jeers at all the good and the spiritual that have been developed since the dawn of conscience.”

Two years later she wrote to a Sunday School class at Bath, New York:

“I firmly believe that there is a brotherhood of man: that people should strive to understand each other and to give allegiance to each other; and that anti-Semitism and anti-anything-else that discriminates against human beings who meet the ethics of society really insults Jesus and his teachings.”

Seven thousand students of Brooklyn’s Abraham Lincoln High School, selected her, in 1936, for the annual Lincoln Medallion awarded “to the citizen who has rendered the greatest service to the city of New York.”

Her seventieth birthday was celebrated March 10, 1937, by her neighbors in Westport, and by her friends and admirers in New York City and in many parts of the world. Lillian Wald listened to the voice coming over the radio:

“We are met here this afternoon to celebrate the birthday of a great citizen, a noble lady, our dear friend, Lillian Wald. We are all her friends, many of us her intimate friends, but it would be selfish, indeed, if we kept her to ourselves and did not let the world, for whom she has done so much and to whom she means so much, join in our celebration.”

A few months later a new playground was opened near the Settlement. A plaque was unveiled, bearing this inscription:

LILLIAN WALD
THIS PLAYGROUND IS NAMED FOR
LILLIAN D. WALD
IN APPRECIATION
OF HER PIONEER WORK
FOR CHILDREN
AND DISTRICT NURSING IN THIS CITY

Friends kept coming to chat with her. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt wrote of a visit:

“We found Miss Wald on her porch waiting to meet us, and spent two very delightful hours with her. I always fall under the spell of her personality and wonder what quality it is which makes an individual able to sway others by the sheer force of her own sympathy and understanding of human beings. I imagine the secret lies in the fact that people never become a mass, they remain entities, and so you are able to feel human suffering and make others feel it because it is represented to you by individuals.”

Professor Einstein called on a spring day. Leaving, he said: “I want to thank you for your smile.”

A door slammed. It pulled Rachel from her thoughts. She looked up, saw with surprise that Tom Macdougall, Reverend Barton, Grandma Goldberg, Miriam, and Don were no longer in the room. She watched a group of boys come in, smiled in greeting, waited for them to approach and state their need.

She knew now how she would begin her speech that evening. She would say:

“My friends, Lillian Wald is not dead. The great do not die. Their spirit—her spirit—lives on through the safer, happier lives enjoyed by you and me.”



To the Rescue

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

Louis Dembitz Brandeis, brilliant second-year student at the Harvard Law School, let his clear blue eyes move from the wall chart, with its graduated letters of the alphabet, to the eye doctor's face. He felt shocked by the warning which still echoed menacingly through the room:

"Your eyes aren't able to take the strain of so much reading. The law is not for you. I advise you to decide on another career."

It seemed to Brandeis, that autumn day in 1876, that he stood at a crossroad in his life. Straight ahead was the road he had been following; it led to the tilting ground where he wanted to battle for his beloved lady, Justice. Now he was being warned to turn aside, to take another road.

To tilt successfully in modern law was a skillful art. As knights of old had passed through years of training, so he, too, must prepare himself for joust and tournament.

He had thus far done well in his studies. In spite of not having had a college course, as did the other students, he had felt sure of being graduated in June, only seven months away. With his two-year law course completed, he would then receive his degree and get started on his career. For years he had been preparing for that day.

Back home in Louisville, Kentucky, admiration for his brilliant uncle, Lewis Dembitz, had caused Louis to change his middle name, David, to Dembitz. His uncle was a living university; he knew a dozen languages including Arabic and Hebrew, and had a deep knowledge of Judaism. He wrote books on Jewish subjects and on law. Louis, like his uncle, found the study of law exciting. He couldn't choose another career as the doctor advised, because there wasn't anything else he wanted to do.

He drew his fingers through his thick black hair and his mind was troubled as he thought:

"Eyes are rationed. One pair must last a lifetime. I can't afford to risk my sight."

He said in his pleasant voice, "Thank you, Doctor. I'll have to think about it."

Leaving the doctor's office, he asked himself, "What are the facts?" Always his decisions were based on the facts in each case. He would return to his room and seek out the facts on which he must make this vital decision.

The seed which had sprouted into his earliest interest in law had come from his parents. The seed was love for freedom of opportunity for all men, so that all could make the most of their lives. His parents had rebelled against Austria's lack of equal opportunity even before they met and fell in love in the city of Prague.

To find this freedom they—and their families—left their fatherland and came to America. They were married soon after their arrival. He, the youngest of their four children, was born to them in Louisville on November 13, 1856.

From his mother, Frederika, who had read with her father the best literature in French before she was ten, Louis had caught his love of good books and his confidence in people. From his father,

TO THE RESCUE

Adolph, he inherited good judgment, wit, and the ability to persuade others to his views.

When he reached his room, Louis lit the flickering gaslight and opened a notebook that lay on the table. In it were notes from books he had read and his comments on them, Bible quotations, thoughts from Shakespeare and other writers. Now he added on the first blank page:

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy or there is none.
If there is one, try to find it,
If there is none, never mind it.

He would write a letter home and ask his parents' advice. He pulled a sheet of paper before him and dipped a pen in the bottle of ink. Into his mind flowed images of his home and family in his childhood days.

His father's hard work from the time of his arrival in America, in 1848, finally led to his becoming a grain and produce merchant. With his business partner, Mr. Crawford, he also operated a flour mill, a tobacco factory, an eleven-hundred-acre farm, and a river freighter, the *Fanny Brandeis*.

The Brandeis family had lived in a limestone front house and their servants included a coachman. Louis had attended a private school, had traveled with his parents to Niagara Falls and Canada, had vacationed in New York City and fashionable Newport.

He recalled scenes during the Civil War. The streets of Louisville had been crowded with soldiers in the uniform of the North, for Kentucky remained loyal to the Union. He remembered helping his

mother carry food and coffee to the soldiers. Sometimes he heard shots fired by Confederate soldiers. Once they came so close his father moved the family across the Ohio River, to the northern shore.

Then, before his ninth birthday, had come the terrible Saturday, April fifteenth, 1865, when newspapers with heavy inked frames told the tragic story of President Lincoln's death. In Washington's crowded Ford Theater the previous evening, the President was watching a play. During the third act pistol fire rang out. Mrs. Lincoln screamed, "The President has been shot!"

The next instant a man rushed to the front of the President's box and shouted, "*Sic Semper Tyrannis!*" ("Ever thus to tyrants," the motto of Virginia). The man jumped from the box to the stage beneath it, ran across to the opposite side while actors and audience rushed forward, calling, "Hang him! Hang him!" But the man escaped and dashed away on a horse waiting behind the theater.

The great martyred President, who gave his life that others might live in freedom, had done his work well and the war ended a few weeks after his death. The promise he had written into a great human document, the Emancipation Proclamation, soon became a reality and an enslaved people was set free. Louis recalled discussions about it in the private academy and later, in the high school he attended.

Those days he had earned grades of six, which stood for perfection, and only occasionally the "low" grade of five, which meant excellent. American history, particularly, had delighted him, because it was the story of a constant fight for freedom. Some day, he had hoped, he would be able to add something to the proud American story through his career in law. He had copied into his notebook, when a boy, the words of Bacon, the British statesman:

TO THE RESCUE

"In the theater of human life, it is only for God and angels to be spectators."

When the depression which followed the Civil War caused great losses, Louis' father and his partner found it necessary to sell one business after another to avoid losing everything. Adolph had said to Frederika:

"This is a good time to give our children the benefits of travel. They will learn much from a visit to Europe."

The Brandeis family sailed on the *SS Adriatic*, expecting to return in fifteen months. Louis, not yet sixteen years old, his brother Alfred, eighteen, his sisters, Amy, twenty, and Fannie, twenty-one, enjoyed the voyage from the moment the ship slid away from the dock. In Europe they traveled through England, Austria, and Germany, and vacationed in Switzerland.

At Vienna, Louis took private lessons, attended lectures at the University, went to concerts and the theater. While traveling in Italy to see its art treasures, Amy became ill.

When the family had been in Europe a year, it was found that Amy's illness would require a longer stay. His parents decided that Louis ought to enter a school at Dresden. Not yet seventeen, he traveled to the school alone. He was informed that he could not be admitted without an examination and a birth and vaccination certificate.

"The fact that I'm here is proof of my birth," Louis said with his friendly smile. "And you may look at my arm to see that I was vaccinated."

He had argued his case so well he was permitted to enter without the required examination.

Louis smiled at the memory. This ability to persuade others could be important to a lawyer.

The three terms in the Dresden school had meant a great deal to him. "That's where I learned to think," he told a friend when he returned to America in the summer of 1875, and promptly arranged for the law course at Harvard. He had added in explanation:

"It dawned on me one day that by collecting material on a subject of which I knew nothing, and thinking about what I turned up, it was possible to develop new, original ideas."

Those had been easy days, free from worry. But today his father was only able to manage bare necessities for his family and he, Louis, was earning his way at Harvard by tutoring. Would he lose the career he desired, for which he had worked so hard?

He needed original ideas now, Louis decided, as he drew his pen out of the ink bottle and began a letter to his parents.

A reply came back promptly. "Go to New York," his father wrote, "to the eye doctor whose address I am sending you. Doctors do not always agree in their decisions. This one may give you more helpful advice."

This doctor did give more helpful advice. "It won't hurt you to read less and think more," he said.

"Could it be done?" Louis asked himself. Great careers, he knew, do not happen by chance. They are made to happen through creating a constantly growing chain of many strong links. For the career he wanted, his first strong link would have to be a degree in law. He must set about to achieve it.

That evening, back at Harvard, Louis repeated the doctor's words to a classmate, Samuel Warren, Jr.

"I will read aloud some of the cases we need to investigate," young Warren suggested. "You'll find other men in our class who will want to help you get through."

It wasn't easy. Louis had to store up principles in his mind, since his eyes would be unable to stand the strain of cramming for tests. He trained himself to remember vital facts and figures. What he stored up was always ready for use. It gave him a reputation for great knowledge and created an increased demand for his tutoring. When the law course was completed it became known that Brandeis had an average of ninety-seven. He had one hundred in three subjects and ninety-nine in two. He was top man in his class.

"That makes you class valedictorian," one of his friends said.

He was called to the president's office.

"You cannot be the class orator," President Eliot told Louis, "because we can't let you graduate. Harvard's rule is 'no degree until a man is twenty-one.' You won't be twenty-one until November."

Here was urgent need for the power to persuade which he had inherited from his father. He must use it as he had never done before.

He told President Eliot how he had been enabled to complete his course. As he talked he shut out of his mind everything except his determination to be graduated with his class. He knew that the president was listening closely, and that his eyes held a warm, friendly light.

"Let someone else have the honor of making the speech," he said in closing his plea. "But let me graduate now, with the friends whose help made it possible for me to earn my degree in law."

As he went slowly back to his room he did not know that President Eliot was calling a last minute conference, to meet on Commencement morning. But he knew that he had given to his plea all his thought, his ability, his desire.

On Commencement morning Louis Brandeis was told the result of the conference.

"We've decided to suspend the rule in your case," he was informed. "You will be graduated with your classmates."

One of the trustees had said: "Brandeis has made a new record. I doubt if any student in the future will ever surpass it." That had been the deciding factor in letting him graduate.

A few pigeons fluttered before a solitary occupant of a bench on Boston Common; occasionally they darted close to get the popcorn thrown to them by the young man with blue eyes and rumpled black hair.

"Well, here it is July, 1879, and I'll soon be twenty-three years old," Louis Brandeis thought as he threw more popcorn to the pigeons. "It's two years since I got my sheepskin. What have I accomplished?"

"Returning to Harvard for a year of graduate work was all right. And living at Thayer Hall, serving as a proctor, and tutoring, were pleasant.

"Examining the facts, it was a profitable year in learning and earning. I repaid brother Alfred the two hundred dollars he lent me when I entered Law School, and had twelve hundred dollars clear when the year ended. Was it foolish to invest half of it in a railroad bond?"

"Last year, practicing law in Taussig's office in St. Louis wasn't too successful. That city will always mean too many dances and the discomfort of malaria to me—and being lonely for Boston's cultural life."

He scattered more popcorn and narrowed his eyes as he looked into the sun's glare, then quickly looked away.

"It's about three o'clock," he told himself. "Almost time for me to keep my appointment."

He emptied the last popcorn on the ground and gave his attention to his thoughts:

"This time I'm sure I've made a right decision. A law partnership with Samuel Warren, Jr., should prove beneficial for both of us. We've fixed up the first really modern law office in Boston, with a telephone and a stenographer. If only a man can stay strong and healthy, it's possible to accomplish something."

Three years later found Warren & Brandeis prospering, handling large estates and important cases for big business. Clients in several eastern states spread word of their ability. A prominent judge said:

"I consider Brandeis the most original lawyer I ever met. He and his partner are among our most promising law firms."

Brandeis, seeking a good life, wanted financial independence so he could then devote time to other interests. He joined clubs that would benefit his social and professional life. He relaxed with his friends, the most cultured people in Boston, including Oliver Wendell Holmes. He enjoyed boating and polo, swimming, and leisurely strolls. He took moderate exercise to keep himself fit, and frequent vacations. Once he had been guilty of an error in judgment because he was overtired. He determined to take good care of his health. He said:

"I can do twelve months' work in eleven months. I can't do it in twelve."

President Eliot invited him to give two lectures a week at the Harvard Law School. His teaching pleased the faculty. He was asked if he would accept an assistant professorship.

He weighed the facts in the case. "Trial law holds greater appeal for me," he decided. "I want more of it."

He had to train himself to become as perfectly at home in the court room as a knight had to be on the fencing field. For law required fencing, too, with thoughts and words, with facts and figures.

Law had an important part in protecting the people of this strong nation which, in one month, November, 1889, added four great states to the Union: North and South Dakota, Montana, and Washington. Now forty-two states were united under the laws of the land.

He refused the professorship. But he continued to take an active part in the affairs of the Harvard Law School, raising large sums of money for its needs.

Ten years after Warren and Brandeis opened their office, Louis Brandeis, thirty-three years old, made his first appearance before the United States Supreme Court. A professor at Harvard Law School, as senior counsel, was to have argued the case. He did not reach Washington on time. Louis Brandeis, serving as junior counsel, quickly prepared to make the plea, rose into the joust at full tilt, and came off victorious.

In a borrowed frock coat, he pleaded his case so well that the railroad company for whom he spoke quite by accident, in the highest court in the land, made him its eastern counsel.

While at Louisville two months later he stopped in for a chat with his uncle, Dr. Samuel Brandeis. There was a guest at the doctor's home, attractive and accomplished Alice Goldmark, a second cousin.

Louis hadn't seen her in years. A friendship developed. That summer they and their families vacationed together in the Adirondacks, and their friendship deepened into a warmer bond.

TO THE RESCUE

Near the end of the vacation Alice wrote in her diary: "We have found each other."

They were married the following spring. While on their wedding trip, Louis suggested:

"Let's plan a budget of our time and money. Not more than half of both ought to be spent for the needs of living. The rest should go for social service and cultural work—in making a life that will benefit others, too."

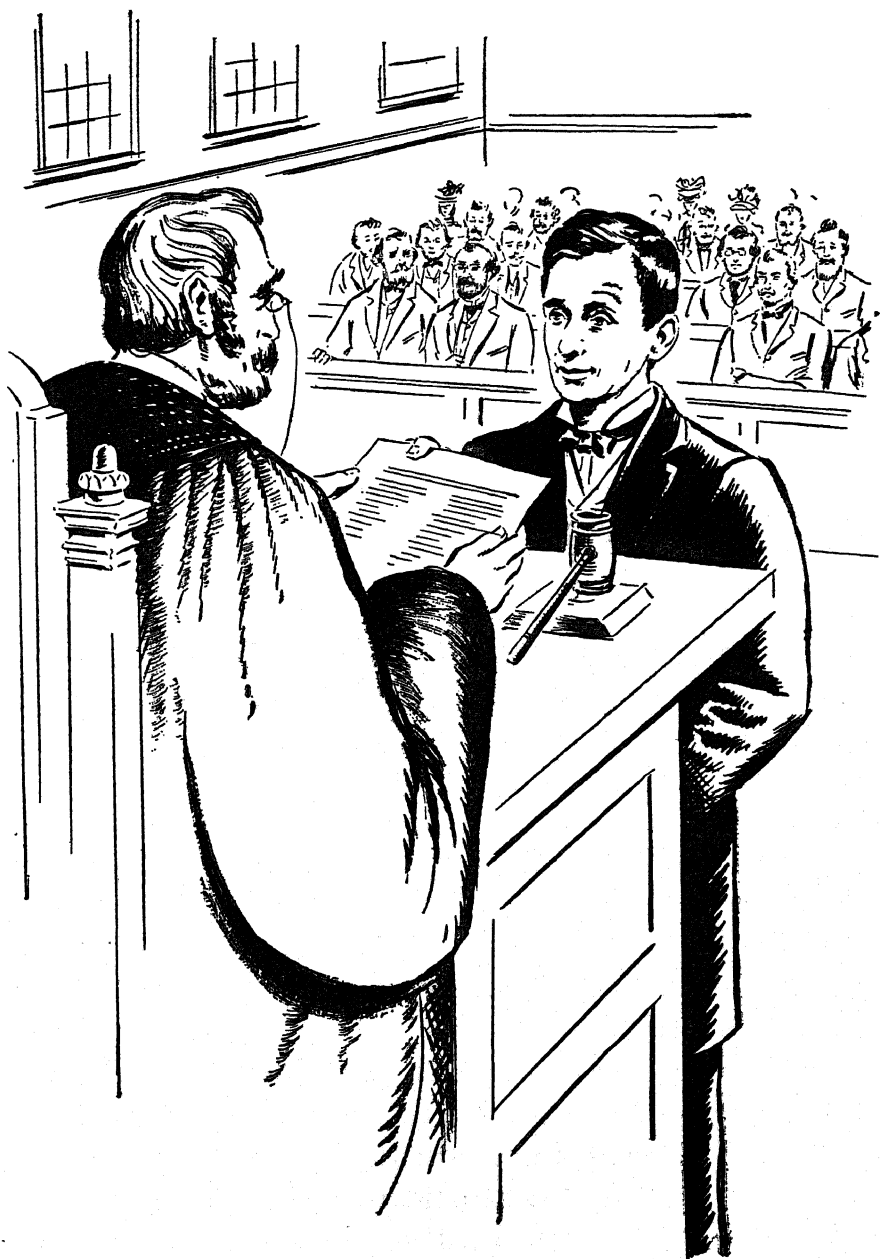
Alice agreed. "We'll both be happier," she said, "if we live simply and devote our leisure and money to the public good."

Louis Brandeis finished his seven o'clock breakfast one morning in 1892 and proceeded to read the paper.

He saw by the headlines that the strike in the Carnegie Steel Works at Homestead, Pennsylvania, had ended. The company had won. Three hundred armed Pinkerton strike-breakers and eight thousand members of the state militia had battled with the steel workers. Ten strikers had been killed and sixty had been wounded.

"Can political liberty and enslaved workers long exist together?" Brandeis asked himself. "Political liberty will fall unless workers are free men.

"This is the curse of bigness," he thought, as he let the open newspaper drop to his knee. "Those who own great wealth have banded together and become powerful. They pay a private army to shoot down laborers who have organized to resist a cut in wages and the law permits it—and helps these men of wealth by sending men from the state militia to fire on the workers. There is too much power in the hands of those who own the wealth. The worker hasn't a chance against it."



Louis Brandeis . . . made his first appearance . . .

He picked up the paper, read the story again, and told himself: "Justice has been put in chains and the working people are suffering because of it. It's about time someone went to the rescue.

"I must make a study of the relations between law and business, and the part politics plays in permitting employers to exploit their workers. What is not morally right should not be held right in our law."

He leaned to one side of the chair and hung his arm over it.

"Funny thing," he thought, chuckling. "Here am I a successful lawyer for big business and I'm going to battle big business. Now my enemies will surely accuse me of not knowing my own mind, of changing my loyalty from one side to another."

That was something which didn't trouble him. Long before he had written a line from Lowell in one of his notebooks:

"The foolish and the dead alone never change their opinion."

And on another page he had placed a thought from Emerson: "Speak what you think now in hard words, and tomorrow speak what you think tomorrow in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today."

He must use some words of Emerson's to teach big business a lesson it needed to learn:

"Every man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market cart into a chariot of the sun."

Well, big business would soon discover which side he was on—the side of justice for the people. He wanted to improve the life of Mr. Average Citizen. But he must not be like the puny tilter who entered a tournament insufficiently prepared. He must at once gather facts and figures; these would be his ammunition for the fight.

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

Louis Brandeis appeared before a Congressional Committee. "Do you know the conditions in the steel mills?" he demanded. "Are you aware that the men work twelve hours a day, seven days a week, and receive eighteen cents an hour for their labor? That they are allowed only two days a year away from their work?"

He drew a newspaper clipping from his pocket and read the story of a gift which the head of the steel corporation had given his wife, a string of pearls costing half a million dollars.

"But his workers," Brandeis pointed out, "don't receive enough for their labor to provide their families with decent food. The law should be so just, so reasonable, so carefully drawn, that it protects alike the rights of all."

He added: "The wealth of a nation lies in the degree to which its people can function creatively. Every citizen should have a chance to develop fully, in skill, in self-reliance, in leadership."

This, he insisted, wasn't possible when men were overworked and underpaid.

Fees earned by Brandeis in his early cases for the public welfare he turned over to charity. Soon he refused to accept such fees.

"Some men buy diamonds and rare works of art," he said in explanation. "My luxury is to invest my surplus effort, beyond that required for the proper support of my family, to the pleasure of solving—or helping to solve—a problem for the people without payment. I have only one life. Why waste it on things I don't want most?"

He became known as the People's Attorney. He fought for better care for Boston's paupers and for laws that would provide and compel work for those who were able, to give them self-respect.

He served as unpaid counsel for "The People of Boston," and kept the city's street railways from acquiring rights that would have brought hardship to Bostonians. He battled the Boston gas company, forced it to reduce the price of gas, and to keep out of politics through which it had tried to gain unfair advantages for itself and against the public welfare. He developed a system by which, as consumers' rates were reduced, the company was allowed a higher rate of profit.

"Few people are bad," he told his friends, "but many are weak. We must create conditions which do not tax their character too much."

He had good reason for that statement. He knew history and he knew how laws are made. He knew that in England children five and six years old, and some as young as four years, once worked in textile mills fifteen hours a day. Not until 1827 had it been possible to raise the employment age to nine years. Selfish people had fought against the passage of that law. Selfish people everywhere were still fighting each proposed law that would benefit the worker.

Louis Brandeis, serving as a voice for the people, spoke up in favor of unions, of controlled hours of labor and minimum wages. He pleaded for leisure for workers, so they could keep informed and take part in the business of running our democracy.

"The brain is like the hand," he said. "It grows with using."

He declared in his plea for workers:

"There is no such thing as freedom for a man who under normal conditions is not financially free. We must find means to protect every individual against the fear of sickness and accidents, unemployment and old age, and against the fear of leaving his family without money in case of his death."

His daughters Susan and Elizabeth, after they were out of the nursery, took breakfast with him each morning at seven o'clock. Following breakfast they read literature or history together for an hour, or worked out problems in arithmetic. When their father was unusually quiet, they understood that his mind was occupied with some question he wanted to solve for the people's benefit.

One autumn morning, when Susan was twelve and Elizabeth nine, they saw that something troubled their father. "Are you thinking about that speech you're going to make tomorrow, about life insurance?" Susan asked. "Tell us about it, please."

In life insurance, too, the curse of bigness was creating suffering for the poor whose only protection for the future consisted of an insurance policy. They paid small sums to a collector who called at the home each week. Few of the workers realized how little their families would receive of the money they paid in, if death should occur. But Louis Brandeis had put figures to work, and through those figures had learned the shabby truth.

He had discovered that if a man, beginning when twenty-one years old, paid a half dollar each week for insurance to protect his family, and continued paying until his death at about the age of sixty, his family would receive only \$820.00. If after paying twenty years he decided to drop the policy, all he could collect on the money he paid in, was \$165.00.

"Let's see," Louis Brandeis told his daughters, "what would happen if this man put the same amount of money into a bank for twenty years. Here," he said to Susan, handing her a pencil and a crumpled envelope from his pocket. "You figure it out."

He watched Susan write the amounts he gave her.

"Why," she exclaimed after a moment, "instead of \$165.00, that man, at the end of twenty years, would receive \$746.20."

"That's right," her father agreed. "And if he paid his weekly half-dollar to the bank until he died at about the age of sixty, his family would receive over two thousand dollars instead of eight hundred and twenty."

His mind was still busy with the problem when he left for his office. He knew that the workers' insurance money, in one company, was paying its twenty-eight-year-old president and its vice-president annual salaries of one hundred thousand dollars each. They ran parties that were a scandal on the money which rightfully belonged to the workers' families.

"I must find a remedy," Louis Brandeis told himself.

He did find a remedy. He traveled and gave talks about it. He wrote articles for magazines. "The Massachusetts Savings Banks, and the savings banks of other states," he declared, "could provide working people with insurance at a minimum cost."

The bank could receive the workers' insurance money without paying collectors to go to the home. Banks didn't spend huge sums for advertising. There would be no additional cost for officials' salaries. The worker would harvest all the savings, tremendous savings. The poor must be helped to help themselves.

There was one thing more Louis Brandeis demanded: the control of all private insurance companies, for the public good. A battle must be waged for new insurance laws to protect the worker against the curse of bigness and its greed.

The battle, led by its unpaid counsel, Louis Brandeis, proved a long one. He "knocked heads right and left" among greedy, corrupt men. He made speeches and wrote letters. He became a movie actor, posed in the library of his home for a motion picture that carried the story of savings bank life insurance to the public. His office on Devonshire Street became snowed under with letters from policy

holders who wanted to help. Newspapers carried friendly cartoons about him and his work.

Insurance company officials told their stockholders: "Don't lose sleep over the dream of Brandeis; it has one chance in a million of coming true."

But it did come true. Bills were passed by the Massachusetts legislature, and eventually by others. Savings banks took on the added service of providing life insurance. New laws came into existence to curb the greed of the private companies. There was no merry-making by company officials, for they had lost the fray.

With that case won, Louis Brandeis did not sit back and rest content. Courageously he continued to champion his beloved lady, Justice.

Mr. Brandeis, fifty-four years old, was vacationing in the White Mountains with his family. They had moved, a few days after their arrival, from a luxurious hotel to a small inn, formerly the servants' quarters of a large hotel.

"This little inn is as simple as anything we saw in Switzerland or the Tyrol," Mr. Brandeis wrote his brother Alfred. "We're delighted with it after the horror of the Bretton Woods grandeur."

But he couldn't enjoy it long. The New York garment industry was in the throes of a general strike. Appeals were sent to Brandeis to come and use his ability to persuade, in an attempt to settle the strike.

It was the largest strike New York City had ever seen. The downtown streets were crowded from the moment the women, and then the men, walked in twos out of the shops.

With the force of a tidal wave fifty thousand workers had risen

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against their oppressors. Pink sheets, printed in English, Yiddish, and Italian carried the union's instructions to the strikers:

"Take your shears, cutting knives, and other property. Go to the strike headquarters assigned to your shop. Show the world you are well-behaved, law abiding citizens who know your rights."

Their demands were: A forty-eight hour week with Saturday a half-holiday. Sanitary conditions. Electric machines furnished free of charge. Salaries to be paid weekly, in cash. Minimum wages: twenty-six dollars a week for cutters, eighteen to twenty-two dollars for pressers, and seventy-five cents an hour for operators. Union recognition. And closed shops (which meant that only union workers could be hired).

The manufacturers united to fight the workers. The strikers invaded shops which hadn't struck and induced more workers to join them. Bosses hired strike-breakers. Mobs of men and women battled the strike-breakers and were speedily arrested. Prominent citizens—Lillian Wald among them—protested against police brutality in handling girl strikers.

Louis Brandeis was unwilling to take part in a settlement which required a closed shop. "I don't approve of it," he declared. "It is un-American and unfair to both sides. It merely exchanges the tyranny of the employer for the tyranny of the employee."

Families were starving on a strike allowance from the union of a dollar and a half a week. Babies were getting insufficient milk, which was selling for a new high price of nine cents a quart. Strikers were being put out of their homes.

Some men went back to work. Others, goaded by the suffering of their wives and children, determined that the strike must not be in vain. They formed groups and beat up those who returned to their machines. Arrests increased daily.

A second invitation brought Brandeis to New York. He talked with the strike committee, with workers, with employers. He agreed to work for a settlement, as chairman of a Joint Arbitration Board representing employers and employees, if the closed shop would not be discussed at this conference. Both sides agreed. But references to the closed shop made the conference fall apart before it began.

Brandeis was sent for a third time. Again the conference clashed over the closed shop.

"The spirit must be 'Come, let us reason together,'" Brandeis said. He met with committees of strikers and employers, then brought them together again.

He tried to sidestep mention of the closed shop. He invented a substitute idea, the preferential union shop. This would give preference to union men applying for a position, whose ability was equal to non-union applicants. Thus most of the workers would be union men and they would be in control of the shop. This would give the unions a chance to grow stronger, which was necessary for the protection of the workers. The employer would be a union sympathizer. But he could hire non-union men, too.

"This is not a final solution to the labor problem," Brandeis admitted.

It was a temporary measure that could break the deadlock between the bosses and the workers, so they would be able to iron out their main points of disagreement and end the strike.

Finally, the preferential shop idea was accepted by both sides. A joint Board of Sanitary Control was set up, and a Board of Grievances. Wages were raised, hours reduced.

The union lawyer said, "Brandeis showed a fine sense of fairness. It was a brilliant handling of the strike situation."

His steed was swift, his lance was sharp, when Brandeis appeared a month later in the crowded rooms of the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington. The railroads, represented by the ablest railroad lawyers, were demanding an increase in freight rates. It would cost the public millions of dollars each year; food, especially, would become more expensive.

Men droned on, giving forth dull facts. Then Mr. Brandeis' tall, slightly stooped figure arose. He had come to dispute the claim for increased rates.

As he began to talk, his sensitive hands, the hands of a musician, moved in an occasional gesture. His face which in repose resembled Abraham Lincoln—particularly the upper part of his face—became lit with enthusiasm. Sensitive yet strong, it drew the attention of every listener.

"Higher rates are not necessary," Brandeis declared in his pleasant Boston accent. "The difficulties of the railroads are due to inefficient and wasteful management. They could save a million dollars a day if they tried."

Men, following the logic of his arguments, sat up, alert. Here was a return to sensible thinking, with vigorous new remedies for evils too long endured.

Mr. Brandeis had facts to back up his statements. He showed originality and a keen mind; his listeners followed his reasoning and were convinced of its wisdom.

He put witnesses on the stand, experts in their field, to show how scientific management in other industries had saved huge sums, and to prove his claim that the railroads, through proper management, could pay their increased expenses without an increase in rates.

He cross-examined important railroad men and wrung from them the facts they wanted to withhold. He forced admissions from them

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that weakened their case. He proceeded to educate them on the state of their roads, and on their failure to effect economies, as he produced facts and figures he knew better than they. There was an awkward silence when he finished his cross-examination.

After the hearing, several presidents of western railroads sent Brandeis a telegram. Would he point out how they could save a million dollars daily? If so, he could name his salary himself.

Mr. Brandeis wired in reply: "I shall be glad, as a public service, to arrange for conferences at an early date and point out how scientific management will accomplish results. I suggest that the eastern railroad presidents be also invited to attend. I must decline to accept any salary. Kindly suggest date and place for conference."

His telegram was never answered. After further discussions, the Commission handed down its unanimous decision:

"No advance in rates."

Out of his contact with the garment workers' strike came a new, vital interest for Louis Brandeis. It was the first time in his life that he had mingled with large numbers of Jewish people. He felt a strong bond between himself and them as he became aware that they, too, were striving for the values which meant so much to him.

He marveled that despite their overwhelming personal problems and hardships they were actively concerned with helping the Jewish people of Europe. He took part in their discussions. He said:

"For us the Jewish problem means this: How can we secure for Jews, wherever they may live, the same rights and opportunities enjoyed by non-Jews? How can we secure for the world the full contribution which Jews can make, if unhampered by artificial limitations?"

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He listened to their passionate discussions about Palestine. He learned of plans and hopes for making it once again the homeland of the Jewish people.

The idealist in Brandeis warmed to the thought of procuring for the only homeless people of the earth the land of their fathers. The social inventor and practical man of affairs in him saw that it could be done.

He became an active member of the Zionist Organization and was soon elected chairman of a new Executive Committee for Zionist Affairs. When the first one-day conference ended, Brandeis asked the administration committee to remain.

"There is much I must learn about the Jewish people," he said, "because I have been apart from them. But recent experiences, public and professional, have taught me this:

"I find Jews possessed of those very qualities which we of the twentieth century seek to develop in our struggle for justice and democracy: a deep moral feeling, a strong sense of the brotherhood of man, and a high intelligence, the fruit of three thousand years of Jewish religious and spiritual life."

Moses, too, had become a leader of his people while steeped chiefly in another culture, and knowing little of his own. Now Brandeis, strong in the passion for justice which is a characteristic of the Jew, was working for Zionism, making plans, writing, using his gift of eloquence to address audiences. He said:

"This is not a movement to transplant all Jews to Palestine or to compel anyone to go there. It aims to give the Jews a right now exercised by every other people in the world: to live as they wish either in the land of their fathers or in some other country; a right which members of small nations as well as large—Irish, Greeks, or Serbians—may now exercise as fully as English or Germans."

There were some who thought the aims of Zionism could not be achieved. "We should take counsel of our hopes, not our fears," Brandeis retorted.

Some said, "Jewish Americans will be accused of double loyalty if they work for Zionism." Brandeis replied:

"Are the Irish or Greeks in this country accused of double loyalty when they help their people and their fatherland? Every Irish-American who helped advance home rule was a better man and a better American for the sacrifice he made. The same principle applies to Jews: To be good Americans we must be better Jews, and to be better Jews we must be Zionists.

"Must not we," he asked, warming to his subject, "like the Irish and the Greeks, have a land where Jewish life may be led without restraint, the Hebrew language spoken, the Jewish spirit prevail? Surely we must, and that land is our fathers' land: it is Palestine."

He added: "There is no conflict between loyalty to America and loyalty to Judaism, for both seek to make real the brotherhood of man. That brotherhood has been Jewish law for more than twenty-five hundred years. As good Americans we must see that the ideals of our democracy and of Judaism are made into a reality."

He addressed audiences through the length and breadth of the land, creating new Zionists among Christians and Jews, winning influential men to the program of buying land in Palestine. He talked with statesmen, proved to their satisfaction the justice of the Zionist aims.

Then came the Balfour Declaration, through which Great Britain promised "the establishment in Palestine of a national homeland for the Jewish people."

On the basis of that promise great numbers of Jewish men and women, because of their love for the Holy Land and because of

tragic necessity, immigrated to Palestine. And on the basis of that promise Jews of the world, in one united effort, set to work to rebuild that country.

Brandeis, too, labored with increased energy. He helped make political arrangements. He constructed plans for the economic development of the country. He wrote a social justice code for the Jewish homeland (the laws by which it would be governed, to protect all who lived in the land).

He foresaw that difficulties might come. But courageous fighter that he was, he knew from personal experience that if people will assist her, Justice triumphs in the end.

The announcement on January 28, 1916, that President Woodrow Wilson had appointed Louis D. Brandeis an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, took the whole country by surprise.

Wall Street, fearing its greed would be curbed, issued a battle-cry and gathered his enemies to protest the appointment. His friends said: "We love you for the enemies you have made," and came to his support. Newspapers presented the fifty-nine-year-old Mr. Brandeis as the most hated and the most loved man in the country, through headlines that praised and denounced his appointment.

Mrs. Brandeis wrote to Alfred, her husband's brother: "I had some misgivings, for Louis has been a 'free man' all these years. But his days of 'knight erranting' would have to end. It is, of course, a great opportunity for service. The President himself told Louis that he wanted him in the Court because of his high respect for and confidence in him.

"The great excitement in the newspapers is amusing, is it not?

I tell Louis if he is going to retire, he is certainly doing it with a burst of fireworks."

Throughout the battle, which raged for weeks while a Senate subcommittee sifted the charges brought against him, Brandeis remained calm. His record would defend him.

A Senator said: "The crime of which Brandeis is guilty is exposing the wickedness of men in high places. He has talked up for social justice, for measures to provide greater security, more comfort, better health for factory workers."

One presidential adviser reported: "The more I study charges against Brandeis, the more highly I think of him."

When the battle was at its height, prominent Jewish Americans asked Brandeis to refuse the nomination. "There are people who resent Jews in high places," he was told. "You will cause anti-Semitism."

Indignant, Louis Brandeis retorted:

"We Jews must not stay out of any field merely because we are Jews. Each of us must guard the liberty which we, as Americans, have fought to win."

He would not permit himself to be bullied into yielding in slightest measure any of his rights. Jews were not second-class citizens. Jewish Americans were entitled to the same rights as all other persons in the land.

"Only those who are already anti-Semites," he replied, "will separate my Jewishness for attack. Anti-Semitism is not created by the behavior of Jews. It is created by evil men for their own personal profit."

Through months of hearings which filled a thousand pages of testimony and became a nation-wide debate, the name of Brandeis was attacked by a smear campaign.

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Finally, on June 1, the people, paying a penny for their evening paper, found the news they wanted in big black headlines, *Brandeis Confirmed for Supreme Court*.

The new Justice was as calm in triumph as he had been during the battle. When asked to comment on the campaign of his enemies, he said:

"What seemed to me most alarming was not the attacks of the selfish, but the unmanliness of those who approved my program, yet remained silent through the foul play of my opponents."

He was asked if he considered that humanity had made progress.

"Yes," he replied. "We are more humane in many ways, more concerned with the underprivileged and the exploited. But we have still to conquer our prejudices—the national and racial bitterness that affect our world. This prejudice interferes with human advance."

In the Senate Chamber at the Capitol every seat was occupied as the hands of the clock approached noon on June 5. Members of the Senate and the House were present. Friends of the Brandeis family sat with Mrs. Brandeis and her daughters, Susan and Elizabeth, in the reserved section. Many strangers were there; they had come to see a Jew, for the first time, sit on the United States Supreme Court.

There was a hush as Justice Louis Brandeis, just before the stroke of twelve, walked in wearing his judicial robe, Bible in hand, and took the oath:

"I . . . do solemnly swear that I will administer justice without respect to persons, and do equal right to the poor and the rich, and that I will faithfully and impartially discharge and perform all my duties as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States,

according to the best of my abilities and understanding, agreeable to the Constitution and the laws of the United States. So help me God."

A spectator leaned toward her companion and said, her voice low, "What a friendly face the new Justice has. I wonder what he's thinking this minute."

The eyes of Justice Louis Dembitz Brandeis held a smile as his mind reached for a memory of the past and saw its meaning for the future.

The straight, satisfying road along which he had traveled after his visit to the eye doctor, that day back in 1876, still stretched before him. He would continue, at joust and tournament, to battle for his beloved lady.



Builder of Dreams

JULIUS ROSENWALD

When a man starts out with nothing,
When a man starts out with his hands
Empty, but clean,
He starts first with himself
And the faith that is in his heart—
The strength there,
The will there to build.

First in the heart is the dream—
Then the mind starts seeking a way.
His eyes look out on the world,
On the great wooded world,
On the rich soil of the world,
On the rivers of the world.
The eyes see there materials for building,
See the difficulties, too, and the obstacles.
The hand seeks tools to cut the wood,
To till the soil, and harness the power of
the waters.
Then the hand seeks other hands to help,
A community of hands to help—

JULIUS ROSENWALD

Thus the dream becomes not one man's
dream alone,
But a community dream.
Not my dream alone, but *our* dream.
Not my world alone,
But *your* world and *my* world,
Belonging to all the hands who build.*

Merry Leclair, home at last after having sung her way around the world, settled down before the fireplace for a quiet evening with her thoughts. In her lap lay a thin book containing her favorite poem, written by a gifted Negro poet. Beside her the mandarin lamp threw its soft glow on the coffee table. It lit up an uncovered box of photographs, and three pictures which lay on top:

Her latest, wearing the gown in which she had sung for Holland's queen. Her first, taken on her fifth birthday, the day she first understood that because she was a Negro child, there would be many hurts in her life. And the third photograph was of the man who had helped her change the hurts into song, that builder of dreams, Julius Rosenwald.

Many moons had risen in the sky and faded away since she enjoyed the luxury of an evening alone with her memories, to weigh the recent months against the blue-print of her dreams. Tonight she would review her past through this memory box which someone else might consider merely a collection of old photographs. But she knew better. For each photograph was wrapped in remembrances of time and place and happenings which only she could see.

Merry glanced at the saffron-tipped flames casting shadows in the fireplace, opened the book of poetry and began to read. Her lips formed a smile. This was the spirit in which Mr. Rosenwald had

* From *Freedom's Plow*, by Langston Hughes.

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built, bringing in others to build with him, showing them how a community of helping hands could fashion a better world.

She reached for the photograph taken the day she was five, when she first learned about Julius Rosenwald. Dressed in a new white pinafore, as white and soft as the heart of a snowy rose, she was taken to a photography studio near her home. After the picture was taken, her mother said:

"Go to the playground, honey child. Play games and sing with the children."

"And with Miss Adams," Merry added. Next to Mamma and Daddy, she loved the playground teacher whose golden hair shone in the sun, whose smile was friendly, whose hands were kind.

Miss Adams wasn't there. The children were playing by themselves. A lady with light brown hair sat on a bench under a tree watching them. Merry went up to her.

"Isn't Miss Adams coming?" she asked.

"Not today."

"Oh." She dug the toe of her shoe into the sand. She wanted to say something, to explain how she felt because Miss Adams wasn't coming.

The lady reached out, took Merry's hand, and held it beside her own. She laughed.

"Why is your hand black?" she asked. "Mine is white. See?"

Merry looked at the lady's white hand and at her own. She looked at the face with the hurtful laugh.

There was a lump in her throat like the times when she just had to cry. That was what the lady wanted, to make her cry. But she wouldn't. She would cry on the inside so the lady wouldn't see.

She pulled her hand away quickly, so the lady would know she didn't like her, either. Then, still crying inside, she ran home.

The big shining car belonging to the man her daddy worked for was in front of their house. Her daddy was looking out of the window.

"Hi, chicken!" he called. "See what I brought you!"

Daddy was in his chauffeur's uniform. He had something in his pocket for her, a special birthday surprise. But today she couldn't jump into the arms he held open to lift her high in the air. All she could manage was to just walk very slowly and think about the question she had to ask.

"Daddy," she said, "why are my hands black?"

She watched the smile slip away from his face as he straightened up. "What happened, chicken? Tell Daddy."

There was a birthday cake with candles in the middle of the table, next to a potted red geranium. Her mother, straightening the books and music on their worn piano, came close to hear what Merry had to tell.

"But why are my hands black?" Merry demanded. "I want to know."

"Some people have white skins and some have dark skins," her father explained. "Just like some have thin noses and others have fat ones."

He drew her over to the couch and lifted her on his lap. His arms held her tightly as he cuddled his face against hers.

"Why are *my* hands black?" Merry demanded.

He smiled into her eyes. "They aren't really black," he said. "They're light brown. Because Mamma's hands and my hands are brown," he said, "that's why. If yours weren't brown, you wouldn't have us for your mamma and daddy."

She wouldn't like that. "But why are yours brown?" she insisted.

"Because my mamma's and daddy's hands were like that."

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She thought about it a moment, not satisfied. "But in the beginning, why were some people's hands brown?"

"I don't know," he told her. "Maybe nobody knows the answer to that." He looked at her face and asked, his voice low: "Are you crying inside, chicken?"

She nodded.

"Don't," he said. "Don't ever let anybody make you cry inside. Instead, sing a song to the Lord. Always remember that you belong to a singing people and a working people. We do the Lord's work and we sing His songs. Now sing with your mother and me."

Sitting there on the couch together they sang the songs which Daddy sang in the church choir on Sunday. They sang sorrow songs and hallelujah songs. They sang about cotton growing in the field and angels in heaven beside a golden throne. And after a time the crying inside Merry stopped.

When they had done singing, her daddy said:

"Every day, your mamma and I will tell you true stories about people with brown hands and faces and the great things they've done. And about people with white hands and faces—good people like Miss Adams—who are our friends. Now listen while I tell you about Mr. Rosenwald, the man I work for, who is going to be your friend, too."

In the years which followed, she came to know Mr. Rosenwald personally, at Christmas parties in the Rosenwald home given for all his employees, and during visits when she, a little girl in pigtails, was brought by her father to sing for this friend of the Negro people. When she was eight years old he sent her a fine new piano. "Your voice deserves it," he said.

As she went upward through grammar school and high school and then, with the help of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, studied voice

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with the best teachers, Merry learned as well as she knew her own, the life story of Julius Rosenwald.

His life story, in her mind, stood forth in scenes that began when he was twelve. And strangely, since she had been only ten when he passed away, many threads from his life were woven into hers.

"Look, Mamma," the twelve-year-old Julius said as he pushed the *Illinois State Journal* across the kitchen table to the ironing board where his mother was ironing his shirt. "See this ad? That's something I can do."

Julius watched his mother read the advertisement: "Wanted—199 live energetic boys to sell illustrated pamphlets of the Lincoln Monument tomorrow."

Tomorrow, October 15, 1874, the new monument erected in memory of Abraham Lincoln would be unveiled by his Springfield, Illinois, neighbors and friends. Springfield was buzzing with excitement and preparation, for President Grant and other prominent men were coming.

Mrs. Rosenwald handed the paper back to Julius and said with a smile, "Haven't you enough jobs already?"

He grinned and shook his head. He was used to working. After school on week-days, he carried satchels for men arriving at the station. Each Saturday he waited on customers in his father's small clothing store, selling the paper collars worn by most men. Sundays he pumped a church organ and received twenty-five cents in paper money.

"Some day," Julius told his mother, "I'm going to make a lot of money. Then I'll buy you everything. And you won't have to work hard any more."

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He frowned as she reached into the large wicker basket for another dampened shirt. "Why do you have to do so much ironing in one day?" he asked.

His mother laughed, happy, contented laughter. "It takes a lot of ironed clothes to keep my six children looking right. I'll attend the unveiling tomorrow, too. I'll rest then."

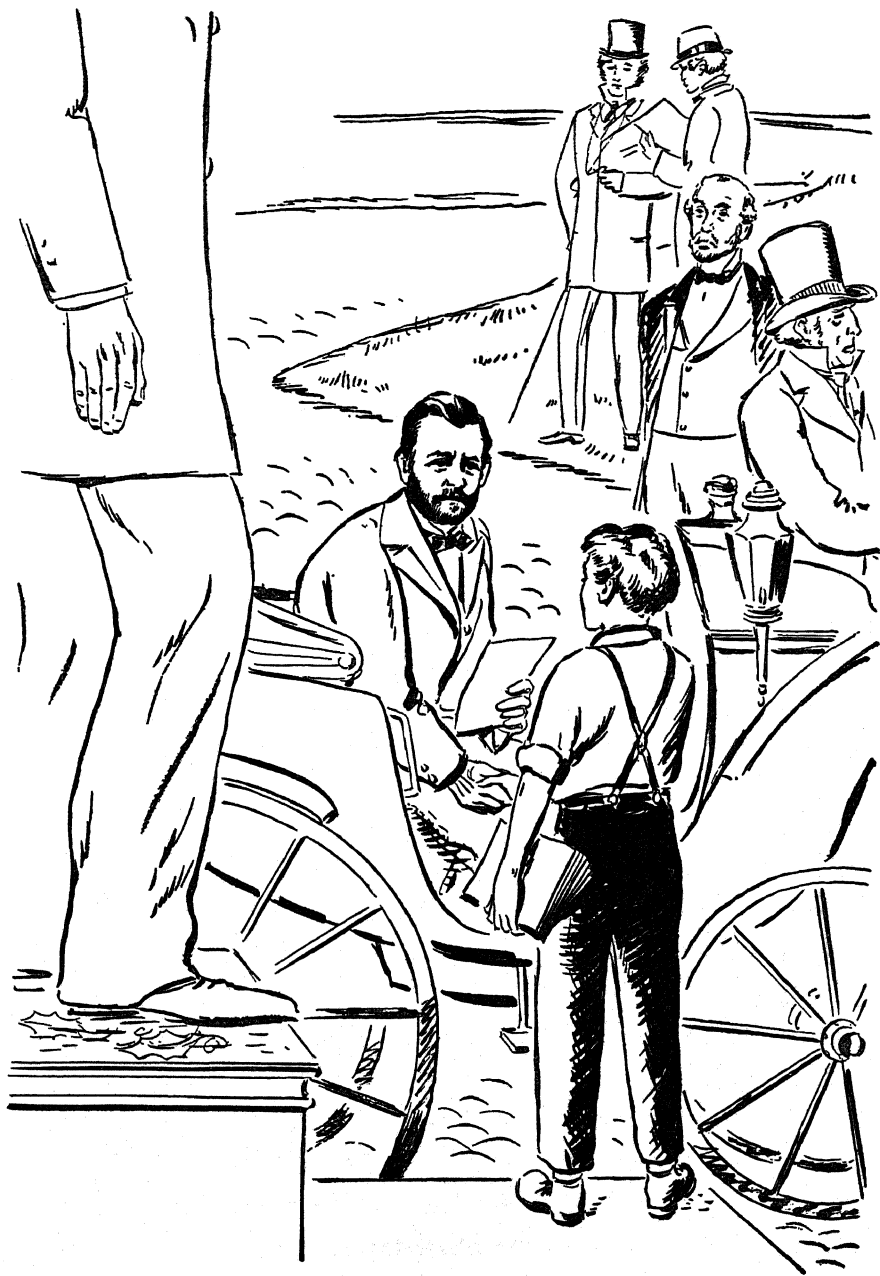
Outside, going to apply for the job, Julius looked at Abraham Lincoln's former home across the way. Lincoln, too, had worked hard as a boy and dreamed of the future. Had he thought he would one day be President of the United States and have a part in setting a whole people free? No, he couldn't possibly have thought he'd be so important. But he must have had a dream. Without a dream in one's heart, how could any person do great things?

At the unveiling the next day, Julius earned \$2.25 selling the illustrated pamphlets. He saw President Grant in an open carriage and shook hands with him, his eyes on the yellow kid gloves worn by the President. He had never before seen a man wear kid gloves.

By the time he was fifteen, he advanced to sales clerk and errand boy for a store, during the school vacation. He saved twenty dollars from his pay of two and a half dollars a week. To celebrate the twentieth anniversary of their parents' wedding, Julius and his brothers bought them a gift of a china tea set. His schooling ended after two years at Springfield High School.

At seventeen he went to New York, lived with his mother's brothers and their families, and served an apprenticeship in the clothing factory of his uncles.

Ready-made clothing was a new, rapidly growing business. Until the Civil War, men's clothes were made to order for each customer. Then, when large numbers of men were measured for uniforms, it was discovered that most men with a certain chest measurement



He saw President Grant . . .

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generally required a certain waist and length measurement. Standard size tables were developed. To speed up production and cut costs of manufacturing, workers specialized on one operation.

When the Civil War ended, civilian suits were needed quickly and the ready-made clothing business expanded. The sewing machine, invented by Elias Howe and his wife in 1846, had been improved by Isaak Singer five years later. It made tailoring quicker and cheaper than hand sewing had been. A cloth-cutting machine, driven by steam, that cut many thicknesses of cloth in one operation, was invented in 1872, reducing costs still further.

Large numbers of immigrants were coming to America, fleeing from Russia's massacres. These flocked to the clothing factories where they could quickly learn one operation to support themselves and their families. Often the factories were sweat-shops in the rooms where the employer and his family lived.

Julius completed his apprenticeship, then sold clothing for his uncles in towns around New York. With his father's help he and a younger brother opened their own small clothing store in downtown New York. Within a year, the short but severe depression of 1885 forced J. Rosenwald & Bro. to close its doors.

That October found Julius, twenty-three years old, in Chicago, where America's largest factory for men's clothing was located. He rented a loft. With his brother and his cousin Julius Weil, who had worked in the manufacturing department of their uncles' clothing business, Rosenwald & Weil was launched. Money borrowed by the two brothers from their father, and an equal sum which their cousin borrowed from his, started them off. They manufactured summer suits for men made of seersucker and alpaca. Their uncles sent some of the goods they needed on credit and guaranteed payment for purchases made from other firms.

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The three young men lived together in one room. They worked hard. But they made a living and the business grew. The elder Rosenwald sold his Springfield store, moved his family to Chicago, and joined his sons and nephew in their business.

Merry reached for another photograph, taken when she was twelve. She smiled, thinking, "I was in the eighth grade, then, and Mr. Rosenwald was already one of my three main heroes."

In the story of his life, in the things he had said and done, she had found lessons that helped her through difficult hours—as on the day when she really understood how shabby her street was, so different from the streets beyond it where white people lived, whose houses didn't have that sick, discouraged look.

That unhappy day she stood at the corner beside her house and looked back at the "white folk's" homes, then faced her own street with its shabby houses. She thought indignantly: "Negroes are forced to live this way, each family of five and six persons crowded into two musty rooms. It's a wonder, under these conditions, that we put forth as much effort as we do."

"Hi, Merry! What're you moonin' about?"

Ten-year-old Tom Filson was returning from school. "Hello, Tom," she said, and watched him go to his house down the street. Tom wore a door-key on a string around his neck so he could go inside when it rained. On nice days he played on the dump lot with his gang, until his mother finished running a mangle at the laundry and came home.

"I'se aimin' t'be an electrician," Tom boasted one day, "lak my big brotha' Howard."

The fellows laughed. "What fo'?" one boy questioned. "Him don' wuk at it. Seems lak him's hangin' aroun' a lot, doin' nothin'."

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"It's 'caze Howa'd cain't get nothin' to do, ceptin' cleanin' streets or collectin' garbage," his mother explained wearily to her neighbors. "An' him so ambitious befo', wukin' day an' night so's he could be an electrician. Yesta'day he done tole me:

"'Us don' get nothin' but dead-end jobs. Ain't no use t'wuk ha'd. I ain't gonna wuk ha'd no moah.'"

"Good afternoon, Merry."

Merry turned and looked into the gentle face of Nora Martin, who lived with her family next door. Her father was a retired minister and her mother was a trained nurse. The Martin girls, Elsie and Nora, had been graduated from college. But they hadn't been able to get teaching positions. After months of trying they accepted defeat and went out doing housework by the day.

Still, potted plants stood in windows, there was laughter on the street each evening, and songs issued from open doorways. The street held courage, kindness for one another and sometimes there was even a ray of hope.

Standing there that day with her skinny fingers clenched, Merry thought of the street with its shabby homes as a wall which fenced its people in. Would her life, too, become shabby like the street? No, she must work hard as Mr. Rosenwald had done, she must break through the wall and lift herself out of the street. Then, some day, she would come back to free the others.

Mr. Rosenwald had freed many people from hopeless walls, increasing his help constantly from the time of his marriage to Augusta Nusbaum.

Attractive Augusta Nusbaum lived near the Rosenwald home. She and Julius met, enjoyed each other's company, and were married

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when she was twenty-one and he was twenty-eight. A son, Lessing, was born the following year and after a time their first daughter, Adele.

"I must earn more," Julius told himself. "My responsibilities are increasing."

The factory of Rosenwald & Weil couldn't support so many families. He must form a separate firm and leave the old factory to take care of the others.

With the New York clothing firm of his friend Moses Newborg he formed a new company. One day, taking this friend and partner to visit his family, Julius confided his life's aim.

"I'd like to earn \$15,000 a year," he said, "\$5,000 for living expenses, \$5,000 to save for the future, and \$5,000 for helping others."

He had to come forward when he heard an appeal for help. Several years after his new firm was established, he attended a meeting held to raise funds for the needy in Chicago. He listened, shocked, to a story of hunger, cold, and suffering, then pledged himself to give \$2,500. When he went out in the street, he realized he couldn't afford so large a sum. His wife sensed his worry as soon as he reached home.

"What's the matter, Jule?" she questioned.

He told her of his pledge and of the great need which had brought it forth. "I won't be able to keep my promise, Gussie," he said, "unless you will economize."

She understood his urge to help. Only that morning she had finished making a warm vest for the Negro letter carrier who delivered their mail. She had noticed the previous day that he wore no overcoat and was shivering.

"Doesn't the government supply you with an overcoat?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," came the answer.

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"Then I shall make you a warm vest," she responded. "I'll watch for you tomorrow. I'll have it ready then."

She put an end to her husband's worry. "Don't ever hesitate, Jule, to give money," she told him. "I'll never stand in the way of any gift you want to make."

Years later, when some of his gifts ran into millions of dollars, he said that early gift of \$2,500 was the largest he ever made, because it was more than he could afford.

Newborg, who owned one-half of Julius Rosenwald's business, was making clothing in New York for Sears, Roebuck & Co., a young mail order firm with an office and shipping depot in Chicago. Alvah Roebuck and Richard Sears, joint owners, were receiving more orders than they could fill, brought in by Sears' bold, not always completely accurate advertising. They were doing a tremendous clothing business. An ad which became famous had started it off:

"Costs nothing—for \$4.98 we will send you C.O.D., subject to examination, a fine black cheviot suit."

Twenty-five thousand suits were sold by this advertisement, although not a single suit was in stock when orders came piling in. The buyer bought up all he could find in Chicago and that night the entire force, including Mr. Sears and Mr. Roebuck, packed suits, which were shipped in the morning. If sleeves or trousers were not as long as ordered, they were lengthened as much as possible and sent out anyway.

The stock depot was a mass of confusion. Returned goods from angry customers piled up. Roebuck, because of poor health, could not do the hard work required for the rapidly growing business. He decided to sell his share in the Sears, Roebuck firm.

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When Moses Newborg, in New York, received a large order for men's clothing from Sears, he advised them to buy direct from his Chicago branch, and introduced Sears and Julius Rosenwald. That summer of 1895, Roebuck's half interest was sold to Julius Rosenwald and his wife's brother, Aaron Nusbaum.

Nusbaum became general manager. To increase the staff quickly, he mounted a soap box at the office door and hired men who passed.

Rosenwald's first task was to improve the clothing department. In spite of its tremendous volume of sales, it was losing money because of returned goods and dissatisfied customers. He read a letter of complaint from a man who had ordered a suit weighing sixteen ounces and received a heavy suit. Turning to the man in charge, Rosenwald asked why the order hadn't been filled properly.

"We didn't have what he wanted," the man replied. "I shipped the lightest weight in stock."

"Why didn't you send a watch?" Rosenwald snapped, and proceeded to develop a new policy for the company: a guarantee that the customer could have his money back if not satisfied with any goods received. And a new advertising policy: No promises which couldn't be filled. Exact descriptions of the merchandise offered, with simple, truthful illustrations.

The United States became a beehive of industry and for ten years there was no discouraging depression. Idaho and Wyoming had joined the Union in 1890 and Utah, in 1896, became its forty-fifth state. Business boomed and export trade was brisk. Sears, Roebuck grew tremendously during that period. Farmers liked the convenience of buying from the catalogue which, during the company's early years, cost from fifteen to fifty cents "to cover mailing costs."

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Richard Sears' brilliant advertising, Nusbaum's organizing genius and the ability of able men and women who joined the Sears, Roebuck staff all contributed to its growth, but a most important factor was the company's money-back guarantee and the truthful descriptions for which Rosenwald was responsible. In a time when advertising said one thing and meant another, the Sears, Roebuck catalogue became a trusted friend. Letters asking advice on many problems became frequent, and received helpful answers. When customers mentioned illness or death in their homes, the company sent a letter of sympathy.

To aid farmers, from whom their business came, the company set up an agricultural foundation to furnish quickly needed information and advice. It gave \$1,000 to any county which raised enough additional money to train an agricultural expert to serve as adviser to the farmers of that county. One hundred and ten counties in six states profited by this offer.

Sears set up the first merchandise testing laboratory in the United States. It made available at low cost the sewing machine, bicycle, cream separator and farm machinery. It pioneered with an inexpensive automobile, the Sears Buggy, in prices beginning at \$370. To make the new horseless carriage appealing to farmers, the Sears Buggy was constructed with a hood like that on buggies drawn by horses.

When money was needed in 1906 to build a large main plant in Chicago and branch mail order houses in other parts of the country, stock in the Sears, Roebuck company was sold to the public. Julius Rosenwald advanced money to employees, relatives, and friends so they could buy some stock.

When the company barber cut Rosenwald's hair while he worked at his desk, this employer sometimes tore two shares of stock from

his perforated book for a tip. These tips, years later, were worth three hundred dollars each.

Gradually the business of Sears, Roebuck and Company became a giant whose buildings spread over many blocks throughout the country, with employees numbered in tens of thousands. And none were more surprised by its growth than its owners.

Julius Rosenwald declared:

“To say that I had vision and foresight in going into Sears is nonsense. I had no idea that Sears would develop into five per cent of its size. We ran it efficiently and worked hard and it made money. The development of our country made it what it is. Big successes are largely due to opportunity. Many men with exceptional ability—men who are much cleverer than I—never get a chance.”

Merry looked at a photograph of herself in a ruffled dress, holding her grammar school diploma. How she had hated that school with its smell of aged rotting boards and faulty plumbing. Some days she even wondered if Mr. Rosenwald had really lived.

After school hours she studied voice and piano. Those days the only beauty she could find was a curved sliver of moon when the night was clear and the dream she held in her mind:

She stood before a tremendous audience, her voice rising clear and sweet because there was joy in her heart, a joy she wanted to share with others.

But that was only in her dream. More and more she was singing sorrow songs, for joy songs made promises which couldn't be. So how could she make those songs ring true?

“We've got to move away from this street,” her mother said frequently. “For Merry's sake.”

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On her fourteenth birthday Merry learned the wonderful news. "We're moving next week," her father said, "into a fine new housing project. You will have a room for yourself and go to a newly built high school. It's a birthday surprise."

From their new apartment Merry looked out on lawns with circles of flowers. Birds in the elm tree near their windows welcomed each sunny morning. And when she practiced in the living room with the windows open, the birds sang a chorus with her song.

Her school was new and bright with a velvet lawn and fresh clean books. After her first day at school, Merry asked her music teacher for songs about people whose dreams came true.

There were social halls in the basement of the housing project and tennis courts behind it. There were club groups for old and young, to which the white and Negro dwellers came. And when they knew each other, most of the white folk lost their unfriendliness and the Negroes lost their distrust.

Merry, with others of her age and a little older, formed a club. They called it "The Quest," and their aim was to seek ways to improve their corner of the world. Its president was Jane O'Hara, a white girl with a brogue, and Merry was its vice-president.

"It's up to the youth," Jane said, "to create a better world. So many older folks are either tired and discouraged, or cocky with their success. I guess they've forgotten the dreams they used to have."

She looked at the bright, eager faces before her and said:

"We American girls and boys no longer accept without thinking any statement made to us by people trying to stir up hatreds. We challenge it. We weigh its information and ask: 'Is it right? Does it live up to what America promises in our Constitution and in our Bill of Rights?' Because if we want a world with justice and beauty

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and peace for ourselves, we have to see that everybody gets it. That's what we, the youth, must work for."

Once again Merry took courage from the story of Mr. Rosenwald. There were people who talked about love and good will in their churches on Sunday and then forgot their promises. But some—like Mr. Rosenwald and Jane—really practiced love and good will.

Ten years after Julius Rosenwald bought his quarter share in Sears, Roebuck, his social welfare program had spread in a constantly widening circle in Chicago and beyond it.

He did not ask, "What is his color or creed?" Where need existed he gave generously, to schools and hospitals run by Catholic, Protestant, Jewish and other groups, to the University of Chicago, to individuals and organizations. He took an active part in the City Club which fought corrupt politics. He could be found in the center of any civic battle, taking his share of beating and giving back lusty blows.

Around his dinner table his wife and five children met rabbis and writers, singers and social workers, bankers and actresses, and took part in spirited discussions. The United States of America, its size increased in 1907 by the new state, Oklahoma, welcomed in the same year a million and a quarter immigrants. It was the immigrants who made it possible for America, like a strong young giant, to stretch its great limbs westward as they tilled new farms and built more cities.

Jane Addams, at the Rosenwald dinner table, spoke up against the selfishness of men of wealth who pushed the poor immigrants into slums and kept them there. When she left, Julius said to his wife:

"One feels that it is a benediction to have her in the home."

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He had a great respect for educated people. When invited to become a trustee of the University of Chicago, he replied:

"I didn't finish high school. I don't want to pose as an educated man."

Judge Baldwin, a trustee of the University, said with a chuckle: "I didn't go to high school at all."

Mr. Rosenwald finally accepted. Through his business ability and his large gifts, he had a real part in the University's progress.

Once President Hutchins wanted great changes made. He presented his plan to the Board of Trustees, worried lest they react unfavorably.

"You say the faculty approved the plan?" Rosenwald questioned. "Then who are we to object, gentlemen?" he asked the trustees assembled, and immediate approval was won.

At a mass meeting addressed by Jane Addams and Clarence Darrow to protest against Russian massacres, Rosenwald gave the largest individual contribution for the relief of the victims. He helped to move persecuted Jews to other lands. He gave huge sums to establish new Jewish agricultural colonies in Russia on land set aside by the Russian government.

Some persecuted Jews were settling in Palestine, where earlier Russian Jewish settlers were finding happiness in tilling the soil of their ancient land. They called themselves Zionists, after Mount Zion in Jerusalem where their Temple used to stand. But some Jews who were not Zionists also helped to make Palestine a healthful, happy land where increasing numbers of Jews could live.

Julius Rosenwald was not a Zionist. But when he learned that a young Jewish scientist, Aaron Aaronsohn, had discovered wild wheat in Palestine, he gave generous assistance to establish an agricultural research institute there, to be headed by Aaronsohn.

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Scientists had searched everywhere for this wild wheat, a direct descendant of the world's original wheat. This wheat could grow in the poorest soil, even in desert land. It would help to feed a hungry world.

During the First World War, when Palestine was caught between the opposing armies and it became impossible for the Jewish settlers to ship their products, chiefly oranges and wine, Rosenwald gave a large contribution each month, as long as it was needed, for the relief of Palestinian war sufferers.

He was eager to relieve distress in that country, as in other parts of the world. He was glad, later, to contribute to the Hebrew University in Jerusalem and to help establish a Hebrew publishing house in Palestine's modern new city, Tel Aviv. But he refused to help develop Palestine as the Jewish national home, although he lost some of his closest friends on account of it.

Merry got up and poked the fire until the coals were glowing, then returned to the sofa again. She picked up Julius Rosenwald's photograph. How very understanding had been his work for the Negro people, begun in 1910, long before she was born. Her father, a young man, became his chauffeur soon after.

On a pleasant autumn day, a few men met to discuss building a YMCA for Chicago Negroes. Rosenwald invited them to lunch at the Sears restaurant. Seated around a table, he listened to their discussion on how they planned to raise funds.

"I'll give you \$25,000," he said, "for a YMCA building for Negroes in any city in the United States where \$75,000 more is raised among white and colored people."

There was a moment of speechless surprise on the part of the

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men. Rosenwald smiled. "You probably can't do more than one a month," he said. "But I hope you can."

One of the men thought it his duty to explain something. "I feel you should know," he remarked, "that in our 'Y' only Protestants can have a part in directing the organization."

Rosenwald continued smiling. "I want nothing to do with the management," he replied. "I have been studying the situation of the colored people and have come to the conclusion that they need help more than any other group."

He leaned forward and said earnestly: "I want to help them and encourage other Jews to do the same. I believe that the Young Men's Christian Association is the best medium I know for accomplishing what I would like to see done for colored men, and this does not mean that I am any less a Jew."

From that day forward, help to Negroes became his outstanding life's work, and followed the pattern for social service which Rosenwald approved:

Others must join him in advancing each project. He didn't approve of a one-man system of help. It was unsafe. If the one man should drop his help before the task was completed, whether from need or choice, who would carry on? It was better to have a community of helping hands with many people sharing the responsibility and the labor—sharing the joy, too.

Help in any project must be temporary to avoid destroying the ambition of those it was to help. For this reason the people who needed the help must contribute their efforts, too, and expect to support the project completely after it was established.

Rosenwald's offer was announced in the newspapers, and letters of approval poured in. One came from President Taft with an invitation to come to the White House.

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The President asked: "Will you permit your offer to include a YMCA building begun in Washington a few years ago? Work on it stopped because funds gave out. The building is for colored people and is greatly needed."

Rosenwald agreed to include this Washington building if others would lend a hand. Because of this requirement, in many southern cities white men and Negroes met to work together for the first time, in planning how to raise funds for the construction of a YMCA building for Negroes.

Twenty-six large YMCA and three YWCA buildings for colored people were built with Rosenwald's help. As a result of the interest created by his plan, fifty smaller buildings were erected in towns that could not meet the terms of his offer. In many cities the YMCA was the only place where Negroes could use swimming pools and gymnasiums, take part in club groups and classes, or meet their friends in pleasant surroundings. These provided, too, the only decent hotel accommodations available for Negro lecturers, ministers, and others who traveled from one place to another to carry on their work.

At the opening of the Chicago YMCA on Wabash Avenue, Mr. Rosenwald said:

"Those who take part in all great reforms have their discouragements, but let me bring you a message of hope. Let me remind you that your cause is just, that the world moves forward and God is still on his throne.

"Men are not superior because of the accident of race or color; they are superior who have the best heart, the best brain. Superiority is born of honesty, of virtue, of charity, and above all, of the love of liberty.

"Of one thing you colored people can rest assured; the most in-

telligent, the grandest are on your side. Your enemies are also the enemies of liberty, of progress and of justice."

Merry had memorized these words a long time ago; they had given her courage many times. Now they reechoed through her mind as she reached into the box and took out a folded newspaper article, the first public notice of her singing. Opening it, remembrances awakened. Joy surged through her again, as vivid as during her senior high school year.

The Quest had grown. It had over a hundred members, divided into smaller groups. One, the choral club of twenty members to which Merry belonged, put on Gilbert & Sullivan's comic opera, *H.M.S. Pinafore*. In the basement social hall of the apartment house one evening, the cast, with Merry singing the role of Josephine, the Captain's daughter, and Jane O'Hara singing Buttercup's role, put on its first important performance.

During the opening chorus, "We sail the ocean blue, and our saucy ship's a beauty," a flash bulb popped and the cast discovered there was a photographer in the hall. When Jane sang the next number, "I'm called Little Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup," another flash blazed. Each time Merry sang she was photographed. By the time the performance ended and the little group of visitors hurried away, the audience and cast were so excited they lingered in the social hall instead of going home to sleep.

Their excitement increased the next day when a newspaper appeared with a full page story, carrying photographs of the cast and in the center of the page an enlarged photograph of Merry. Richard Marlowe, the paper's music critic had been present. He wrote:

"Miss Leclair's voice has splendid quality and wide range. Several

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times, when not forced, her voice showed great beauty that could hardly be overpraised. She sang with freshness, sincerity, and spirit. Because of the way she pushed her tones it seems that the instruction she is getting is not adequate. Given a good teacher, we would predict for Miss Leclair one of the finest voices the world has ever known."

A few days later Merry received a note from Richard Marlowe which cheered her up greatly. It read: "Can you come to see me next Thursday afternoon at this office? Four o'clock would be best. I believe I have good news for you."

Merry reached for the picture of Booker T. Washington's sculptured head which stood in the Hall of Fame. Her thoughts turned to Julius Rosenwald's meeting with this great scientist after reading his autobiography, *Up from Slavery*. That, and another book, *An American Citizen, the Life of William H. Baldwin, Jr.*, had made a powerful impression on Rosenwald.

When he heard that Chicago was to be visited by Dr. Washington, whose important work as principal of Tuskegee Institute had been helped by William H. Baldwin, Jr., Rosenwald was eager to meet this man who provided his Negro students with a wise education: cultural subjects combined with practical work that would help them improve their situation; scientific farming chores, making bricks, constructing buildings.

Julius Rosenwald planned a luncheon for Dr. Washington at a Chicago hotel, the first time a colored guest would be honored there. As host, he invited wealthy men, prominent educators, and city officials.

On the day of the luncheon, when he entered his car to call for

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the guest of honor, his chauffeur objected to driving a Negro.

"All right, then," Rosenwald said quietly. "You don't need to. Call one of the other men to drive us."

"Us?" the chauffeur repeated and a flush moved upward on his face. "You mean you're going to ride with him?"

Rosenwald fixed the man with a level glance. "Of course."

"Well," the man said, shamefaced, "if you can ride with him, I guess I can stand it to drive him."

At the luncheon, when Rosenwald introduced Dr. Washington, he said:

"Whether it is because I belong to a people that has known centuries of persecution, or whether it is because I am naturally inclined to sympathize with the oppressed, I have always felt keenly for the colored race."

He told the assembled men: "The wise leader who is our guest today is helping his own race to self-help and self-dependence, and he is helping the white race to learn that opportunity and obligation go hand in hand, that there is no enduring superiority save that which comes as the result of serving. Happy the race which follows his wise leadership! Happy the nation which knows and honors a Washington, whether he be George or Booker!"

A few months later, soon after Merry's father became one of his chauffeurs, Mr. Rosenwald engaged a private railroad car for a trip to Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, following the example of a New York City trustee of the school. Among his guests were his rabbi, a professor of the University of Chicago, and the director of Chicago's YMCA. Merry's father, too, had gone along. The party inspected the Institute, watched the students milk cows, do tailoring and shoe-

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making, build chimneys and make pottery. At a meeting held in the chapel, attended by the faculty and two thousand students, they heard Mr. Rosenwald say:

"What I have seen here today has inspired me beyond words. Your principal, Mr. Washington, has done the greatest work of any man in America. His modesty with what he has accomplished is something unheard of. If only more people knew!"

Each spring, as a trustee of Tuskegee, Julius Rosenwald brought a party of friends to see its great work. At Christmas he and his wife provided toys for Tuskegee's Children's House and for Negro children in many southern grammar schools. He visited other Negro schools and offered to help them, too.

He suggested to Tuskegee's board of trustees that Dr. Washington should be relieved of the burden of traveling about to raise funds for the school. He gave five thousand dollars a year for five years toward an annual fund of fifty thousand dollars, to make this possible. He influenced other Jewish leaders in Chicago and New York to contribute to this fund.

His wife shared his interest in Tuskegee. During her visits, she taught the girl students to cook, bake, and turn their dresses. She noticed that the guest house needed dishes. When she returned to Chicago she bought equipment for the kitchen and dining room. Mrs. Booker T. Washington wrote to her:

"I want you also to know that we love Mr. Rosenwald and you for what you are to us and not for what you may or may not give.

"The coming of you two into our lives here gives us new courage, more hope, and greater faith. Just this afternoon the conversation turned to you and Mr. Rosenwald and we said: 'Mr. Rosenwald makes one forget all the hard things in life. His presence takes off the chill.'"

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Each spring when the Rosenwald party arrived at the railroad station, it was met by cheering Tuskegee students. When they came after dark, a flaming torchlight procession escorted them to the red brick buildings set off by colonial pillars, built by Booker T. Washington and his students.

They sang, as they marched, the Negro spirituals Rosenwald loved, including his favorite, "Walking in Jerusalem Like John." In 1914, when the Rosenwalds were in Palestine, Julius sent this cable to Tuskegee's annual exercises:

"I'm Walking in Jerusalem Just Like John."

In spite of help given by John D. Rockefeller, Sr. and others to the cause, educational opportunities for Negroes were slight indeed. The South, made poor by the Civil War, had little to spend on any of its schools, and schools for Negroes were not its first interest.

Only a few small, poorly-equipped schools of higher education were available to Negroes. In southern cities, schools for Negro children were insufficient and poor, but rural areas were far worse with their limited number of primitive unheated schools. In chilly weather bonfires at which teachers and pupils warmed their hands were lighted in the yards. Teachers were poorly paid. Negro schools could keep open only four months a year, some as little as three months, and few had textbooks.

Booker T. Washington said: "The Negro boy is smart, but white folks expect too much of him if they think he can learn as much in three months of school as their boys can in eight."

"Here is a job that needs doing," Rosenwald decided. He didn't approve of letting ten million Americans remain without an education. It would be a loss to the country.

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With the approval and help of Dr. Washington, he worked out a plan for building rural schools for Negroes. He offered to give money toward building new schools, if the county would increase its allowance for Negro education. White people of each community and its Negroes, too, must raise part of the money needed. Once built, the schools must be maintained from community taxes.

In one village, Negro children brought fifty-four dollars in pennies to the school fund, saved from gifts for candy or other treats. A former slave gave his life's savings in pennies, nickels, and dimes, emptying them on the table from an old sack. "To give my grandchildren's children a better chance than I had," he said.

One poor village, which was expected to raise ten dollars, turned over more than a thousand dollars to the school fund. It achieved a well-equipped Rosenwald school costing ten thousand dollars, with five teachers for its three hundred pupils. In another place, farmers planted a piece of land with cotton which the community tended. It was called "The Rosenwald Patch," and its income went to the school fund. A childless Negro placed a mortgage on his farm to help raise money for a school. Each school, when finished, became a part of the local school system.

Alabama, impressed by the eighty new Rosenwald schools for colored children in its own state, Tennessee, and Georgia, offered to give one-half the amount raised by local communities for additional schools. Thus the state, the community, and Rosenwald would each contribute equally.

"I will pay one-third the cost for three hundred more rural school-houses for colored children in the South," Julius Rosenwald announced.

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In 1917, Rosenwald set up the Julius Rosenwald Fund, to carry on his social service program. Its purpose was "the well-being of mankind," and he directed that its principal and interest (it had \$30,000,000 in 1929) should be completely spent within twenty-five years after his death. He said:

"Future generations should take care of their own needs. The best contribution we can make to the future is to put our world in as good shape as possible, so the generation following ours does not start under a handicap."

The Fund was not to provide temporary relief. Its help must be given to projects that would bring permanent gains for mankind. It was to emphasize Negro welfare because few individuals and organizations gave attention to it.

Rosenwald was invited by the Fox Movietone News to appear on the screen and say something. He accepted, and his opening lines were a quotation:

"I hate a stingy man. If you have only a dollar and you are going to spend it, spend it like a king. I'd rather be a beggar and spend my money like a king, than be a king and spend my money like a beggar."

The Fund's first task was an enlarged program for building schools for colored children where at least five months of uninterrupted schooling would be assured. Homes for teachers and manual training workshops were also built where the school term was eight months.

Gradually a network of 5,357 new Rosenwald schools spread through fifteen southern states, in which 663,000 Negro children were being educated by 15,000 Negro teachers.

In the South, Julius Rosenwald's photograph hung in schools and homes beside that of Abraham Lincoln and Booker T. Washington.

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In Rosenwald schools, arithmetic became more interesting to children when the teacher asked:

"If Mr. Rosenwald had a corn crib four feet long and three feet wide, how many square feet would there be in Mr. Rosenwald's corn crib?"

Where these neat, attractive schools were established, the white population was stimulated to build better schools for its children. Some asked Rosenwald for help. He replied:

"The white people receive a larger share of the public funds for education. One state, with a Negro population of fifty-one per cent, spends only one dollar on Negro education to every \$9.88 which goes for white education. That's why I feel that my help should go to Negroes."

Chicago, too, was finding him a generous son. Among his many gifts to his city was the Museum of Science and Industry.

In 1911, when the Rosenwald family traveled in Europe, the younger son, William, eight years old, was fascinated by a European museum with its animated exhibits of actual operations in industry. Some he was permitted to operate himself. His father, impressed with the boy's interest, decided to provide such a museum for his own city.

When completed, the museum became a demonstration of man's progress through the ages. Among its most interesting exhibits was a full size modern coal mine. By pressing buttons and pushing levers, delighted young people, and their equally fascinated parents, could make the wheels of industry do their work.

Merry knew, even before she had sung in *H.M.S. Pinafore*, that the Rosenwald Fund was contributing money to advance science, edu-

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cation, and health, with special attention to the needs of Negroes. In seven southern states, its funds helped to provide book-mobiles, automobiles stocked with library books in charge of a librarian, that were brought to Negroes in rural communities. It also paid one-third the cost of over two thousand school libraries.

But she did not know until she called on Richard Marlowe, the music critic who had written her story in the newspaper, that the Fund was giving fellowships to gifted young people—mainly to gifted Negroes—helping them to prepare for careers in painting, sculpture, writing, music, as well as in education, science, and medicine, so that they could make their dreams into a reality.

“Some of your leading singers, poets, musicians and authors,” Mr. Marlowe told Merry, “have been helped by the Rosenwald Fund. Several people on my paper want to bring your voice to its attention. Give us your permission,” he urged, “to arrange for help from the Fund. With training, you will surely achieve a great career.”

For days Merry felt like Cinderella on her way to the ball. Then the miracle had happened and a great teacher was instructing her. Gradually she became aware of a change in her singing. Her voice came forth easily, without effort, and its quality improved.

When she had worked many months, her teacher said: “You’re ready to make a few appearances. I’ll arrange for a concert here. If you do well, we’ll try you out in other cities.”

Her Chicago concert was a success. A month later she sang in Omaha, Nebraska. There she arranged to fly to her next concert in Miami. She would change planes at New Orleans, and thus arrive early enough to have ample rest before singing.

At New Orleans the airport officials kept putting her back a flight. “No room on this one,” they said brusquely as one plane after another went out.

It was dark and she was tired when she finally boarded a plane. An hour later it stopped to pick up passengers and the stewardess said to Merry:

"You'll have to get off. This seat belongs to someone getting on here. Your luggage is being unloaded."

Merry didn't argue. She had met with prejudice before. She left the plane.

The town hotel did not admit Negroes. No train would leave until morning. But a bus would pull out in an hour for Jacksonville. To avoid being stranded, she decided to take the long bus trip although it would leave little time for rest before her concert.

A few people sat in reclining seats in the front of the bus. Behind them were more reclining seats, but the last three rows held benches. Weary and discouraged, Merry settled herself in a comfortable seat and fell asleep.

A jolt awakened her. The driver had stopped the bus and stood glaring at her. He pointed his thumb beyond the empty seats surrounding her, toward the benches in the rear. She got up and took the bench his pointing thumb indicated.

For sixteen hours she rode in that bus, weary in body and spirit, and aching with hunger. After the first stop, she didn't get off any more. Negroes were not served at any of the stations. They were expected to go to a hole cut in the rear wall, for food to be passed out to them. To avoid being humiliated, she went hungry.

She felt indignation and terrible loss. She wanted to shout:

"Listen, America! In my land we do not use words dishonestly. My land says all men are to be equal. *All* men—do you hear?"

Why weren't more Americans speaking up against this injustice toward one-tenth of the nation? Why weren't they telling those who were unfair:

BUILDER OF DREAMS

"This is the atomic age, remember? Do you want to destroy the world and yourself with it? That's what will happen if all peoples fail to live together in brotherhood and peace."

As her concerts took her to many cities, Merry met more people who were fighting prejudice, trying to make America's ideals real for all its citizens. She met Eleanor Roosevelt who, as gracious mistress of the White House and First Lady of the Land, had resigned from membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution because it wouldn't permit Marian Anderson to sing in its hall.

Merry heard young Americans, in a high school assembly, say:

"Race prejudice is un-Christian, undemocratic, and unscientific. It is due to ignorance. Education is a weapon against it; education provides us with true facts so we won't be taken in by falsehoods.

"But there are people who benefit by keeping race prejudice strong—employers, landlords, politicians, and people who find it necessary to feel superior to somebody in order to be happy. So in addition to providing education, fair-minded people ought to stand forth with dignity and quiet determination, ready to protest unjust, un-American incidents. And we must pass laws with teeth in them, to restrain prejudiced persons from putting their hate into action."

She heard a prominent American woman tell an audience of Negro girls and boys:

"Young Negroes shouldn't feel discouraged. Only two generations from slavery, your people have made great progress. It's always hardest at the beginning. But when an outstanding Negro establishes the Negro in a new field, he makes a permanent gain for his people."

Yes, Merry knew that was so. A hundred years ago Ira Aldrich, a

JULIUS ROSENWALD

gifted Negro American, had found it necessary to take his great acting ability to Europe. There he received the appreciation his own countrymen had withheld and he, in turn, enriched Europe's theaters with his gift.

But Bert Williams, in the theater over thirty years ago, through determination and self-sacrifice, became America's first featured Negro in an all-white company. He had endured hardship and played the part of "funny man" all his life instead of the great roles his ability deserved in order to establish the Negro on his country's stage.

Bert Williams' patience and courage had paved the way for Charles Gilpin in *Emperor Jones*, for Richard Harrison, "de Lawd" of *Green Pastures*, for Canada Lee, Paul Robeson and many others who were weaving rich threads into the tapestry of American culture. Marian Anderson created more openings on the concert stage. Jackie Robinson did it in baseball.

The woman, closing her talk, said: "I understand how difficult it is to exert self-control and stand up with dignity and courage when meeting injustice. But every time you do it you help your people."

As she looked at Julius Rosenwald's photograph, Merry thought how many gifted people were being helped by the Rosenwald Fund. But most important to her was its help to the Negro youth.

She told herself: "Youth is the seed time of life. Through the seeds youth is able to plant, it begins its part in creating a better life for tomorrow. Youth—idealistic, energetic, courageous—asks only for the chance to shape its dreams into reality, that it may help in man's upward climb."

Yet there are those who would say to Negro young people:

BUILDER OF DREAMS

"Dreams are not for you. Forget your hunger for beauty, for the needs and desires of the rest of humanity. These are only for people who live on my street."

Well, Julius Rosenwald had made sure their seeds would have a chance to grow. Because he had lived, they would attain the fruit of their dreams, fruit that would enrich American life and culture. And for herself, knowing Mr. Rosenwald and knowing the story of his life had kept her strong.

She put his photograph back, covered the box, and said softly:
"Thank you, Mr. Rosenwald, for lending me your courage."



Treasure Hunt for America

DR. JOSEPH GOLDBERGER

“Your son, a doctor, cuts salami for the customers?”

Doctor Joseph Goldberger, tall and broad-shouldered, cutting even slices of spicy meat in his parents' grocery store one humid July day in 1895, looked up with a grin, then continued placidly slicing salami.

But his mother's face was red as she looked at her doctor son, his shirt sleeves rolled up, doing common work. Her hand shook, pouring a quart of loose milk into her customer's pitcher. She wanted to retort: “Joseph is not like my six other children. When Joseph decides to do something, who can stop him?”

Yesterday, riding up Second Avenue on the horse car to attend his graduation at Bellevue Medical School, she had felt so proud. She had thought: “It is good that back in 1880, when Joseph was only six, we left Austria. Now in one hour more he will be an American doctor.”

From his first day in the New York City schools, Joseph had been a fine scholar. “Like my father,” she said to her husband, Samuel. “A Hebrew scholar my father was and everybody respected him.”

The grocery on Pitt Street, in New York's East Side, was all she saw from sun-up until late each night. Yesterday, riding to the graduation, her hard work in the store had seemed so worth while. Her

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three other sons had taken jobs when they completed grammar school; only Joseph had finished high school and then attended the College of the City of New York. There he had studied engineering two years and begun his third year—until that day . . .

Joseph's best friend Pat Murray, the nice Irish boy who lived next door, was studying medicine at the Bellevue Medical School. He took Joseph with him one early fall evening to hear the physiology professor lecture on the action of the heart. Joseph sat spellbound, not even hearing the shrill whistles from nearby East River barges which cut into the doctor's words. It seemed like magic, this story of how blood circulates through the body. Keeping people well was a problem in engineering, too, much more dramatic than building tunnels and bridges.

"I don't want to be an engineer," Joseph told his parents on his return. "I want to be a doctor."

"But you finished fifth highest last year in a class of six hundred," they reasoned. "You must like engineering to do so well. Why should you throw away two years' work?"

In the end Joseph won out. Who could stand up against such determination? A tall, lanky boy of eighteen, he entered the Bellevue Medical School. Soon his mother was boasting to the customers:

"A doctor we will have in my family."

It was good to rear a son to be a man of healing, for a man of healing was next to a man of God, a rabbi. In ancient days it was considered a great honor to have one's son apprenticed to a physician so he could learn the science of medicine. Joshua ben Sirach of Jerusalem, twenty-one hundred years ago, had written:

"Honor a physician, for the Lord hath created him. For of the Most High cometh healing."

Yesterday, on her way to the graduation, she decided to hang his

diploma in the grocery for all the customers to see. But he hadn't gotten a diploma. Only honors—first and second honors. No diploma.

Joseph hadn't cared! He had laughed about it.

"What's the difference, Ma?" he said, giving her his prize check of one hundred dollars. "So they won't give me the diploma until I'm twenty-one. In a few months I'll have it."

All that mattered to Joseph was that he had passed the examination, as top man, for internship at the Bellevue Hospital, which was connected with the school.

Then had come a second disappointment. Walking back from Second Avenue past crowding pushcarts, Joseph had said:

"Since I can't begin my internship until fall, I've decided to help in the store all summer."

"You, a doctor, will weigh cheese and pull barrels and boxes down into the cellar!" she had exclaimed. When he was a student, most of the time she, and his father, too, had refused Joseph's offer to help in the store.

"Go look in your books," they had told him. "Your brothers and sisters will help." But now! A doctor—even with no diploma—is not for a grocery store!

His words had shocked her so she didn't see where she walked and her skirt, sweeping the sidewalk, swished dangerously close to a passing tandem bicycle, on which a young man and his girl rode.

While she searched for words to convince Joseph of the error of his plans, she almost ran into two girls skipping by, arms around each other's waists, singing the new popular song:

East side, West side, all around the town,
The tots sang "Ring-a-Rosie," "London Bridge is
falling down,"

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Boys and girls together—me and Mamie Rorke—
Tripped the light fantastic
On the sidewalks of New York.

At the store, she and her husband, Samuel, tried once more to change Joseph's plans. "Work in a doctor's office without pay," they pleaded.

Joseph, a gentle person in most things, so soft spoken, whose brown eyes held a shy smile, was a different Joseph when he made up his mind to do something.

"It won't hurt me to work in the grocery, Ma," he insisted. "You've worked sixteen hours a day in the store to put me through school. This summer you're going to take it easy. We'll let you help only during rush hours." He added: "I'll reserve the evenings for study."

So here was Joseph, working in the store as he had said he would do. And beside this trouble, a new one gnawed in her mind. Only an hour ago he had said:

"I want to do medical research. I don't want to be a doctor with a private practice, taking care of patients."

A doctor without patients! What kind of doctor was that?

Joseph worked steadily through that hot summer. It was good to be physically active after so many years of study. He lifted boxes, unpacked cases. "Let me do it, Pa," he would say. "My muscles need the exercise." Evenings he bent over his books in the hot little apartment above the store.

When October first arrived, he packed his clothes into a second-hand straw suitcase: four shirts, underwear, a supply of socks with his mother's neatly darned stitches that looked like weaving, starched

collars, toilet articles, and his old shoes to rest tired feet after long hours of standing. In his pocket was twenty-five cents.

"No," he said to his mother, "I won't take a dollar from the cash drawer. Until I finish my internship I'll take twenty-five cents a week, no more. Don't forget you've got three daughters and yourself and Pa to look after."

Bellevue Hospital would provide his bed, meals, and laundry for a year and a half, in return for sixteen hours of work a day. Each interne was allowed one afternoon and evening off every week, to get away from the sick world of the hospital, filled with the city's ailing poor.

Young Dr. Goldberger, taking down case histories, wondered how much of their illness was caused by the way they lived, breathing bad air, eating poor, often spoiled food, knowing little about their bodies and how to keep them well. What part did these play in causing their disease?

He watched for clues and asked questions which seemed unimportant to others. He went home one day each month. The rest of his weekly holidays were spent in the surgical wards, taking the place of internes who were off for the day.

While at high school and college he had gone occasionally, with friends, to vaudeville shows. As an interne he allowed himself no entertainment. He had no money to pay for it. But time was even more scarce; it was his most precious possession. In eighteen months he must absorb all the lessons to be found in this hospital. He must learn to understand not only the disease, but the kind of life the patient had lived and what part it had in causing the disease.

His hospital experience was convincing him that his interest lay in bacteriology—the study of organisms known as bacteria, including both helpful and disease-causing varieties. During the last six

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months, when as house physician of Bellevue he checked reports of the hospital's one hundred internes, his decision strengthened. He must find an opening for the special work which alone would satisfy him.

In April, 1897, his internship completed, he packed his suitcase and said good-bye to the men with whom he worked. Now, at last, he could begin to support himself. What lay ahead? Would he find the opportunity for research he so deeply desired? How long would it take?

It took two years. When he left the hospital he went to his parents' new apartment in East Seventy-second Street, where a room was reserved for his office. Here his diploma and license were hung, and his shingle, inscribed *Dr. Joseph Goldberger*, was placed at the apartment house entrance.

East Seventy-second Street did not greet him with enthusiasm. The neighborhood could choose from many doctors with experience and reputation. Soon Joseph's mother proceeded to sing praises of his skill to her Pitt Street grocery customers. But they saw no reason to travel so far with a cold or stomachache.

No patients. No income. While his family suffered embarrassment, Joseph began studying books again. He called on a doctor he knew and admired while at the hospital, asking the question uppermost in his mind:

"How can I get into the field of medical research?"

"First you must get some experience," the doctor advised. "Establish yourself in a small town; you can build up a practice faster than in New York. I practiced in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, until I built a reputation. That's a good town. Why don't you try it?"

He did. He boarded a train with his old straw suitcase on his first journey since arriving in America. He had a letter of introduction to a Wilkes-Barre chemist who was known and liked by the whole town.

On South Washington Street, the day after his arrival, Dr. Goldberger opened a small office. That first year his practice brought six hundred dollars, an improvement over the \$17.50 income for three months in New York. It covered his meager expenses but left little for payments on equipment he had to buy. The second year his income doubled. He should be earning more, his new friends told him. Other doctors in the town were.

He had few rich patients. Most of his patients were miners, clerks, and office workers who earned little. He couldn't bear to press them for payment of his bills. And when a patient died, he felt that he had failed, so he canceled the bill altogether.

The chemist, Professor Dean, dropped into Goldberger's office frequently to watch the young doctor's tests on some strange ailment of a miner. He took the newcomer to his home. There, from members of the Dean family, Joseph heard talk of music, philosophy, art, literature. Everything that had been crowded out of his life while he concentrated on medicine now opened new and wider horizons to him.

He enjoyed the pleasant home life of the Dean family. He was meeting other doctors at the County Medical Society gatherings. He was sending money home regularly. But the town bored him and he was dissatisfied with private practice.

One spring day he received an envelope in the mail containing a clipping which announced vacancies in the United States Marine Hospital Service (later renamed the United States Public Health Service) for which examinations would be held in midsummer. Here

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was what he had been waiting for. Which understanding friend had sent it?

That was not difficult to learn. The following evening Dr. Goldberger, at the Dean home, picked up a medical journal and found an empty space from which the notice had been clipped.

"If you pass," Professor Dean told him, "you begin with a salary of \$1,600 a year and the chance of promotion. You'll be able to do honest research on a big scale—not cases but epidemics. You won't have a chance to get rich, as one sometimes can in private practice. But you won't have to collect bills, which you aren't good at, and you won't have to be annoyed about giving pink sugar pills to people who suffer from nothing but imagination. You'll probably travel to other countries."

In June, when the Dean garden, with its red and yellow roses, was a mass of color, Goldberger spent several days taking oral and written examinations. Before the end of that July in 1899, he received a form letter with the news that he held top rank among the candidates. In the Dean home that evening there was joy in his triumph, in which they, too, had a part. There were warm wishes for his success in the research he was to perform so brilliantly during thirty satisfying years.

His first assignment took him to the immigrant station at Ellis Island, near the Statue of Liberty. The lady with the torch hadn't been there eighteen years before when, as an immigrant six years old, he had entered America.

Now, twenty-four years old, through service to his country he was beginning to pay for the security she gave him and his family. It was a trial assignment. As junior medical officer he examined a hun-

dred immigrants daily of the one million which arrived that year. Soon he was handling more, for he could question many newcomers in their own language, without the help of interpreters.

His chief, pleased with Goldberger's work, soon recommended him for transfer. Years later this doctor boasted; "I was the first to 'discover' Goldberger."

Reedy Island, a quarantine station, was Goldberger's second post. Here he learned to search holds of passenger ships and cargo ships bound for Philadelphia nearby, before permitting them to proceed upstream. Rats had to be killed lest they bring disease into the country; mosquitoes were sought from keel to mast for the same reason; fumigation—killing germs with sulphur fumes—was carried out.

A friendship which was to influence all of his later life developed between Goldberger and his new chief, Farrar Richardson. From his chief he learned to find diseases on a ship even when a dishonest skipper took measures to hide it. Like Farrar, Joseph was thorough, getting up each morning, before dawn when necessary, to sweep up the river in the quarantine boat *Pasteur* to ships which lay at anchor.

Farrar was a member of an aristocratic New Orleans family that was related to Jefferson Davis, the Confederacy president. Only a few years older than Joseph, he was an expert in epidemics, including the yellow fever epidemics he had fought in New Orleans. Both were devoted to public health. Each was fascinated by the different background of the other, so colorful and dramatic.

That summer Farrar's wife, sister, and mother, to get away from the New Orleans heat, visited the island and spent interesting hours with the young doctor from New York's East Side of whom Farrar thought so well. Mary Farrar, a pretty seventeen-year-old cousin, daughter of New Orleans' leading corporation lawyer, came for

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several days. She enjoyed walks and talks with Joseph, never guessing how important they would later become to each other.

Dr. Milton J. Rosenau, director of the Hygienic Laboratory of the U. S. Health Service, visited Reedy Island, listened to Farrar's praise of Joseph, and watched his work. Six months later their letters were headed "Dear Joe" and "Dear Milton."

Dr. Joe was growing—in his work as a sanitary expert, in social life through contact with Farrar and his family, and through books he read on literature, art, and music. He was acquiring, too, a constantly growing idea of important research work which needed to be done.

Most of all he was fascinated by Farrar's talk about the great research task then carried on in yellow fever, which had cost millions of lives during four hundred years, in Europe, Mexico, Brazil, and Cuba. It had caused twenty-three epidemics in New York City before 1870, twenty-five in Philadelphia, and had taken an awful toll of lives in New Orleans. Here was the field, above all others, in which he would like to do research.

Yellow fever, known also as "yellow jack," was being spread by a poisonous lady, a mosquito known as *Aedes aegypti*, with a fondness for yellow fever patients. Carefully, daintily, she jabbed her proboscis—a long tube-shaped sucking organ as sharp as a needle—into the patient's skin, spit out her poison, and sucked up some of the patient's blood. She flew off to make a meal on others, and in return for their blood she left under their skins doses of yellow fever.

Research men in the U. S. Public Health Service, when Dr. Goldberger was still inspecting ships at Reedy Island, already knew how

the disease was carried from sick to healthy people, and they knew how long it took to develop in the insect and in man.

But more experiments were needed to learn how to keep this mosquito out of the country, how to destroy the power of those already here and keep them from breeding young to carry on their work, how to protect people from the mosquito's bite. Equally important, experiments were needed that would convince the public of the danger, and gain its cooperation. Even in Congress, men were saying:

"How can a tiny mosquito kill a human being? That's nonsense!"

Encouraged by Farrar Richardson, Goldberger called on the Surgeon-General of the Public Health Service in Washington. In the red brick laboratory overlooking the Potomac River he asked for a transfer to Tampico, Mexico. He would perform his present task of port quarantine officer there, and engage in yellow fever research on his own time.

The Surgeon-General was interested. He watched the strong hands playing with the watch chain, recognized through the conversation the reasoning of a brilliant mind. He did not hedge.

"All right," the Surgeon-General said. "The job is yours. Stop off at Havana and Vera Cruz and talk with the men working on yellow fever there."

In May, 1902, Goldberger reached Tampico. It was surrounded by marshes which bred mosquitoes. Was the deadly yellow fever dame here? Was she shipping out in boats leaving the port?

Nine hours each day Dr. Goldberger performed his duties as quarantine officer. He spent his free time in yellow fever research, catching mosquitoes and deciding to which of hundreds of varieties each belonged.

Terrific heat, slashing rainstorms, hurricanes that blew up from

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the Gulf, did not stop him from working in his laboratory, set up at his own expense and with the advice of the American vice-consul stationed there, a Protestant missionary, "Padre" Pressley.

Goldberger visited yellow fever patients in hospitals and homes, while spring became summer and summer eased into autumn. He sent rare mosquitoes to Washington, studied specimens in his laboratory. He hummed bits from his favorite *Pinafore* while he worked over his test tubes. And always he was making notes, many with Pressley's help.

"You're working entirely too hard," Mrs. Pressley warned the young doctor. "And you're taking too many risks."

Goldberger did not listen to her warning. He was busy being a detective, trying to track down clues that would end the deadly work of a villain and save American lives.

One evening in the middle of October he dragged himself wearily into his noisy little hotel. His stomach felt sick and he ached all over.

Where had he put the thermometer? He searched on his table, found it, and took his temperature. Just a slight fever. Had the lady with the sucking needle made a meal on him?

"What a piece of luck," he murmured, his hand on his aching head. "Now I'll really know all about yellow fever."

He gathered up notebooks and pencils and placed them, with a clock, beside his bed. He got in. An hour later he jotted down his first note:

"I'm beginning to have chills."

He was missed at dinner in the hotel dining room. The proprietor's wife went to his room, saw that he was delirious and his face was flushed. She ran to the Pressley home.

When Padre Pressley came in, Dr. Goldberger was conscious again and his mind was clear.

"Get out of here!" he ordered, trying to get up. "Do you want to catch it? Maybe give it to your wife?"

The consul pushed him back into bed and took his temperature. It was almost 104 degrees.

"I'm taking you home," he declared. "I'll get a nurse to look after you."

The missionary ignored Goldberger's protests. "My house is completely screened," he said. "No mosquito can get in to bite you and then give it to me or my wife. I'll make a deal with you. If you behave yourself, I'll take notes on your case that will help you."

Before Goldberger became delirious again he was settled in the Pressley home. He gave his instructions:

"Make exact notes of everything that happens to me. Write down every word I say, even if it doesn't make sense."

By the time he passed the two most dangerous days, the fifth and sixth, a sheaf of notes had accumulated. Then, although terribly weak, he began to mend. The missionary and his wife had saved his life and Dr. Goldberger never forgot it.

He was eager to get back to work. Having passed through yellow fever, he could never again catch it. Now he could work with safety on any experiment.

He returned to his duties a month later. The rainy season had come. With lowered temperatures, the yellow fever epidemic ended. For the present his research must also end.

An order from Washington transferred him to Puerto Rico, in the West Indies. He was strengthened by the voyage. From his new port he sent specimen mosquitoes to Washington and corresponded with experts on trapping and rearing mosquitoes.

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To carry on his experiments he devoted great care to hatching mosquitoes and keeping them alive. He prepared bottles in which he provided a sandy bottom, added water to a certain depth, and supplied proper nourishment: a ball of cotton hung in the cage, moistened with a mixture of animal blood, sugar, and water, which he changed every day.

His experiments brought him an invitation to join *Working Party No. 2*, to carry on advanced experiments with yellow fever mosquitoes at Vera Cruz, Mexico. When that project ended, the printed report gave credit to Goldberger for important discoveries that advanced the study of yellow fever. He had found helpful information for the public, too: the dangerous female passed through screens in common use, with sixteen strands of wire to the inch. Twenty strands were needed to keep the lady out.

Dr. Goldberger was ordered to Texas to investigate a report of yellow jack. A few days later he notified Washington that it was another kind of fever. He was told to return to Washington after stopping off at New Orleans to check on yellow fever there.

Turning a corner in New Orleans, he almost ran into a charming young lady, Miss Mary Farrar.

"Doctor Goldberger!" she exclaimed. "Since when have you been in New Orleans?"

Miss Farrar, just graduated from college, had grown lovelier with the years. And she hadn't forgotten their pleasant hours together on Reedy Island.

By the time Dr. Goldberger left New Orleans, his thoughts were no longer on yellow fever alone. He had acquired a new interest and he had Mary's promise that she would write.

In Washington he was assigned to work, for a time, at the red brick laboratory on the hill. The following spring he took examina-

DR. JOSEPH GOLDBERGER

tions for a higher grade in the Service with an increase in pay, passed, and received his new grade.

There followed a series of trips for him, across the country and into Mexico, on yellow fever research, with stops at New Orleans. He was writing reports and papers for scientists and for the public on the prevention and destruction of mosquitoes. He was spending happy hours with Mary Farrar and their friendship was deepening into a closer bond.

In the spring of 1906, when he was thirty-two, they were married in the Farrar home. They spent their honeymoon in Mississippi and took a boat trip to New York to visit Joseph's family. Then, in Washington, they settled in a small apartment on Columbia Road.

The companionship with Mary, the joy of having his own home and a stimulating social life, were new, satisfying delights. Life had taken on a richness and completeness he hadn't counted on. Some day he would make payment for his happiness through some special service to humanity.

Eight years later there were few scientists in his field to whom the name of Dr. Joseph Goldberger was not known. He had done careful research in diseases caused by worms, including the American hookworm, and the pork tapeworm which can live twenty-five years in the human body. He had studied fleas and lice which spread typhus, had done further research on mosquitoes, on dengue fever which was known as breakbone fever, on straw itch and measles.

Papers he had written, describing his discoveries, had been published by the Service and were looked upon with respect. For a man of forty, he had done well.

A scientist had told Mrs. Goldberger: "Your husband is the only

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scientist I ever knew who never had to take back any statement he made public."

That spring of 1914, while Dr. Goldberger was investigating diphtheria in Detroit, he received a letter from the Surgeon-General of the Public Health Service:

"Dear Dr. Goldberger:

"I am under the necessity of selecting an officer to take charge of pellagra studies in the South, from a broad and energetic standpoint. It is one of the knottiest and most urgent problems facing the Service at the present time.

"After going over the entire field I feel that you are fitted, above others, for this work and that it could be placed in no better hands. You will, of course, be furnished with assistants.

"Sincerely yours,
"Rupert Blue"

This, Dr. Goldberger suspected as he put the letter down, would be a long assignment. Mary and the children would be disappointed.

Once again he would see that lonely look in his wife's eyes. But her voice would be courageous as she said:

"Well, here goes my wandering Jew again!"

She would put her arms around him and say, "How long, darling? How long before you will come home?"

During the eight years since his marriage he had spent a great deal of time away from home in the field, as much as ten months in the year. Sometimes he felt that he hardly knew his first-born son, red-headed Farrar, almost seven years old, or Joseph, Jr., who was four, or the babies, two-year-old Ben and infant Mary.

It was especially hard on his wife. Often he was far away when

she needed him most. The day after their arrival in Washington, following their honeymoon, a typhoid epidemic had broken out in their own city. He had presented himself for duty at once and received his orders:

"Go down to the Library of Congress and read your eyes out. Then take a horse and buggy and examine every privy that might be draining into Washington's water supply."

The following year, the day after Farrar was born, he was ordered to Texas to investigate an epidemic of dengue fever. He had caught it and learned through experience why it was called breakbone fever.

Two years later, in Mexico City, he was conducting experiments on typhus. To prove that lice carried the disease, these insects were allowed to feed on typhus patients, then placed in bottles. Goldberger then held the bottles against the shaved bodies of monkeys.

One day he felt a sharp sting on his hand. He looked down. An infected insect had escaped and bitten him. Ten days later he was down with typhus. That time he almost died.

He and Mary had been kept apart four months by that typhus trip. And later, when Ben was born, he wasn't able to be at home.

Well, that was the life of a research doctor. Most of the time he had to content himself with letters from his wife and she with his answers signed J. L. M., his code for "Joseph loves Mary." Most of the time they had to be apart, he missing her, just as she missed him—missing the happy home life, too, and Mary's cooking, including her delicious gumbo.

This pellagra study would be nothing new. Capable men of the Public Health Service had already spent five years studying the disease at home and abroad, but nothing had come of their work.

Goldberger packed his bag and took the train to Washington.

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There he was told that the Surgeon-General, when first urged to appoint him for this task, had said:

"After a two hundred years' search for pellagra's cause and cure, we still know nothing. Why waste Goldberger's talents on it?"

Two hundred years ago in Italy, using Italian words, *pelle*—skin, and *agra*—rough, the disease had received its name. It seemed a hopeless task which he must do. But the situation in the South was critical. A hundred thousand children and adults, among the poor, suffered from it every year. For thousands it proved fatal.

In spite of quarantine and fumigating, the disease was spreading. In our rich country of forty-eight states—for New Mexico and Arizona had been admitted to the Union in 1912—this disease was infecting whole communities. Panic was rising to a fever pitch.

"All right," Dr. Goldberger said. "I'll get started at once. I'll do my very best."

Tall, bespectacled Dr. Joseph Goldberger, Director of Pellagra Investigation in the South, swung off the train at Jackson, Mississippi, bound for two orphan asylums whose children suffered from pellagra.

Once again he was being a detective, seeking clues, hoping to solve a mystery which was costing many lives.

Now he was seeking the villain responsible for pellagra, the villain who gave his victims reddened hands that began like a mild case of sunburn, then spread a painful rash on their skins which in some people became painful sores. This villain gave them sore mouths, turned them listless, stamped them with his frightening mark, a red rash shaped like a butterfly. Many victims ended up in southern insane asylums.

He had already visited Spartanburg in South Carolina, and Milledgeville in Georgia.

At the Carolina town he talked with doctors at the pellagra hospital. They showed him case histories in their files.

"I'm not interested in case histories of people who are dead," he told them. "Take me to the living."

He talked with patients, examined them, and asked questions. He strolled through the town and looked into homes. He rented a horse and buggy from a livery stable and drove through the surrounding country.

Everywhere cotton grew on every inch of ground. But the price of cotton was down; it hardly provided the barest necessities. He went into cotton towns where wages were low and found whole families living on fifteen dollars a week.

He cleaned Spartanburg's red clay off his shoes and took the train to Milledgeville, Georgia. He found the same situation: cotton fields, cotton mills, poverty, and pellagra. He visited the Georgia State Asylum for the Insane there, with hundreds of pellagrins among its inmates. In spite of people's fear of catching it, he learned that only the inmates had the disease. The nurses and attendants never caught it.

Now here he was in Jackson, Mississippi, to see what he could learn through studying some orphan children. That made him especially lonely for home and his four little ones.

The two orphan homes became his headquarters. In the Methodist Orphanage, seventy-nine girls and boys were listless and red-rashed. The Baptist Orphanage had one hundred and thirty children with pellagra.

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He dandled the little ones on his knee and watched the bigger children at play. He won the confidence of the biggest girls and boys, fourteen and fifteen years old.

With his assistants, Doctors Waring and Willets, on those breathless summer nights of 1914, he studied records of the sick children and came up with a fact: practically all the sick children in these two homes were between six and twelve years old.

Why? What made it possible for the villain to get to them and not to those under six or to the children over twelve?

He hadn't done much reading for this assignment. What had been written about pellagra produced nothing dependable to go on. Most doctors guessed it was due to eating too much corn, the South's cheapest food, or maybe it was caused by eating spoiled corn. He would seek clues in the dining room.

He watched the children eat. He learned that the tots, the children under six, each received two cups of milk daily. The big children, because they had to help with the work, were given fresh meat twice each week beside the meat meal on Sunday and holidays which all the children shared. Otherwise their food was exactly the same.

The six to twelve year olds didn't get milk. Since they didn't work, they received none of the extra meat. Still, the portions of meat given the workers were very small.

Nobody went hungry. There was plenty of corn bread and molasses, hominy grits, sow-belly, biscuits, and gravy.

He teased the big girls about how thin they were until they admitted that they often stole into the pantry at night for milk or a bit of meat. He saw a big boy finish milking a cow, look around for watching eyes, then take a long drink of milk from the pail.

At his first two stops before he came to the orphan homes, he discovered that only the poor suffered with pellagra. The rich never

got it. Well, then, he thought, if the villain was to be found in the dining room, what would rich people have in their diet which poor people couldn't afford?

Meat and milk.

Was this a dependable clue? He watched the six to twelve year olds. He asked them questions. They played without enthusiasm, were always tired, were nervous and cried over trifles. Like all sufferers of the red rash, they had bad dreams at night. In spite of all the food they ate, they were always hungry.

Could this be a special kind of hunger, a hunger for certain elements which were lacking in their food so that in spite of full stomachs their bodies remained unsatisfied?

There was one sure way to find out. He would try an experiment to see if his suspicion was correct.

He spoke to the trustees of the homes. "Will you permit the United States Public Health Service to supply fresh meat, eggs, and plenty of milk for all the children?"

"It's like Christmas every day," one ten-year-old boy said in September. "We have an egg for breakfast each morning. We get two cups of milk every day and good red meat most days for dinner. When we don't get meat we have peas and beans."

"I guess that nice Doctor Goldberger had something to do with it," a bigger boy decided.

Doctor Goldberger had gone, but would return in a few weeks. He had left Dr. Waring to see that the diet was carefully kept at the two orphan homes.

Doctor Goldberger was continuing his study of pellagra at the Georgia State Insane Asylum. He had learned on his previous visit

that only inmates died from it. Attendants handled patients, sometimes slept near dying pellagrins, but never caught it. This time he must find out why.

He talked with the doctors.

"One fact stands out in my mind," Dr. Goldberger said. "Pellagrins are always poor. I suspect the disease may be caused by the food they eat—or the food they should eat and don't."

The doctors laughed. "That's impossible. Our nurses and orderlies eat in the same dining room. They get the very same food, off the same trays. But they never get pellagra."

"May I eat with them?"

The doctor shrugged, making no attempt to hide his amusement. "Go ahead."

That noon, Dr. Lorenz, studying insanity of pellagrins there, went into the dining room with Dr. Goldberger.

Platters of steaming hot stew were being brought in. At each table a waiter filled his own plate first. Then he served the same stew on the patients' plates. The two doctors sat down at a table.

A few minutes later, Dr. Goldberger's glance stopped roving through the dining room. His intent eyes watched the scene at his own table. He sat forward, his glance sharp. He touched Lorenz, whispered:

"Look at the waiter's plate—all the choice pieces of meat. Now look at the patients' plates."

He added, his voice low, "I guess anybody in his place would do the same thing. But do you see what it means?"

He looked at tables in the corner of the dining room. Yes, nurses and orderlies were eating the same stew there, dished from the same pots. Were the choicest pieces of meat picked out for their platters? That would be natural, too.

He watched the patients at his own table. He leaned forward again, said under his breath to Dr. Lorenz:

"Watch that bright looking patient—yes, that's the one. He's stealing the meat off the next plate, from the pellagrin who's too weak and dull to care. He took meat from the man on the other side of him a minute ago."

The pellagrins were hardly eating. They were tired, so very tired. The poor, tough meat didn't seem worth chewing.

"I'll stay on," Goldberger told Dr. Lorenz. "I shall follow up this clue."

As the days passed he watched some who were still well but beginning to act listless. Soon a red rash appeared on their knuckles and necks, and formed a butterfly. Their bones ached and there was pain in their bowels. Then they stopped coming to the dining room. They were in bed.

He visited more public institutions, found many full of pellagra cases, but never among the employees.

October found him at the orphan homes again. The pellagra was fading. There were no new cases. The children were beginning to look pink-cheeked. He was convinced he had found what caused the disease and how it could be avoided.

In his travels through the South he had learned that pellagra was at its worst in the spring. Did it take many months of diet starvation for pellagra to strike? Was it the long winter months without any fresh, green vegetables that brought the disease? He must see what the spring months would bring.

"Continue the new diet all winter," he told Dr. Waring.

He returned to the insane asylum. He talked with its director,

requested that a ward of white women and a ward of colored women be placed on a special diet.

"Reduce their starchy foods," he advised. "Give them meat, milk, fresh vegetables, buttermilk."

He left Dr. Willetts to see that his directions were carried out. He continued his travels through the South, returning occasionally to the asylum and the orphan homes. Wherever the bad dreams struck, this brown-eyed, soft-spoken man followed. He talked with the sufferers and addressed meetings of doctors.

"The raw, red butterfly on face or hands is the brand of poverty," he said. "Teach people what to eat and see that they have it, and pellagra will disappear."

The doctors laughed at him. "It's not as simple as that," they insisted. "Pellagra is contagious."

Some business clubs were angry because he told the public the South was full of sickness and too poor to feed its people properly. Some southern health officials wrote to Washington, insisting that his reports of pellagra in their town were false. Some doctors interfered with his attempt to add meat, milk, and green vegetables to the diet of pellagrins.

He went from one poor cabin to another with a horse and buggy.

"Don't sell your milk and eggs to buy side-pork and syrup," he told them. "Don't sell your fresh vegetables for grits and corn meal. Use the vegetables and eggs and milk yourselves and you won't have the red rash."

He quarantined whole towns and lived with the sick people. New cases broke out but he didn't get it.

"Of course it spreads through whole communities," he said. "But not because one catches it from another. It's the poverty in which they all live that spreads it."

Doctors refused to believe it was caused by the wrong kind of food and could be cured by the right kind. How could he convince them of this fact?

He couldn't experiment with animals because animals didn't get pellagra. To be effective, an experiment would have to be done with human beings. If he could produce pellagra in people who were well, surely the doctors and the public couldn't refuse to believe him.

In January he got an idea. He called on the Governor of Mississippi and reminded him that in his state, in the previous year, 1,192 persons had died of pellagra.

"Can you lend me a dozen convicts," he asked, "for an experiment—an experiment that must be a carefully guarded secret?"

He explained, "I want to feed them the kind of foods that cause pellagra. I want white men because it's claimed that white people don't come down with pellagra as easily as Negroes. If this diet gives the convicts the red rash, it will be proof that my discovery is correct. Then we can proceed to rid your state of the disease."

Legal matters had to be settled. Finally, with the Governor's help, everything was ready. Dr. Goldberger proceeded with his bold plan.

Now, indeed, he was a wandering Jew, traveling from one place to another to watch his experiments, and going to new places to investigate pellagra further. He studied reports while traveling. When he went home for a precious two or three day visit with his family, he spent long hours—sometimes late into the night—at the laboratory on the hill.

Doctors who could write Ph.D. after their names continued to look down their noses at him and his methods, and laughed at his decisions. Many years later someone said:

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"For a successful scientific career there are four things you should avoid. Don't be a Jew; if you are, anti-Semites will get a pain if you're doing well and they'll attack you. Don't attempt such a career without at least a Master's degree. Don't take up a problem on which top names in science and medicine have expressed their opinion, an opinion which you can't accept.

"Above all, don't try to show that something is seriously wrong with our nation. You will disturb people who profit by keeping that condition. They will prove you wrong even if you are right. And oh, yes, another thing: Don't carry around a feeling of responsibility toward humanity.

"Yes, I know, one man did achieve a brilliant scientific career in spite of all these. He was a gentle person and soft-spoken. But he was a fighter too. He was Dr. Joseph Goldberger!"

Spring, 1915, brought Dr. Goldberger back to the orphan homes.

"The Health Man is here, the Health Man is here!" the children exclaimed, and danced around him.

He looked with amazement and delight at these lively girls and boys. It seemed like a miracle that the listless children he had lived with less than a year ago were now these laughing, shouting girls and boys.

An hour later the corners of his mouth still formed a smile as he listened to the trustees' report.

"It's almost unbelievable," one said. "They seem like other children, full of fun and mischief. They're much smarter at their lessons, too." He looked out of the window. "See them race around like wild ones!" he exclaimed. "Hear them shout and sing! Not a speck of red rash on any of them. And there isn't a single new case."

Dr. Goldberger sent his report to the Public Health Service and they printed it in a bulletin. But doctors continued insisting that pellagra was caused by something other than food.

Well, his experiment with the convicts, if it should prove successful, ought to convince them. But that wouldn't be over until the end of October.

At the farm of the Mississippi State Penitentiary, eight miles from the orphan homes, there was no pellagra and there hadn't ever been any in the past, for fresh food was abundant on the farm.

Seventy-five white male convicts had listened to the Governor's offer of a pardon for those who volunteered for the experiment. They had heard Dr. Goldberger's plea for twelve men.

"You will be helping to rid the South of pellagra," he informed them after explaining exactly what was required. "There isn't any danger. If you do get pellagra, you will receive any necessary treatment until you're in perfect health again. After six months on the special diet you will go free whether you do or don't get pellagra."

Twelve men, including three with life terms, had volunteered. They were placed in a clean, comfortable cottage, a short distance from the "cage" where the other prisoners were housed. They did only light work, whitewashing fences and buildings. They had two days rest each week. They were kept under day and night guard, completely apart from the other prisoners.

For ten weeks they received exactly the same food as the others. Then, still completely free of any signs of red rash, they were put on the special diet: biscuits, mush, grits, syrup, black coffee, rice and sweet potatoes, corn bread, cabbage, and white hog meat.

The food was prepared by a good cook and they could eat all they

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wanted. Dr. Wheeler, a capable scientist, young and hard-boiled, was left to supervise the experiment.

At first the men joked about their easy way to win freedom. The food was fine, tastier than they had before. But a few weeks later they were grumbling: "Can't look no more corn bread in the face. Wish I could fix to get outa this stir."

In the third month one man, too sick to stand it, was excused. The others—all strong men when the experiment began—were getting weak and thin. "Doc, there's terrible pains in my stomach," one whined. "Can't work today," another said. "I'm dizzy and shaky all over." And another complained: "So many bad dreams. My mouth is sore inside and my tongue hurts, too. Say, Doc, what's happening to me?"

But there was no sign of the red rash.

When only five weeks remained of the six months agreed to, both doctors were worried. The men would soon have to be released for their promised liberty. Without the red rash, doctors would not be convinced. Perhaps much more time was needed to produce it in men who had been strong and well fed. If only they could keep them a little longer. The experiment was going to be a failure.

Then one day things began to happen. Dr. Wheeler had ordered the men to strip and was examining them. He found a red butterfly hidden, where he hadn't sought it before. He let out a shout of joy and wired for Goldberger, who took a train to the prison farm at once.

They made the search together. Signs of rash were beginning to appear on four others, in the same hidden spot. Twelve days later it was clearly marked on these five, and was showing up on their necks, hands, and faces, too. Dr. Goldberger sent for scientists who were experts in the field.



They made the search together . . .

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"There's no doubt about it," they said. "You've produced pellagra through diet."

His report was published by the Public Health Service. Newspapers carried the story and called it a brilliant experiment. Congratulations poured in. Here was proof which nobody could deny.

One scientist, a friend, wrote: "I almost danced for joy. Your achievement in this disease equals any contribution to medical science made in America. If I said more, you would get a swelled head."

But some doctors still said pellagra spread from one person to another. "It's contagious!" these men insisted. "It's a germ disease."

"I know one way to prove it isn't," Dr. Goldberger told his wife in April, 1916. "I'll try it on myself."

"Oh, darling," she pleaded, "not on yourself. Your body is weakened from all the other diseases you caught at your work."

"I can't ask others to do it if I don't," he answered.

The situation was desperate. Doctors were not cooperating as they should. 1915 had brought an increase of pellagra in many parts of the South; 1,535 died of it in Mississippi alone.

"Then use me, too," his wife suggested. "Even your enemies will say 'He must be sure, if he's willing to test it on his wife.'"

Dr. Goldberger frowned. While it would be an unpleasant experiment, he felt sure there was no danger of getting pellagra. Still, he couldn't let his wife, the mother of his four little ones, expose herself to some other possible danger he couldn't foresee.

"Stay out of it, Mary," he advised. "Our young pirate crew needs your care."

In the end she won out. He called for volunteers among his friends. Twenty offered themselves. He selected fourteen, his wife, and himself.

One fine April day, when magnolias displayed their pink and white blossoms outside the U. S. Pellagra Hospital at Spartanburg, South Carolina, Dr. Goldberger was inside. He was making the first of a series of experiments on himself and Dr. Wheeler. By injection and other means, they took into their systems materials from very sick pellagrins.

Six experiments, over a period of three months, were tried in order to convince the public that pellagra was not contagious and could not be "caught" from a person who had it. Each time Dr. Goldberger took part with others. The third experiment included his wife.

A nurse screamed when Mrs. Goldberger received her "shot," for the nurse believed pellagra was contagious. Nothing happened. Mary, her "vacation" ended, returned home. Near the end of June she received a letter signed J. L. M.

"We had our final 'filth party' this noon," her husband wrote. "If anyone can get pellagra that way, we should have it good and hard. It's the last time. Never again."

Five months later no signs of pellagra had appeared in any of the volunteers. Dr. Goldberger addressed the Southern Medical Society and, amidst a respectful silence, described the experiments. The next day the Public Health Service sent out his printed report in which the unnamed volunteers were referred to as "fifteen men and a housewife."

Medical papers throughout the world reprinted it. Dr. Joseph Goldberger, expert detective, had scored again.

Wherever his diet was followed, there were no new cases and old ones were cured. Important doctors were visiting him and

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praising him. He received more invitations to speak than he could fill.

But the poor people of the South couldn't afford his remedy. Meat prices had gone up, and milk and eggs were high. Mothers were the greatest sufferers, because they saved the choice, scarce foods for their children.

Two years later he started some feeding experiments, this time on dogs. The previous year two scientists at Yale had produced "black tongue," a disease long known in dogs, by feeding them the kind of diet which produced pellagra in people.

Dr. Goldberger and Dr. Wheeler proceeded to give some dogs "black tongue" using the diet previously given to the convicts, but adding cod liver oil to help them grow and save their bones from getting soft. The dogs got black tongue and died.

Then Dr. Goldberger began to experiment with foods to be added to the cheap diet. He was still a detective, but now he did not seek a villain. He was on a treasure hunt for America, and the treasure he sought was a cheap food that would protect poor people from pellagra.

In his experiments with people, oatmeal replaced grits, more dried peas and beans were given, buttermilk was substituted for the more expensive milk. He tried adding other foods to the dogs' diet, foods that would be cheap enough for the poor to procure. But the dogs still died.

In 1918, the University of Chicago offered him a position on its faculty. He would be required to specialize on problems of insanity. The salary was far better than he was getting; it would make life pleasanter and safer for Mary and the children, and he wouldn't have

to be away from them. Even his relatives said he was neglecting his family.

He told his wife, "The salary would be great for you and the children. But I wouldn't like the work."

She thought: "Making life safe for many people gives him happiness. We who love him must not stand in his way."

She met his clear gaze with a smile, said: "Then don't consider it, dear. I understand."

His experiments continued. Early in 1923, the pellagra situation was desperate and he felt desperate, too. He worried about the terrible poverty he was meeting. He talked with a woman whose husband, ill with pellagra, could no longer work in the cotton mill. Two children who had worked in cotton fields were also down with the rash. The family income had dropped. Instead of thirty-four dollars a month for food, there was only two dollars.

"We just can't manage on two dollars a month," she told him.

"I was wondering how you managed on thirty-four dollars," he said. He gave her some of his own money and told his wife:

"President Coolidge says we are having prosperity. But a large part of the South is crippled with poverty and pellagra."

He asked himself one day: "What would happen if we added some yeast to the dogs' diet? Powdered brewer's yeast is plentiful and cheap."

He tried it. The dogs thrived.

Excited and hopeful, he went to the Milledgeville Asylum for the Insane. On May twenty-sixth, he began feeding yeast to two pellagra patients. They improved. A year later he had twenty-six under observation. Powdered yeast was mixed into syrup, tomato juice, or some other food served at supper. All were cured.

He made another series of experiments and convinced himself

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that pellagra was caused by the lack of a food factor (a food element) which he named *Factor P-P* (pellagra preventive).

"What can the people afford?" he asked himself, then bought these inexpensive foods and sought the P-P factor in them.

He announced the result of his completed experiments. "A diet containing Factor P-P," he said, "will prevent pellagra. Factor P-P is present in good amounts in lean beef, milk, eggs, and green leafy vegetables."

He saw smiles forming on faces of some of his listeners. Were they remembering that the poor couldn't buy these foods?

"When meat, milk, and eggs can't be obtained," he added, "the addition of brewer's yeast to the diet will prevent and cure pellagra."

Early spring is like a friend. Gentle winds, sun, and rain melt the snow and ice. Green blades of grass awaken from their winter sleep to push up through the earth, and robins hop across the lawn. Warmth, and the color and perfume of flowers are just around the corner. For the thaw has come!

In western states the thaw of 1927 began with mares' tails in the sky, long white threads of cloud which promised stormy weather. Soon winds whined and howled, a slashing rain came down. Mountain streams became swollen and their waters tumbled downward, swelling the Ohio, Cumberland, Arkansas, and Missouri Rivers.

The river waters rose, overflowed banks and levees, poured into the Mississippi River, spreading floods everywhere.

Seven hundred thousand people, in four states, were made homeless. Crops on four and a half million acres were destroyed. A quarter million of live stock—cattle, hogs, sheep—and a million and a half poultry were lost.

For months men, women, and children lived under emergency conditions of crowding and discomfort, cared for by the American Red Cross and other welfare agencies. These pitched tents where churches and schools couldn't house all the homeless, provided cots and blankets, served food and brought other help to the sufferers.

Some people in less flooded areas could remain in their homes. But their crops were ruined and any live stock which hadn't drowned could not be spared for food. Soon fifty thousand cases of pellagra were reported in the four states with the greatest flood damage.

At one emergency camp a young girl rushed into a tent. "Guess who's here!" she said. "The great Dr. Goldberger!"

He had been at work in a kitchen in Washington, at the red brick laboratory on the hill, when the urgent call for his help came singing over the wires. With other doctors assisting, he had been testing common foods to discover how much P-P Factor they contained.

Now Dr. Goldberger had come to help protect those made homeless by the flood from the great danger of disease. He gave orders:

"Get dried brewer's yeast, cases of it, at prices the poor can pay," he said. "See that it's distributed through local physicians and health officers. Have the Red Cross and other relief agencies provide it for those who can't pay."

He went among the flood refugees and saw them get the protection they needed. He stopped to help a mother mix some yeast powder into a glass of tomato juice for her child. The woman reminded him of Mary.

He tried to imagine the scene in his own home at that moment. The children would be doing their lessons, and Mary—was Mary thinking of him, just as he was thinking of her?

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Mary Farrar Goldberger sat at an open sea chest in her Washington home, looking at her husband's scrapbooks. She opened the oldest and read a yellowed poem, clipped many years before from a newspaper.

Better to hold a high belief
Though that we hold to ne'er may be:
Better to do, through life so brief,
Though noble toil no fruit shall see.

She told herself: "Through all his years, Joseph has held fast to his high beliefs. I'm glad he's had the joy of seeing some of the fruit of his toil. The great good that has come from one immigrant boy! If immigrants were kept out in 1880 as they are today, our country would have been the loser."

She looked at her husband's picture in uniform, with a sword nearby, for he worked under military orders. She thought:

"So many Jewish students are denied entrance to medical colleges today. What a vast number of lives would have been lost if Joseph hadn't been admitted."

Her lips formed a smile as she remembered that her husband was being compared with Moses ben Maimon, the great Jewish physician and scholar known as Maimonides, chief physician at the court of Egypt's Sultan in the twelfth century, the greatest physician of his time. Medicine's three outstanding pioneers had been Hippocrates, Claudius Galen, and Maimonides.

She thought of what the poet Ibn Almulk had written: "Galen's art heals the body alone, but Maimonides' heals both body and soul. His knowledge makes him the healer of his generation. Verily, if the moon would submit to his art, he would heal her of her spots."

Jews had a long, great record in medicine, Mary told herself. Moses, leading the Hebrews out of Egypt, was the first to teach people how to keep well—hygiene and preventive medicine, people called his ideas today. In the Middle Ages there were many Jewish doctors who were outstanding. Jewish women, too, had practiced medicine. Sara of Wurzburg, in Germany, had been a famous eye doctor of the fifteenth century. In modern Germany its Jews, only one per cent of its population, produced more than half its Nobel prize winners in medicine.

Mary reached for the afternoon paper and read again the story of the great help brought by her husband's discovery in the flooded areas. His treasure hunt and the treasure he discovered—the P-P factor in brewer's yeast—would cure the pellagra of the homeless. It would protect, in the future, vast numbers who wouldn't know, as did the flood sufferers, that his work gave them life.

She hoped Joseph wouldn't be gone long this time. Perhaps his work would permit him, in days to come, to remain at home with his family. If only one could see into the future . . .

Perhaps it was just as well that Mary Goldberger, sitting with her husband's old scrapbooks in her lap, could not see into the future.

A year and a half later twenty scientists would offer their blood, in vain, to save her husband's life. His body, weakened by fever attacks in his public health work, could not withstand the strain of this final illness.

While his co-workers talked of voting him a Nobel prize, and his P-P factor, to honor him, was renamed Vitamin G, Dr. Joseph Goldberger slipped away to a land of brilliant sunshine, a land having no poverty and no disease.



Skipper of the Schooner *Courage*

JESSIE SAMPTER

In New York City, that morning of March twelfth, 1888, the wind howled around the big house at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 131st Street. Icy sleet pattered on the window panes, and dropping, formed a crust on the snow drifted against the wall.

Inside the dining room Jessie Sampter, five years old, raced around and around the table and tears ran down her face. She could hear Mamma, in the hall, talking with a man who had lost his way in the blizzard. Only an hour ago Papa had said: "This will surely be called the Great Blizzard of 1888. It's the worst snow-storm America has ever had."

The snow piled against the windows made the room seem dark, even with the gas lamps burning in the daytime. But the blizzard didn't bother Jessie. "I'm not in New York," she said as she ran. "I'm sailing in my boat in a beautiful sea."

She was acting out the story she was making up, sailing past islands full of sunshine, flowers, and trees. There were red, green, and yellow birds that sang as sweetly as the canary in the sun room.

Her make-believe boat wasn't like the steamer that brought her and Mamma and sister Elvie, who was ten, back from their visit in Europe. This was a boat that had sails puffed with wind, like the one in her story book which Mamma called a schooner.

"I'm on a schooner now," Jessie told herself, "and I'm the skipper. Something terrible just happened. I must go faster."

Around the table she raced, feeling a little dizzy, and tears ran down her cheeks. Then her mother was standing in the doorway, saying:

"Jessie! What are you crying about?"

She stopped running. "I'm making a story," she answered. "It's terribly sad."

Her mother took her hand and led her to a small rocking chair. "I wish you wouldn't play so hard," she said. "You're all tired out. You'll have to rest now."

Jessie sat down and her mother bent to smooth her little girl's bangs, and to brush the long brown curls over her finger. "Why can't you play quietly?" she asked. "You're too delicate to race around."

Why did Mamma think she wasn't strong? She felt strong in her stories. There wasn't anything she couldn't do. Some day she would really sail all over the world and do everything she wished. Some day she would make up stories all the time.

Jessie was twelve. She found it strange to be in bed in the daytime, when she ought to be in school. Last year—her only year at school—had been much more fun than having lessons at home with a governess.

What had the doctor said to Mamma a few minutes before, standing at the far end of the room when she was waking up from her nap? She had caught the words "infantile paralysis" and something about her back not being straight any more, and a remark about the fingers and thumb on her right hand, before the doctor's next words became clear.

"She's a lucky girl at that," the doctor said. "Her legs are all right."

As they went from the room she caught more disconnected words—"grieving because of her father's death may have weakened her . . . in bed for months . . . teach her to want only what she'll be able to achieve."

What had the doctor meant? Would this illness keep her from sailing forth in her schooner to do all the things she had planned? That couldn't be. Soon she would return to school, and begin practicing again on her violin.

She looked at her hands. She couldn't move her fingers, and her thumb felt strange. Her back didn't feel right, either.

"Heel to for heavy weather, Skipper Jessie," she told herself. "We must anchor for the storm. But we'll sail on again!"

She had anchored in October. There were February frost crystals on her window and spongy snow lay on the outer sill by the time she finally learned to clutch a pencil between her index and middle fingers, and to guide it over a sheet of paper.

"See?" she said to sister Elvie. "I can draw this way. Please bring my paints and brushes. I'll make a picture for you."

In April she was sitting up. Her windows were opened wide so she could watch their coachman bring the horses and carriage from the red brick stable and see the coachman's wife lean from her kitchen window above the stable to shake her duster. Slowly, carefully, Jessie guided the scissors she held in her stiffened fingers through a sheet of glossy paper. Occasionally she stopped to look out of the window while she let her fingers rest.

"Don't move," she said to Elvie. "This silhouette of you is pretty good."

It was wonderful to be able to do things again, Jessie told herself. She liked reading the French books brought by *Mademoiselle* for her French lessons, and the German books brought by *Fräulein* for her German lessons, and all her English story books were fun to read. But creating something all by herself was far more satisfying. She must make the most of everything she had.

The doctor was coming in with Mamma. At that moment a bird dipped down from the sky and perched on her window sill.

"Look!" she said to the doctor as he came close. "See that beautiful robin! I hope it won't be frightened away."

The doctor's gray eyes smiled into her brown ones. "I once studied birds," he said. "That's something you can do. I'll bring my field glasses tomorrow, and a book on birds. When you get to know them, birds make fine friends."

All that afternoon she was impatient for the next day to come. Soon she would be able to watch the birds that nested in the elm tree near her window. In June she would leave with Mamma and Elvie for pleasant weeks in the country. There she could study birds, write poems about them, and make silhouettes. Most of all, she enjoyed writing poems.

She picked up her scissors and the sheet of colored paper and told Elvie: "I didn't finish your silhouette. I'll do it now."

She was glad when it was done. She felt so very tired. She seemed to be tired most of the time. But she wouldn't complain. Some day her schooner would take her everywhere. Some day she would do everything she believed in.

She had named her schooner that morning. She would call it *Courage*. There wasn't any place *Courage* couldn't take her.

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Nine years later Jessie knew a great deal about birds. That summer at Concord, Massachusetts, she took her cousins on bird walks so they, too, would know and love her feathered friends.

One morning, approaching a clump of shrubs and small trees, she told Ethel, Albert and Virginia: "We must move slowly now, so we won't frighten the birds. Crawl on your elbows, with your bodies close to the ground."

That was an exciting morning, for they saw a ruby-throated humming bird, a little larger than a bumblebee, on a spray of Queen Anne's Lace. They caught a glimpse of a red-headed woodpecker climbing a tree in search of insects, a song sparrow, and a blue jay. Then with the aid of Jessie's field glass they watched a meadow lark carry food to her little birds in the nest.

By noon Jessie was tired so that the walk back to their boarding house seemed endless. Mamma, herself fragile, would scold. But sister Elvie, so practical, who managed everything, would make her comfortable and let her rest.

After lunch she would take her daily one hour nap, then make up her bed, put on the brace she had designed and a pretty dress trimmed with lace and go down to her deck chair on the veranda. There the neighborhood children would gather to listen to her stories.

This afternoon she would tell the younger children a story about Ripple, a small boy who lived in the ocean, making it up as she went along. Then she would cut silhouettes while the children watched.

Yesterday she had begun a silhouette by first cutting an umbrella.

"What will it be?" the children had questioned eagerly.

"Wait and see," she had told them and her merry laughter rang forth as they tried to guess. She snipped through the paper, added

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a handle to the umbrella, then a hand and arm, and a girl wearing a ruffled dress.

Today she would cut two silhouettes: a little schooner, its sails filled with wind, and a child reaching for a bird, to go with the poem she had written yesterday:

Bird, you tenderest of tender
Little creatures, soft and slender,
Perch upon my finger-tips
And slip your beak between my lips.

As a child, Jessie Sampter won prizes and buttons for poems she sent to *St. Nicholas* magazine. When she was fifteen, its editor came to her home one day and sent up his card with the maid. Too shy to face such a great man alone, she made Elvie go down with her.

"I wanted to see the fifteen-year-old girl who wrote this fine poem, 'The Old Coat,'" he said. "We're going to pay you for it."

Getting that first check was exciting. But when she joined the Poetry Society of America and her poems were read and discussed and praised by its members, including Edwin Markham, her happiness was a constant warmth inside her.

In 1908, when she was twenty-five, her first book, *The Great Adventurer*, was published. Two years later she had two more books in print, *Younger Choir*, a collection of her poems with an introduction by Edwin Markham, and *The Seekers*, the true story of an adventure she had taken with six older girls and boys, in their search for what life should be. Professor Josiah Royce, who taught philosophy at Harvard, had written the introduction in *The Seekers*.

She hoped many people would find pleasure in reading what she

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had written. "A book is something special," she told herself. "It's a bit of the writer, sent forth to be shared by others."

One particular meeting of the Poetry Society stood out forever after in Jessie's mind. Several sealed, numbered envelopes had already been opened and the poems taken from them had been read and discussed.

She watched her envelope being opened and listened tensely while her poem was read. She had labored lovingly over each phrase and line, but now, hearing it read by someone else, it sounded strange, as if it weren't hers at all.

Then Edwin Markham was commenting on it, praising it, and the tenseness left her. Later, when he learned it was hers, he said: "We haven't heard many of your poems lately. Bring more to the next meeting."

Dr. Merle Wright, Unitarian minister and president of the society, told her after the meeting: "Your poem has the simplicity and beauty of the Bible. You should use themes from your people's life and history."

She knew both parts of the English Bible and the minister's comparison of her poem with it pleased her. But she couldn't act on his advice.

This friendly minister seemed to think that because she was born of Jewish parents she knew everything about the Jewish people. He didn't know that she had been born into a third-generation American family which had not kept the Jewish religion.

Instead, they followed the teachings of the Society of Ethical Culture. This required that they be morally straight, take part in a program of service to humanity, and develop the mind to its highest possibility in an attempt to discover ways to create a better, happier world.

Still, Jessie had learned about God from the servants in her home by the time she was seven. She had prayed to Him each night. Then, during her illness, when she tried to understand why her father had died and why her pain had come, she had lost Him. Only beauty had the power to heal her now.

The flash of a woman's red hat against green leaves in the park—a rainbow hung in the sky over Concord—words beautiful and strong stampeding through her mind, demanding that she write them down—only beauty could bring her happiness.

Since her mother had passed away a few years before there had been days when she had felt like a ship without a rudder. Sister Elvie had married Edgar and Jessie lived with them in their apartment. They loved her and she loved them. Yet there were times when she felt lonely, needing something she could not name.

Not even in her poetry could she find words to make clear exactly what she was groping for, although she sensed that she was still seeking what life should be for her. She felt a need to link herself with something she seemed vaguely to remember, that would take her forward to a satisfying goal. The cultured home life of her childhood, and Ethical Culture's high moral teachings, had fed her mind but had left her heart empty.

Jessie Sampter sat facing the ocean, surrounded by comforting night shadows. A full moon hung in the sky and the stars, like jewels, shone bright and thick overhead. She could feel the surge of the sea as it leaped to shore in great foaming waves and spread out in ribbons before her.

How vast were its waters which followed a great, never changing law. And the stars—they looked like mere pin-points, yet each star

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was a sun larger than our sun. This earth, part of a great system, was a mere grain of dust and she—how tiny a part of this wondrous universe!

She sat up, startled, holding fast to the great truth which had burst upon her. She told herself:

“God is a presence felt and understood, too great to be expressed except incompletely in poetry, art, and in the way one lives. God is reflected in humanity, in great literature and art, and above all in the Bible.”

A joyous song was rising in her. She had found what so long she had sought. God was everywhere. What she lacked was a feeling of belonging with others who followed Him. Her solitary heart needed a congregation.

A new poem, “God Song,” flowed from her heart, and mind:

I hear Him singing in the winds that fly;
I hear Him singing in the leaves that fall;
He sings within my veins; He chants among the clouds.
He is a love-song in my heart all day;
He is a prayer-song on my lips all night;
The thrush’s throat He strings with David’s harp of old.

Jessie Sampter went early to that meeting of the Poetry Society, eager to meet the man who would be its guest for the evening, Hyman Segal, author of the poem, “The Book of Pain Struggle,” which filled a thin, recently published volume.

In her search for happiness she had joined Dr. Wright’s church a year before. Then, two weeks ago, the minister had read from “The Book of Pain Struggle” to his congregation. Listening to the poem,

Jessie knew at last in which direction her life must go. As she had seen herself in the stars one night at the seashore, so through this poem she saw herself as a part of the Jewish people.

This was her congregation, this scattered, persecuted people without its own land. Her people. Her congregation. Through the poem she had passed from one kind of life into another. Her God had spoken. In her mind she had taken her first step: acceptance of the Jewish people as her congregation.

Waiting for the guest, the story in "The Book of Pain Struggle" surged through her mind. The youth in the poem had searched as she had done, longing for fulfillment. Then he had taken up his people's struggle, and in the end found happiness and peace.

She would ask the poet where to begin so she, too, might follow the struggler's vision and his demand:

Up, and take your station, my people,
Brace yourselves for the shock of combat;
For the struggle is become your struggle,
The battle has rolled round to you again.

Dr. Wright was bringing a dark-eyed young man toward her. Then she was being introduced to the poet, Hyman Segal. She was telling him her need and listening hungrily to his words of advice.

Jessie Sampter moved to a room in New York's East Side, and lived among the Jewish people. She studied Hebrew and Jewish history and the Jewish religion. She wrote about her new life:

"Three teachers stand out from many. Henrietta Szold, Dr. Mordecai Kaplan, and the Jewish people itself."

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In the household of Henrietta Szold, daughter of Rabbi Benjamin Szold, she learned the grace and beauty of the traditional Jewish ceremonies. There she received an understanding of the synagogue services and was helped to see the truth, goodness, and beauty in the prayers.

Rabbi Kaplan opened her eyes to the true place of the Bible in Jewish life, not as history, not as miracle, not as religion, but as the history of the unfolding of the Jewish spirit—an inspired chronicle of the Jewish origin, character, and destiny.

Jessie Sampter wrote:

“Learning Hebrew, I had the feeling that I was remembering something known long since and long forgotten. I entered into rich treasures of thought old and new; and as I came to know my people better, I saw that those who had preserved these treasures and those who were helping to create new values in America and in Palestine wove the Jewish customs and ceremonies into their daily lives.

“I, too, was living that which I had previously missed. In synagogue service, in study, and in following our religious laws while living among the poor of our people, I recaptured my lost history.”

A companion of her former life asked her: “What’s the use learning Hebrew and the old things written so long ago?”

Jessie replied with a smile: “We have to have old things for new things to have roots in. Just consider the part these ‘old things’ had in shaping the finest values in our civilization, and you will see their use.”

“Do your prayers lessen your pain?” Jessie was asked.

“No,” came the reply, and a warm light glowed in her brilliant brown eyes. “But they give me the strength to stand the pain.” She added thoughtfully:

“Some few people are tone-deaf and can’t enjoy music. But many

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more permit themselves to spend their lives without music—certainly a great loss to themselves—because they haven't trained themselves to listen to it and get pleasure from it. That's how it is with people who think they lack faith. I know now, from my personal experience, that faith can be acquired, and that one's life becomes enriched because of it."

To Jessie Sampter her writing was a form of prayer. New poems told the story of her experience. She wrote:

We are the People of the Book,
The written page is our salvation;
This only from the wreck we took
When conquerors crushed our nation.

In the spring of 1912, Henrietta Szold and a small group of earnest friends founded Hadassah, the Women's Zionist Organization of America. Its motto, taken from the eighth chapter of Jeremiah, a Prophet in the Hebrew Bible, was: "The healing of the daughter of my people."

One purpose of the organization was to send nurses to Palestine to care for its sick and teach them how to keep well. Its second aim was to bring increased spiritual strength to its members in America through intensified study of their great heritage and through the joy of helping to rebuild their ancient homeland.

Before Hadassah was a year old, two nurses sailed to Palestine with Nathan Straus and his wife, and Hadassah's program of healing was begun.

Henrietta Szold traveled through her own land, seeking more members to aid in Hadassah's work. And Jessie Sampter drew on

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her meager energy to kindle in others this new flame which lit her life.

She wrote a course in Zionism, and taught the subject to large classes. Then came World War I, and finally, the Balfour Declaration, the promise that the Holy Land was to become once again the Jewish national home.

Jessie Sampter's poems carried to many people the new Jewish hope for the future. A great desire was born in her, which she told through a poem:

O little birds, you fly so far,
Your homes are far apart.
And don't you know where I would go
If I could follow my heart?
O little star, you shine so far,
Both here and there you shine!
And I, like you, have twin homes too,
And one's in Palestine.

If she could go to Palestine, to live there and take part in this rebirth of the Holy Land and the rebirth of her people in it, her writing would be strengthened. To give her poems vitality, she must drink in the sun and air and life in *Erets Yisroel*, the Land of Israel.

In the birthplace of Judaism she would live the Bible, renewing herself. Through her poetry, her spirit could run and sing and carry bits of the Holy Land as a joyous offering to those unable to see it with their own eyes.

Her family and friends did not approve. "You're not strong enough," they insisted, "to brave the discomfort and primitive life you would have to endure." And her dear friend Henrietta Szold wrote:

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"Even if you were a Samson, I should not approve of your going to Palestine. Zionism in America needs your gift, the power of the written word. If strength does not come to you in the measure in which I wish it for you, then at least take care of what strength you have, for we need you."

The war ended eight months later. The Arabs were promised independence on more than a million square miles of land in Arabia, Saudi Arabia, Syria, Iraq, Asir, Hedjaz, and Yemen.

Palestine on both sides of the Jordan River was pledged for Jewish settlement. Its mandate was to be administered by Great Britain, whose task it would be to help establish the Jewish national home in Palestine, where Jews could live as of right and not on sufferance. The age old dream was coming true.

Emir Feisal, representing the Arabs, made a treaty with Chaim Weizmann, spokesman for the Jewish people. It declared that since independence of all Arab lands outside of Palestine was achieved, the Arabs conceded the Jewish right to settle and develop Palestine, to exist side by side with the Arab state.

Under these conditions, Jessie Sampter found herself unable to accept the advice of her family and friends. The voice of the Holy Land was calling to her:

"For two thousand years you prayed for this day. Come now, rebuild My house, that the children of Israel may have their equal and proper place among the nations."

In September of the following year, at the age of thirty-six, Jessie Sampter sailed for Palestine.

During the year before she left America she had sent forth two more books, *The Coming of Peace* and *Book of the Nations*. These

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made clear how she felt about the destruction, through war, of human lives.

Before leaving for Palestine, she wrote in a letter:

"I seem always to be standing on tiptoe, at the edge of another, a different world. Perhaps Palestine will be nearer that world—If any accident befall me, remember that I preferred that danger to my safety here."

She could not deny her deep urge to have some part, along with others of the Jewish people, in a creative task which she felt sure would bring great good to all the world. She wrote from the Holy Land:

"Judaism is the way of life of the Jewish people. A Jewish way requires Jewish ground under our feet and Jewish enterprise. It implies a past and a future, history and prophecy.

"I believe that a new light is coming into the world, as it has always come in moments of darkness. 'Not by might and not by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord.'"

She felt strongly that new light, to help the world live in peace and security, would come out of Palestine. The people whose spiritual gift had resulted in three great religions, the people whose hatred of war and love of humanity had brought forth the ideal of brotherhood, would again create new ways of life in its own beloved land, that would eventually result in true brotherhood and permanent peace for the world.

Six months after Jessie Sampter reached Palestine, Henrietta Szold, sixty years old, arrived to take charge of Hadassah's health work. Together the two friends walked among Jerusalem's pink limestone houses. They visited schools and agricultural colonies as they drove

from Dan in the north to Beersheba in the south, and from the Mediterranean-cooled western shore to the tropical heat in the Jordan River valley, which scientists called "the colossal ditch." They watched camel caravans swing slowly past the Dead Sea, the deepest hole on earth, forty-three hundred feet below sea level.

As they walked in the Land of Israel they heard voices calling to them from the past. In Palestine's classrooms they saw the Jewish children study the *homeland*, not *geography of Palestine*. The Hebrew newspapers announced the portion of the Bible for the day's reading, just as in other lands newspapers announced the weather forecast.

Jessie saw Jewish young men and young women pour into Palestine, eager to revive the soil which for two thousand years suffered neglect and decay.

In Hebrew the word *avoda* stands for both prayer and work. In that spirit the Jewish youth proceeded to till the soil, plant their seeds, and reap the harvest in the Holy Land.

Watching them at work, Jessie Sampter wrote a song, "The Four Winds":

I

A wind is blowing from the north
 With horse and plow I sally forth,
 And the hills sing and my heart sings
 Where the Jordan bubbles free:
 O Galilee, beloved,
 I have come again to thee!

Chorus:

I smite the land,
 I break the land,

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My plowshare is my sword.
Mine is the Land,
Mine is the Land,
The Land is Mine, saith the Lord.

V

From north and south and east and west
The eaglets gather to their nest
On the summit, on Mount Zion,
Weary, hungry, schooled to pain.
With singing, with shouting,
We have come to Thee again!

There were days when Jessie Sampter was ill and unable to carry on the work she had undertaken as her special task, teaching Yemenite children who, with their parents, had escaped from the persecution of Yemen, in Arabia.

She wrote in her poem, "Winter Sunshine":

Once when my life was ebbing low with pain
I went into the sunshine on a roof
Up in Jerusalem, and lay all day
And let the sunshine melt my pain away.

She went frequently to an orphanage to tell stories to the children. With fingers only partially under control she painted faces on stuffed stockings so the children could have dolls. She felt drawn to one small girl, who received little attention from visitors.

"Poor homely little Yemenite baby," Jessie Sampter thought, "with



In that spirit . . .

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your cross-eyes and your fear of people! Poor little wild one, there's an untamed quality about you. You need help and care and love even more than the others."

She learned that the child, when an infant, had been found in a basket hung on the fence in front of a Jewish hospital in Jerusalem. The nurses had taken her in, cared for the baby, then placed her in the orphanage.

Jessie had the child fitted with glasses. She took her out once each week, away from the orphan home, and bought clothes and toys for her.

As the months passed the little girl began to blossom out, to learn to smile, and to laugh at her play with the other children. The glasses were correcting her cross-eyes, strengthening their weak muscles.

Jessie watched the child, remembered a day when she, at thirteen, had made a promise to herself as she sat up after her illness:

Some day she would do everything she believed in.

She believed strongly in the child's need for her and her need for the child.

Friends, learning that she planned to adopt the little girl, voiced their disapproval. Even Leah Berlin, Jessie's friend and roommate, who waited on her so tenderly when she was in pain, said:

"You're not strong enough to undertake the care of an active child. It will put an end to your writing."

Jessie Sampter continued smiling. She would not permit herself to make decisions based on fear. Her decisions must be guided by creative reasons. Once again she must call on *Courage* to take her where she wanted to go. But before she could take the little girl, she must have a suitable home, a house set in a garden.

In the pretty village of Rehoboth which was built on several roll-

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ing hills, she bought land and engaged workmen. Soon she was writing a new poem, "My House":

Out of the earth and rocks,
Out of the land and sea,
The brothers of my flesh and blood
Have made a house for me.

Mine was the seed, the dream,
The urging of desire;
But while I sit and sing to them
The walls grow higher, higher.

A Yemenite settlement of tiny houses set in lovely gardens was ten minutes' walk from the village of Rehoboth, past orange, lemon, olive, and almond groves. It provided mothers' helpers for the settlers' families living in white stone houses with red tile roofs, set among gardens in bloom. Yemenite girls of delicate oriental beauty, from eight to twelve years old, and their mothers, too, took care of some settlers' children and helped with the housework, or wove beautiful baskets which they sold from door to door. The men, expert silversmiths, made delicate filagree jewelry.

From this village, Shama, with a pretty pointed face, came to look after Jessie's house. Her ancestors had lived in Yemen in Arabia since the first exile from Palestine two thousand years ago. During the centuries they became like the Arabs they lived among, as Jewish people in France or any other country take on the appearance and customs of those surrounding them.

Shama's black curls peeped out from a red handkerchief draped around her proudly carried head, and bare legs with sandals showed

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from under her long red and black striped dress or pantaloons as she swept and cooked, or went marketing with a basket she had woven. Silver bracelets jangled on her arms and red and silver beads hung around her neck as she and little Tamar, Jessie Sampster's three-year-old daughter, picked the brightly colored flowers that grow in Palestine even in the winter.

Soon her mistress had placed Shama in a poem-window, through which readers could see her little maid as Jessie saw her:

Shama dances down my floor,
Her dipping knees near drubbing it,
And with the scarf she waves before,
Her hands divinely scrubbing it.
Now step and stoop, now step and whirl
A stream of water in a swirl.

In pantaloons of ankle length,
And jumper sitting jauntily,
She twirls with subtle grace and strength
Her lithe brown body daintily,
Her little head in nun-like bands
And careless bangles on her hands.

Jessie became a mother to the small Yemenite community, advising the parents how to solve their problems, and helping them. Only the boys received an education. Jessie organized evening classes for the girls who hadn't ever gone to school, so they, too, could learn to read and write. She started a fund to pay for books and other needs, and asked friends in America for money. Justice Louis Brandeis and others gave generous assistance.

She invited the children to her house, told them stories, and organized games, so they could have some fun. She planned parties and concerts for them, encouraged the young people to sing the Arabic songs they knew, and do their native dances. Soon they were chattering to each other in Hebrew, repeating what they had learned, as they plucked oranges, figs, and almonds from the trees, or met at Jessie Sampter's parties.

"Mamma!" Tamar called from the house one spring afternoon when she was nine years old.

"I'm in the garden," Jessie replied and Tamar, a whirlwind of energy, came running to her. Her arms encircled a mass of spring-time blossoms, anemones, cyclamen, and lily-buds.

"Shama's sister gathered them herself," Tamar said. "She drove to Sharon and into the Judea hills with the lady she works for. I met her on my way from school."

"How these Yemenite children love beauty," Jessie thought approvingly. Each Friday they came for the flowers she cut in her garden, so they could make their homes pretty for the Sabbath.

Tamar laid the sheaf of flowers in Jessie's lap and reached up to kiss her. "They're for you, Mother. I want you to have them."

Jessie held the child close. "Thank you, my daughter," she said.

How wrong her friends had been to think this child would interfere with her writing. Through Tamar she had enriched her writing, while the child's love had enriched her life.

Jessie had three more published books, *Around the Year in Rhymes for the Jewish Child*, *The Emek*, and *Modern Palestine*, by the time

her daughter, Tamar Sampter, sixteen years old, began studying to be a nurse. She was following her mother's advice:

"Dedicate your life to helping your people. Become a nurse and work among the Yemenites. In serving them, you will find greatest happiness."

Jessie was sure her child would henceforth make her way with little help needed from her mother. Now she, herself, must take a final step toward something she had believed in a long time. She must become part of a new pattern taking form in the Land of Israel among the Jewish people.

In an agricultural settlement known as a *kvutsa*, where the members lived in brotherhood, sharing equally the planning, the toil, and the fruits of their toil, she would take her place as a member. She must seek a *kvutsa* just beginning to take form, so she could have a part in building it.

She found one, Givat Brenner, at the foot of the rolling hills of Judea which spread eastward. To the west was the sea. Here she would live the ideals she believed in: brotherhood, and labor which promoted brotherhood.

She and her friend Leah Berlin became members. Jessie was urged not to move in until more comfortable quarters could be provided for her than the temporary shelters they used.

She sold her house and turned the money over to Givat Brenner at its weekly meeting.

The town-meeting government which runs each settlement, with the members deciding the following week's activity and what part each was to have, agreed to build a rest house with the money. Here members could convalesce after an illness. In it, rooms would be reserved for Jessie Sampter and Leah Berlin, Jessie's devoted companion.

"There is one thing more, my comrades," Jessie said in Hebrew to the members assembled at the meeting. "I inherited a small annual income from my parents which has supported me all these years. I do not consider it right to have this special security which the rest of you do not have. For this reason I have transferred it to our kvutsa. It will be used as the members see fit, to be shared alike by all."

For a year and a half, until the Rest House was finished, Jessie shared the accommodations used by the others. She performed light tasks suited to her strength, and wrote articles in English and Hebrew about the life of the settlement. She told stories to the children, made pictures and silhouettes for them, and dolls for the little girls.

With the opening of the Rest House, Jessie moved into one of its small rooms. She took an active part in planning its routine; herself a vegetarian, eating no meat, she was responsible for making it a vegetarian house. She took over all first aid care of the members, and took part in the cultural undertakings. She invited girls, individually and in groups, to her room for discussions on any subjects which interested them.

Her best hours were in the morning when she put on her big straw hat and worked in her garden. She watched the growth of each plant and flower and learned their names in Hebrew. Sometimes she went off for an early morning walk and watched the birds she could call by their Hebrew names. She returned with her arms full of wild flowers, picked more flowers from her garden, then arranged them in her comrades' rooms and in the dining hall. She took joy in her daughter's visits, wrote many poems, and found complete happiness in her life on the land.

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Hitler rose to power and threatened to destroy the Jewish people. In Palestine an American woman, Henrietta Szold, heard the threat.

She was seventy-five years old and packing to return to America. Her work, running smoothly, could be carried on by others. She wanted to spend the evening of her life among the American scenes so dear to her, resting, reading, and writing.

She stopped packing her trunk. She must find a way to save at least the children.

Recha Freier, a brilliant young woman, had an idea. Could Henrietta Szold make a workable plan for a Youth Aliyah, to take the Jewish children out of Germany?

The Hebrew word *aliyah* stands for immigration into Palestine. It means "going up" as one goes up to Mount Zion in Jerusalem, site of the ancient Holy Temple. Henrietta Szold, able executive, quickly set to work, not dreaming that her plan would save more than forty thousand girls and boys. Soon the Palestinian people, Jessie Sampter among them, were helping these children to find happiness.

In Germany and in other lands, as the Nazis conquered one country after another, Youth Aliyah followed and snatched the Jewish children to safety. In Palestine, Jewish people waited to receive them, eager to share, in brotherhood, the chance for a creative, happy life. Every agricultural colony and each city and village home made ready to take in victims of Nazi persecution.

At the beginning, girls and boys of fifteen to seventeen years of age were selected and moved to a safe place. There they were trained in agriculture, taught Hebrew, and given experience in group life before they were transferred to Palestine. Soon it became impossible to make such leisurely preparations for the millions of Jewish children made orphans by the Nazis. Girls and boys as young as two years were accepted and brought to Palestine as quickly as possible,

to be educated there. "As quickly as possible" to hundreds of thousands of children came to mean years of hardship and waiting, of hunger and fear.

The first Youth Aliyah children to arrive in Palestine were able, in a few years, to take their place as citizens and workers, and put forth their efforts to save other children. Most of these girls and boys elected to remain on the soil. Gifted children were helped to careers in teaching, art, music, and literature.

When the first children arrived at Givat Brenner, Jessie and her comrades proceeded to give them the care they needed, to quiet their fears, and help them find song and laughter again. But as the years passed, new arrivals carried marks difficult to erase, marks of having passed through a Europe filled with brutality, which lay in darkness.

Givat Brenner had grown. It had seven hundred members, including sturdy young people from many lands, rescued by Youth Aliyah.

One late November day found quickened activity in its fields and orchards, for a new group of Youth Aliyah children would arrive in the afternoon. The workers would cease their labors early, to welcome the children.

Trees in the orchards were heavy with grapefruit and oranges. Near the buildings acacia trees, their branches covered with yellow blossoms, held chattering birds.

Jessie Sampter interrupted for a while her preparations for welcoming the children, and went to her room in the Rest House. She must pack a collection of her poems, her favorites of thirty years of writing, to send to America. There they would be published under the title *Brand Plucked from the Fire*. This book would include

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poems written during her life on the soil, among them "The New Kvutza of Workers":

We've pitched our tents against the moon
In the Galilean mountains
In a hollow cup that's tilted up
Towards the everlasting fountains.

I boil the beans and garden greens
And fry the rice in oil,
For several dozens of "German cousins"
Come hungry from their toil.

She fastened the string securely around the package and addressed it, getting it ready to be taken to the post office. Her next writing task would be to translate into English the beautiful Hebrew children's poems of Palestine's gifted poet laureate, Chaim Bialik. She had already translated two. Her publisher had promised to make this an especially beautiful volume. She would dedicate it to her daughter Tamar.

She couldn't resist stopping to look at the two Bialik poems she had already translated. She drew the pages from her desk and read the first:

IN THE VEGETABLE PATCH

It's no Sabbath nor feast,
Just a plain summer's noon,
Yet the truck garden rings
With folk dance and tune.

JESSIE SAMPTER

From the vegetable bed
In the water-barrel's shade,
Flounced the cabbage and pranced
With the cauliflower maid.

When the beet saw their feet,
He forgot himself quite,
Chucked tomato's red chin
And hopped out with delight.

Of a sudden—make way!—
Comes the carrot in haste,
Leaping high with his arms
Round a wide turnip's waist.

Comes the pair—oh, so fair!—
Onion brave, garlic sweet,
See, they're not chased away,
Though they kick with their feet.

Jessie Sampter's eyes held a happy light as she turned to the second completed poem.

BLESSING OVER FOOD

Blest be God
Who did create
Porridge with milk,
A whole full plate;
And after porridge
Also an orange.

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Oh, thanks to Him
From whom they came!
Blessed be He
And blest His name!

Now she would gather asters and chrysanthemums from her own garden. With the roses she had already picked, these would make the dining room festive and add a cheery look to the rooms set aside for the new arrivals.

A gentle breeze lifted the curtain on her window and brought to view fleecy white clouds in a sky of vivid blue. At the kvutsa post office she saw a group of Youth Aliyah children waiting for the door to open. Every afternoon at four they waited for the letters which never came, hoping against hope that their parents had survived the Nazi destruction.

Every member of Givat Brenner, still in working clothes, gathered near the road to welcome the children. Waiting with them, Jessie tried to picture what the arriving children were experiencing. She hoped they would try to leave behind them, as they entered their new life, all memories of the terror and suffering they had known.

Coming in the bus with the comrade who met their boat, were they watching the roadside with eager eyes, trying to catch a glimpse of this old-new land as they sped past green and gold orange groves, Palestine's ripening treasure?

Were they worried about their rope-tied bundles, stowed on the roof of the bus, which accompanied them as they went from one country to another on their way to the Land of Israel, sometimes sleeping on the bare ground, drinking from muddy puddles, hiding when necessary, enduring hunger, cold, and burning heat? For their

bundles held precious photographs and bits of crumpled letters worn out with frequent reading; these might help to reunite them with any members of their families who had managed to escape.

A shout went up from the waiting people as the bus, carrying workers from the city back to their village homes, came into view. It pulled up before the Givat Brenner barn, and a song of welcome rang out when a dozen girls and boys, pitifully thin and white, came down the bus steps. Eager hands helped them with the bundles they would not let out of their sight, and they were escorted to the dining room.

A long table held flowers, stacks of fresh bread and jam, eggs, fragrant steaming cocoa. "This is your home," Jessie told the children as she poured cocoa from a pitcher. "You are now a part of our family."

How quiet they were. Their tragic silence was painful; the fear which leaped into their eyes when someone spoke showed they no longer believed in a world of love and friendship. During terrible years of wandering they had learned that speech all too often meant insult or cruelty, when it didn't mean something worse.

Jessie thought: "They must be at least thirteen, but their bodies are too small and their faces look too old. They've seen so much not meant for children's eyes. Young people aren't cushioned by experience to withstand such terrible shocks. Will we be able to give them back at least a little of their lost childhood?"

When they had eaten, they were taken to the two-story white building constructed for the youth group. In rooms which held four beds, where roses filled the air with fragrance, they were left to rest from their journey.



"They must be at least thirteen, but their bodies are too small . . ."

At the end of the day, the dining room was beautiful with greens and flowers for the formal reception. A long table in the center of the room had special dainties set out for the newly arrived children to eat, in contrast to the plain fare served to the workers in the kvutsa.

The children, after hot showers, dressed in new clothes provided by Youth Aliyah, were brought into the dining room.

Henrietta Szold, a special guest for the occasion, sat at dinner with Jessie. After dinner there would be a concert and a few words of greeting. Miss Szold would welcome the children in the name of the Jewish people of Palestine, and Jessie would greet them for her kvutsa.

Watching the children, Jessie thought: "They look better already. After a few days' rest they will be eager, as were the others, to begin their new program, a half-day of study and a half-day of work. Soon they will help in the orange picking, snipping the fruit from the branch without bruising the skin, so it will be fit for shipment abroad. In work and study, in the love we will give them, their wounds will eventually be healed."

Henrietta Szold was rising to greet the children. A few minutes later Jessie's turn came and she said:

"To us, who longed for your coming, you are precious new members of our family. Your problems are our problems. Each of us stands ready to give you the love, the devotion, and the help which is your right. Together we will build a fine new world for tomorrow. In it democracy and brotherhood will be shared by every one."

A few minutes later, at a table of older Youth Aliyah girls and boys, a spark of joy was touched off and they were on their feet, pushing tables together to clear a space for dancing. Six of them, arms wrapped over each other's shoulders to form a circle, began to

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move in the swift pace of the hora, Palestine's folk dance, while they sang a lusty song.

From every part of the room other young people came hurrying. Arms dropped and took them into the rapidly expanding circle. Some broke through to form a second, inner ring that moved in the opposite direction. The room vibrated with youth and vigor. Then the circle swung toward the table in the middle of the dining hall. Friendly voices called, "Join us in the dance!"

Jessie, watching, hoping, saw thin white faces slowly warm into smiles. The new children were on their feet, they were drawn into the circle of dancers. They, too, were spinning around and around, comforted by the strong arms which held them close. Here, they knew, they were wanted. They had found a home at last.

Watching the dancers, Jessie Sampter's thoughts turned for a moment to the past, to the amazing set of circumstances which had brought her to Palestine and given her a part in this rescue of orphan children—a part, too, in the joy of rebuilding the Land of Israel.

She told herself: "A long time ago the Puritans brought to America their heritage from the Hebrew Bible and wove it into new laws and a democratic way of life. Now, I, and others like myself, through our religion and through the ideals of the land of our birth, have brought our double heritage of democracy back into democracy's birthplace. Palestine, like America, will become a beacon light to the surrounding countries. I'm grateful that I can have even a tiny part in this."

She recalled the doctor who so many years before had told her mother, "Help Jessie to want only what she'll be able to achieve." Well, she had achieved a fuller, richer life than many people who hadn't ever known a day's illness.

JESSIE SAMPTER

She thought with a smile of her childhood make-believe, when as Skipper Jessie she had sailed in her schooner *Courage*. She wished she had a schooner now, so she could really sail wherever girls and boys are found, to bring them a message of victory over pain—to tell them that they, too, could achieve their heart's desire in spite of difficult circumstances, as long as their aim is high, their patience does not falter, and their courage never ends.



Music in the Night

GEORGE GERSHWIN

George Gershwin, six years old, his face lighted by a sudden childish joy, stood before a penny arcade in New York City one afternoon in 1904.

His city's first subway had opened four years previously, and its first skyscraper of twenty-one stories, the Flatiron Building, was two years old. But to George Gershwin, black-eyed boy of six, the greatest miracle of America was issuing from that penny arcade. Inside, a mechanical piano was beating out Rubenstein's "Melody in F." To George, a new voice was speaking, one he hadn't known existed, one he would never forget. He felt excited about it.

"S Wonderful," he said in a whisper that held awe. His eyes peered into the dim light of the arcade. Unable to tear himself away, he stood still while beautiful tinkling sounds danced into his ears.

At the age of twelve, George was the best roller skater on his block. He played baseball well and could give a good account of himself in any fight. The New York Giants were his heroes.

After school he sometimes skated to his father's restaurant near the car barns, entering skillfully on his skates and passing the six tables always set up for patrons.

"Hi, Papa!" he would call. "How about a piece of cheese cake? I'm hungry!"

But even hunger ceased to be important after a day in 1910, when an upright piano swung through the open apartment house window and into their front room. The moment the harness was removed from the instrument, he shoved the stool under himself and his fingers beat a tattoo across the keyboard, plucking music from the piano's strings.

His brother Ira, two years older than George, for whom the piano had been bought, questioned in surprise:

"Where did you learn to play?"

"Oh, I picked it up at a friend's house," George answered, aware of his mother's amazement and of the way Ira watched his left-hand movements on the keyboard.

He had experimented on his friend's piano, seeking out tunes he knew. Then he began making up bits of music of his own. As months passed, his groping movements took on a sureness which surprised both his friend and himself.

"I think George should have lessons, too," his mother said that evening to her husband.

George took lessons at fifty cents each, worked his way rapidly through his first book, and created tunes of his own. He asked for a better teacher, and changed teachers several times until he reached a real musician, a composer of light music, Charles Hambitzer.

"I've discovered a genius," Mr. Hambitzer told a member of his family. "The boy can't wait until it's time for his lesson."

But the boy, George Gershwin, adored jazz. His new teacher insisted it must be put aside while he learned classical music. He must attend concerts and saturate himself with the best music available. He must prepare to write his own music by studying harmony—



He experimented on his friend's piano . . .

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combining tones pleasingly—and counterpoint—the art of combining melodies.

George, admiring Mr. Hambitzer, was like clay in his teacher's fingers except for the matter of popular music. He learned each new tune as soon as it was out. Irving Berlin's hit, "Alexander's Ragtime Band," spoke to George in a powerful language. Ragtime music, he decided, was America's voice. It told of city streets, of boisterous crowds, of a people young, courageous, and filled with vitality.

At fifteen George attended the High School of Commerce and played the piano at morning assembly. At sixteen he appeared at the Finley Club of New York City College as composer and player of his own composition, a tango.

"I want to go to work," he told his mother one day after school, as he sat at the piano. "I want to spend all my time with music."

"But you need a good education," his mother protested. "How else can you accomplish something important?"

George swung into a lively tune of his own. "Isn't it important to make music?" he coaxed, his voice taking on an appealing note. "I want to learn to compose music—popular music."

He won his parents' approval, then found a fifteen dollar a week position in that section of mid-town New York known as Tin Pan Alley, where jazz was king. There, surrounded by other publishers of popular sheet music, was Remick and Company. As a song plugger in its professional department, George played his employer's songs to singers, dancers, and members of jazz bands, persuading them to use this music in their acts.

He visited theaters to learn which used Remick songs, continued taking lessons, attended concerts, and wrote an occasional tune.

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He wondered, after a few months passed, why his work had become monotonous. Most of the songs, he decided, were poor. The professionals knew it, and he knew it, too.

"I'll write better songs," George determined.

In free intervals between playing to customers he created his own songs. He played them along with Remick's music, hoping a customer would select one of his and urge the publisher to bring it out. But his songs received no attention.

He began offering them to his firm. One after another was rejected.

"You're here as a pianist," the manager finally said. "We have plenty of music writers."

Then one day George wrote a song he was sure would be bought. This, too, was turned down, and with it came discouraging advice.

"A good pianist," he was told, "can always make a living. But a music composer runs the risk of working for nothing. Even if a publisher takes a chance and brings out one of his songs, the composer may earn practically nothing."

George's high hopes dropped until he felt low enough to chin on the sidewalk. His jaw set with determination. "I'd better take my first step toward being a composer now," he told himself, "before I lose my courage."

His heart was pounding and his voice was not quite firm as he told the manager his decision:

"Please accept my resignation," he said.

George tried one job after another and continued writing music. The year he was eighteen a music publisher accepted one of his songs, "When You Want 'Em, You Can't Get 'Em," and gave him

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an advance of five dollars. The author of the lyrics (the verses fitted to the music), having better business ability, managed to get an advance of fifteen dollars. Soon George sold a second song which brought him less than seven dollars in royalties.

The following year he was rehearsal pianist for *Miss 1917*, staged at the Century Theater. At a Sunday night concert there, two of his songs were sung.

Jerome Kern, popular song composer, was in the audience.

"I like your songs," he told George after the concert. "Let me introduce you to Max Dreyfus. He'll give you a better job."

Mr. Dreyfus, head of the music publishing firm of Harms, Inc., made George an offer to write for the Harms concern at a weekly salary of thirty-five dollars. George accepted.

He continued to study with good teachers while he wrote popular songs. At first he followed the styles of Irving Berlin and Jerome Kern—New York boys from middle-class Jewish families like his—whose songs he admired, while he sought constantly for a style of his own.

"Originality is the only thing that counts," he said. "Imitation never gets one anywhere."

He became a song mill. A few of his songs appeared in shows but were not successful. Each failure became a goad that spurred him to greater effort, as he converted his own vitality and love of life into carefully written manuscripts, all jazz, the only music he wanted to write.

"Jazz is American folk music," he insisted.

George composed the song "Swanee" and Irving Caesar wrote its lyrics. The idea had come to George while riding the top deck of a bus on Riverside Drive. The song was published and sung at a large theater, but received little notice.

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He wrote other songs. "I must find a lyric writer, one who can work well with my music," George told himself.

He soon made a discovery. As in the miracle essay, "Acres of Diamonds," what he needed most lay at his own door. His brother Ira, working with a traveling circus, was writing lyrics. They worked together on the song "The Real American Folk Song Is a Rag." Sung by Nora Bayes in *Ladies First*, it proved Ira's ability to write smart, witty lyrics.

The following year Al Jolson bought "Swanee." The popular singer, adored by Broadway, sang it in *Sinbad* and "Swanee" was an instant hit. George Gershwin, whose parents had planned to make him a bookkeeper, had written a song which echoed around the world.

Orders poured in for records and sheet music, selling millions of copies. There was no more need for George to spend his daytime hours to earn bread and butter. He could use all his time for writing music.

George Gershwin, at twenty-two, was called a success by many. But he knew that his foot was merely on the first rung of the ladder he wanted to climb. Only he could say whether or not he was a success, for he alone knew exactly for what he was reaching.

The task before him was a difficult one. He wanted to take jazz, considered by some people too boisterous to be respectable, and make a lady of her. He must dress her in garments that would make her more proper without destroying her radiant personality.

During five crowded, happy years, from 1920 to 1925, George Gershwin wrote music for the annual George White *Scandals* shows. Other musical shows on Broadway also bought and used his songs.

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He was proving that popular songs could be planned as carefully as more formal compositions and could be musically artistic.

Working at the piano, he sometimes sang a line again and again.

"I'll do it until I get it right," he said. Sometimes he stopped composing and danced a few steps to make sure a rhythm was right for dancing. Occasionally he woke up in the night with a tune singing in his head, threw back the covers, and raced to his table to write it down.

In November of 1923, at a concert in New York City, Eva Gautier included a group of four Gershwin songs in her program. Musical history was made when a tall, slim, black-haired young man followed the singer on the stage, carrying sheet music with bright red and yellow covers.

While Miss Gautier sang "Stairway to Paradise," "Innocent Ingenue Baby," the already popular "Swanee," and "Do It Again," their composer, George Gershwin, performed fascinating stunts with the accompaniment.

Here was something music lovers hadn't met before. The audience was plainly having a good time.

Paul Whiteman, leader of the country's finest dance orchestra, was in the audience. He, too, loved America's popular music and believed in its worth.

"I'll have my band give a concert," he decided, "right here in this hall. We'll show the long-haired musicians that jazz is a decent lass. And—yes sir, I'll do it! I'll ask this young man to write some music with a piano part to be played by him, accompanied by my orchestra."

Soon after Eva Gautier's concert, the *Scandals of 1924* opened and an instant hit was scored by the Gershwin song "Somebody Loves Me," whose minor tones hinted at sacred melodies chanted in

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synagogues. George Gershwin had created a song with an interesting difference, one that had both dignity and appeal.

"This song will live," said Tin Pan Alley, and Park Avenue echoed, "We think so, too."

George Gershwin stared at the newspaper and couldn't believe his eyes. Paul Whiteman was announcing a concert, "including a new composition by George Gershwin."

Mr. Whiteman must have meant it, that night of Miss Gautier's concert, when he said he would put on an all-jazz concert and wanted George to write a new composition for it. He would get started at once. This new work must show the musical world that jazz could be worthy of the concert platform.

He told himself: "It will be a rhapsody" (an emotional medley with a variety of moods). "I'll write a Rhapsody in Blue."

He told the news to Paul Whiteman. In their enthusiasm both talked too freely about it and their talk was carried along a human grapevine to another band leader who said he would give such a concert himself, and soon. Paul Whiteman was told of the comment. He telephoned at once to Aeolian Hall and rented it for a concert to be held twenty-four days later.

"But I planned to take six months to write my rhapsody!" George protested. "Twenty-four days! Twen-ty-four-days. All right, I'll do it."

And he did. As fast as he finished a page, written for two pianos, it was orchestrated (arranged for each instrument in an orchestra) by Ferde Grofe. The work George did was so exact that no change was necessary.

In the Gershwin apartment at Amsterdam Avenue and 110th

Street, in the back room shared by George and Ira, there was an upright piano. The rhapsody was taking form on its yellowed keys.

Arthur, the youngest Gershwin brother, admitting Ferde when he called each day for the new pages, would look proudly at his brother, then back at the visitor as if to say, "Isn't George wonderful?"

Ferde, waiting for an incompleted page, listened to George's spirited playing and enjoyed the warm family life in the Gershwin home, where everything centered around George and his piano.

"Rhapsody in Blue," in jazz style, his first serious composition, reflected George Gershwin's optimism and vitality. At the end of his short life of thirty-eight years some musicians rated it his best work.

Three weeks after he began it, the rhapsody was being rehearsed by Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. The day of the concert a friend gave a luncheon, but neither Whiteman nor Gershwin could eat. George, pressed by time, hadn't written out the piano part; he had simply marked the number of bars he would play. But their worry was about the critics. How would they react to this concert in jazz?

Then the concert was taking place, progressing through jazz new and old, through comedy units, and "blues" compositions. "Blues," a slow American Negro music of lamentation, had been invented by W. C. Handy, composer of "St. Louis Blues." Jazz, with blues woven into it, became more Negro-type and colorful.

When the program reached its tenth number, "Rhapsody in Blue," the critics began to look interested. The audience wasn't bored either. In fact, it was electric, sending forth sparks of excitement as saxophones and strings sang out in melodic strains. George Gershwin, at the piano, was proving himself one of the great composers and pianists of his time.

Whiteman, half-way through the score, found himself crying. By

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the time he controlled his emotion he had advanced through eleven pages, with no recollection of how that portion had been conducted. George, at the piano, was crying, too.

The "Rhapsody in Blue" progressed through its twelve minutes of dramatic passages, boisterous mirth, unforgettable musical flourishes and bits of tender beauty. Then its final note sounded and was lost in a tremendous burst of applause.

Ira came into the dining room the next morning with an armful of papers. He opened one and read aloud, "Wednesday, February thirteenth, 1924," teasing George with his slowness.

"Look what they used for a front page headline!" he said disdainfully. "Gold-cased mummy of Tut-Ankh-Amen is found. Pharaoh, with crown and scepter, just as he was laid to rest 3,300 years ago."

Ira turned the page and said: "Here's more about President Wilson's life, although his funeral took place a week ago. I guess those who do things aren't forgotten as soon as they die."

He looked at George, tense and anxious, then turned the pages quickly. "Here it is," he said. "Headline: 'A Concert of Jazz.'"

He stopped teasing and read rapidly and eagerly:

"Yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, a concert of popular jazz music was presented by Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. The stage setting was as unconventional as the program, with frying pans, large tin utensils, and a speaking trumpet that produced uncommon sounds.

"'Livery Stable Blues' was a gorgeous piece of impudence. Then George Gershwin, a young composer only twenty-five years of age, stepped on the stage to play the piano part in the first public performance of his 'Rhapsody in Blue' for piano and orchestra. This

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composition shows extraordinary talent. He has expressed himself in a significant and highly original manner. There was tumultuous applause for Mr. Gershwin's composition."

"Well," Ira questioned triumphantly, "what do you say to that?"

There was a dreamy look in George Gershwin's eyes, and he seemed to be talking to himself. "I wonder," he said softly, "if any of my music will live after I'm gone?"

In the theater and in the dance hall George Gershwin's music became increasingly popular. The post-war generation, confused and frustrated, found in his music the vitality and confidence it sought.

Some reviewers discovered in his songs reminders of the merry music of *Chasidim*—Polish Jews who stressed the joy in religious life—which George heard in East Side synagogues during his childhood. Were the plaintive minor moods and melancholy he wove into his music—both prominent in Jewish music—part of his inheritance from his people's past? These, said critics, had a real part in his production of jazz music that was original and new.

With Ira writing the lyrics, George composed his first music for a complete show, *Lady Be Good*. It proved a hit. Thereafter the brothers, influenced by the same background, proved to be a perfect working team. There was deep devotion between them and a complete understanding of each other's dreams. George's music stimulated Ira to write clever lyrics, and Ira's lyrics were known to inspire George's melodies.

New York society proceeded to shower George with invitations. Everywhere he went he proved a brilliant addition, generous with his talent. He liked his music and took delight in playing it. When teased about this, he replied with a grin:

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"I can't read other people's music as well."

Whiteman's jazz concert was repeated in Boston; through "Rhapsody in Blue," jazz became again an ambassador to the prim court of classical music. Then the concert was given at Derby, Connecticut. There "The Man I Love" was sung for the first time, and received a prominent musician's orchid:

"This is worthy of becoming an American folk song."

It took America four years to wake up to the beauty in the song. By that time European orchestras and audiences knew it well; they had been enthusiastic about it from the beginning.

George had composed the song for *Lady Be Good*, but it was not used then because the cast did not include a suitable voice for it.

George Gershwin made several trips to London to help produce his *Stop Flirting* and *Primrose*, an opera he wrote on one of his first visits there. The Whiteman jazz concert was given in London, with the same program heard in New York and Boston. After the concert, cousins of King George V entertained, and George, playing and singing some of his hits, was the life of the party. But to many English music lovers, jazz was a terrific shock.

Then, in 1925, he reached another milestone in his career. Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, was attracted by the originality of Gershwin's music. He suggested to the president of the New York Symphony Society that George be commissioned to write a concerto (a composition in which one or more instruments, in this case the piano, plays the solo part, accompanied by the orchestra). It would be introduced at a Society concert, with the composer playing the piano part.

All America walked with him and spoke to him as George Gershwin composed the commissioned concerto. And working with Ira, he continued to write music for shows. He was riding two horses at

the same time; one leg was thrown over the bucking broncho, Musical Comedy, while the other clung tightly to a prancing steed in silver harness, Symphonic Music.

This major composition, George decided—the first piano concerto ever created in jazz—must be orchestrated by himself, his first attempt at orchestration.

He rented two small hotel rooms so he could do the scoring in quiet, away from the bustling family life in the private house at 103rd Street, where the whole family lived together. There, friends and musicians dropped in at all hours, drank tea, stood about in groups talking and laughing, or draped themselves against the piano where George was at work.

When the *Concerto in F* was completed, he rented a theater for one afternoon and hired sixty musicians. His friend William Daly conducted this orchestra of sixty men while George listened to all the instruments performing together. He made a few changes in his manuscript and felt sure the symphony audience would hear exactly what he intended.

Waiting his turn on the program in the artists' room at Carnegie Hall, on the afternoon of December 3, 1925, George knew that the hall held a record audience. It included prominent persons from the world of music, young lovers of jazz, and some who were there out of curiosity. Walter Damrosch, coming back stage for a moment before George went on, told him:

“Just play the *Concerto* as well as it deserves.”

In the *Concerto*, the famous conductor felt sure, Gershwin had made jazz into an up-to-date young lady, worthy of being introduced to the most cultured audience.

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Then George was at the piano, drawing from its strings a succession of brilliant, sparkling rhythms as his fingers leaped over the keyboard in a magnificent performance. For thirty minutes George and the orchestra poured forth music which expressed the essence of his land and time, with a sincerity which won an ovation from the audience. But the critics were not pleased with this music which had no prestige, into which were woven Charleston dance rhythms and "blues."

Reading the reviews the next morning, George had to take comfort in an occasional favorable comment in the overwhelming adverse criticism of the concerto. Several critics mentioned the first and last movements, which were in a lively vein. One called attention to the middle movement with its strange melancholy. "This passage is the best part of the concerto," he wrote.

Only a few saw beyond the technical flaws to recognize within the concerto passages of outstanding creative genius that were original, moving, and of great beauty. Something new and unusual proved difficult to judge.

In the days that followed, praise was also heard. "It carries the stamp of a sensitive musical personality," one critic said.

The great English conductor, Albert Coates, a few years later listed the fifty best musical works of the generation. Only one American composer was included and but one American composition—George Gershwin and his *Concerto in F*.

The theater was dark. Only the stage was lit for the dress rehearsal of the musical comedy, *Strike Up the Band*, a satire against war and profiteering. Ira and his wife, Lenore, and a few friends were scattered in the lower house.

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George Gershwin, with his usual flashing smile, ducked into the orchestra pit through the low door under the stage, and threw his fur-lined overcoat and felt hat on the piano. His cigar going full blast, he waved to the director hovering in the wings.

The orchestra struck up the opening chorus and George conducted his music. He whistled and hummed and sang out an occasional phrase. He conducted as if he were dancing; there was rhythm in his tall, athletic body. Every nerve was alert. There must be no hitch in this rehearsal, for the show would open in Boston tomorrow.

The first song started with a long note, then broke into shorter ones. The wood-winds sent forth their flow of melody, and the melody reached for an unexpected note. George, self-taught in orchestration, listened carefully for the effects he had woven in, pleased with the lilt of mockery which ran through the music, so plain that none could miss it.

Watching and listening, his friends were aware that his music was a reflection of his own personality—restless, spontaneous, humorous. How the chorus girls adored him! How well they were responding to the fresh rhythms in his music and in Ira's lyrics. The song "A Typical Self-Made American," and the jaunty march "Strike Up the Band," his friends decided, would surely become hits.

Spring, 1928, found George, Broadway's favorite composer although not yet thirty years old, sailing to Europe for his fifth and final visit.

"We'll make this a celebration," George said to Ira, Lenore, and his sister Frances who accompanied him.

He had reason to celebrate. *Funny Face*, with Adele and Fred Astaire, and *Rosalie* were playing in New York to crowded houses.

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Oh, Kay was piling up triumphs in London. In Paris his "Rhapsody in Blue" was being performed as a ballet, and was also scheduled to be played at a symphony concert.

George, troubled by his lack of technical training for composing music, wanted to study with one of Europe's great masters. And he planned to write a new work about an American in Paris while on this European visit.

He called on Maurice Ravel to arrange for study, but that great musician advised against it. "Why do you want to be a second-rate Ravel when you are already a first-rate Gershwin?" the Frenchman asked. "Why should you put your music in a strait-jacket?"

Igor Stravinsky was living in Paris. George called on him, requesting lessons in composition. "How much do you earn from your music?" Stravinsky asked, and when George told him, the Russian said with a chuckle:

"Perhaps I ought to study under you."

Between meeting composers and musical critics and attending concerts and parties, George managed to work on his new composition, *An American in Paris*. He wrote the entire blues section at the Hotel Majestic in Paris. Friends, eager to entertain him, cut into his time and he fled to Vienna. There he worked in his hotel room through long hours each day. The occupant of the adjoining apartment complained to the management, then, learning who was making "that noise," withdrew his complaint and joined the Gershwin party each evening. On his return to Paris, George prepared the orchestration.

Wherever he went, he found his music popular. While in Vienna he visited a famous cafe with a Viennese composer. As he followed his host to a table, the orchestra swung into "Rhapsody in Blue."

Two months after his arrival in Europe, his *Concerto* was per-

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formed at the Paris Opera House. Columns of praise ran in Paris papers. Through it all Gershwin remained modest, a pleasant companion, a considerate friend.

In London, Prince George (later to become Duke of Kent) dropped into George Gershwin's apartment frequently to hear George play his favorites, including "Mischa, Jascha, Toscha, Sascha," which George had written for a Jascha Heifetz party to poke good-natured fun at four prominent violinists. A warm friendship developed between the prince and Gershwin. One of the latter's treasured possessions was a photograph of Prince George, inscribed "To George from George."

In his luggage, when customs inspectors went through it on Gershwin's return to New York, was a permanent record of his vacation, the completed manuscript of *An American in Paris*. In it George Gershwin, American, son of the mighty U. S. A., walked through Paris feeling its gaiety and smiling indulgently at the strange ways he saw.

George, describing his work, said:

"As in my other orchestra compositions, this also contains no definite scenes. The listener can read into the music whatever his imagination sees."

In December of that year, with Walter Damrosch conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra at Carnegie Hall, *An American in Paris* was presented for the first time. The audience liked it. Critics were less enthusiastic. A few, including Samuel Chotzinoff, rated it the best piece of modern music since Gershwin's *Concerto in F*.

In the summer of 1929, unemployment in the United States had risen to a new high. Men and women sold apples on street corners to earn

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the price of bread. But at the Lewisohn Stadium in New York City on August 26, young people and older ones poured in for the annual all-Gershwin concert of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra.

Introduced in 1927 and repeated in the following years, the all-Gershwin concerts had drawn a record attendance. Sixteen thousand people heard George each time as piano soloist in his "Rhapsody" and *Concerto*.

At this third concert twenty thousand people filled all available seats and jammed the standing room in aisles, ramparts, towers, and stairs of the concrete semi-circle and field. Thousands were turned away, many protesting bitterly. For the composer was to appear in a new role, that of conductor of *An American in Paris*.

As the musicians were tuning up, one critic in a front row looked around at the sea of faces.

"Only Tchaikowsky," he said to his companion, "has been able to pack the house this way. There is always a capacity audience when Mr. Gershwin interprets his music. I'm glad we have front seats. Watching his hands in action is like witnessing piano magic."

His companion agreed. George Gershwin's music did more than entertain, he pointed out; it lifted the spirits of his listeners.

There was warm applause for George Gershwin at the piano, playing his "Rhapsody" with the orchestra. But when he appeared, baton in hand, and took his place before the musicians, there was a roar of welcome and approval. An instant hush followed, and all eyes were on him.

He watched his score closely. Throughout fifteen minutes of concentration he gave the musicians the clean beat and occasional cue needed to give an effective hearing to any music, while his audience sat relaxed and happy.

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The next day one review stated:

"In the face of the statistics of twenty thousand present and more than four thousand turned away, the critical attitude cannot help but be humble. What would it profit us to protest against singling out Mr. George Gershwin as the one American composer to be honored with a special annual concert?

"An American in Paris is amusing. It turned up the lip's corners, gave rest from anxiety, and new courage for tomorrow's difficulties. The audience liked its rollicking humor. It stirred the feet and the sober players into unaccustomed fire. In it four French taxi horns, saxophones, and other unorthodox sound makers in formal musical circles brayed their lively tones.

"One could hear the merry sounds of Paris boulevards and tooting taxi horns as the American took his stroll. Then the music changed to the blues section as if, perhaps going into a cafe alone, he felt a sudden yearning for home. Soon the street noises were heard again and the music became light and merry. Perhaps the American, returning to the boulevard and mingling with the gay strollers, recaptured his happy mood.

"Mr. Gershwin conducted with reserve, and with the able cooperation of the musicians produced a spirited performance of his music. Jazz, wearing the jewels George Gershwin has bestowed on her, seems to have won her way into many hearts."

Of Thee I Sing, something new in musical comedy, opened in Boston. "Excellent theater!" the drama critics said. "It is a lively reflection of American life and comment on it."

This musical play—actually a comic opera—was set in Washington. The Senate deliberated in speech and song. The Supreme Court

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formed the chorus and the Judges danced on the Capitol steps. There was good-natured ribbing of the President and the Vice-President, with the freedom of speech so truly American. Fun was poked at campaign parades, campaign promises, and election nights. The campaign issue was "Put love in the White House."

Later, *Of Thee I Sing*, in New York, drew compliments from that city's drama critics. "An excellent story by George Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind," they wrote. "George Gershwin has composed music that is part and parcel of the kidding, and Ira Gershwin's lyrics share in the play's merit. Its songs may be compared favorably with Gilbert & Sullivan music."

Of Thee I Sing became the first musical comedy to be published in book form. It received the Pulitzer prize as the best play of 1931, the first musical comedy to be thus honored. The prize went to Kaufman, Ryskind, and Ira Gershwin. Since music was not considered in Pulitzer play awards, no recognition could go to George, although his music had a real part in the merit of the play.

George and Ira continued to write musical hits for Broadway and Hollywood. George toured with an orchestra and played thirty concerts in thirty days. Everywhere attendance records were broken when he played. Symphonic orchestras gave more performances of his work than that of any other American composer.

Early one warm summer evening the door-bell rang in George Gershwin's penthouse apartment, seventeen stories above East Seventy-fifth Street. George opened the door.

"Hello," he said to the musician who came to interview him for a newspaper. "Come in."

They sat in the modernistic living room with its indirect lighting

and talked. Then, "May I see your place?" the interviewer asked, and George showed him through the bachelor apartment with its miniature gymnasium and game room, and answered questions about his life and work. He said what he thought. There was no posing, no "window dressing" in his manner.

"Is that the piano you use?" George was asked when they passed a frosted piano in the dining room.

"No," came the reply. "I play on an old, mellowed grand."

Ira and his wife lived in the adjoining penthouse, connected by a short passage. A telephone connected both workrooms.

Back in the living room, the visitor asked: "What do you consider the secret of your success?"

Completely unspoiled, still a little surprised and bewildered by what he had poured forth in songs and longer compositions, he hesitated a moment before he replied:

"I guess the main thing is that I enjoy what I'm doing. I keep constantly at it. And I study—the artist must grow, he must always want to do better."

"You paint, too, I understand, besides collecting modern paintings and sculpture?" the interviewer questioned.

"Yes!" George said enthusiastically.

He had taken up painting to help him relax when at leisure. He worked at his easel hours at a time. He loved color in painting and in music, too. "I guess I'm a modern romantic," he said.

He pointed out his own canvases: *Negro Child*, *Self Portrait in an Opera Hat*, *Mother*, *Father*, *Self Portrait in a Checked Sweater*, and accepted modestly his visitor's praise:

"Your painting has a vitality not usual in amateur work."

"I enjoy painting," he admitted. "My cousin, Henry Botkin the artist, helped me get started. Some days I think I'd like to continue

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writing music about five years longer, then make painting my main field. Art takes all the energy a man has. It's impossible to work equally in two."

Would he play one of his compositions? The interviewer had heard that Gershwin's playing was piano magic.

George laughed, a little embarrassed by such an unrestrained compliment. "Oh, I don't know—I guess it's just that I like playing," he said. He lifted his hands over the keyboard, dropped them again and questioned:

"What would you like to have me play? 'The Second Rhapsody,' perhaps?"

He sat at the piano with a long black cigar between his teeth and played "The Second Rhapsody" with a master's sureness of touch, as if he were talking to his listener. Music, to him, was speech.

He had written this composition in 1931, while in Hollywood writing music for the movie *Delicious*, whose story was laid in New York. The *Delicious* music included one number showing the city's sounds.

"I ought to do a piece about riveting," he decided at that time, "showing the tattoo of skyscraper riveters." That summer he wrote "Rhapsody in Rivets," later renamed it *Second Rhapsody*.

As the piece came to an end, the interviewer said:

"I wish I dared ask for your *Cuban Overture*."

George swung into the *Cuban Overture*, explaining that when it was played by an orchestra it included the sounds produced by gourds, bongo, and other Cuban instruments. He had composed the piece after a short vacation in Cuba, called it *Rhumba Overture* at first, then changed its name. He explained:

"People think the rhumba is Cuban-Spanish. It's really Negro music brought from Africa to the West Indies."

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What started him writing jazz? The belief that jazz music was not inferior; it was merely different. And because he liked to listen to it.

Did he keep notebooks or compose straight off, without letting ideas simmer?

"I do both," he answered. "I'll show you one of my notebooks."

He was back in a moment. "See," he said, opening a notebook with bits of music, ideas he could draw on, to be finished some day in the future. "Look at this page," he requested.

It was an uncompleted page of music. It suggested a synagogue, a prayer, and a Chasidic dance. His visitor, reading it, could almost see the swaying bodies.

There were blue notes that resembled Negro music. The interviewer had noticed that one of Gershwin's tunes in *Funny Face* began with a Jewish lilt, but ended like Negro music. Was there kinship between the two, perhaps based on their common suffering as minorities, perhaps also because of the closeness of both groups to the Hebrew Bible?

"Well—some say there is kinship between Jewish and Negro music, others say there isn't. Merle Armitage has said that while jazz started from the South African Negro, it has undergone a change—that it has been touched and influenced by Hebrew music."

George stopped to wipe his face with a handkerchief. "This room is warm," he said. "Let's sit on the terrace while we talk."

The twilight mist reached from the terrace and over the Hudson River, with the Palisades showing vaguely through. Below, in the city, lights sparkled on windows and in the streets; skyscrapers glowed with a million eyes from light reflected on their windows.

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In the sky overhead, stars winked above the mist like jewels on velvet.

The butler brought a tray with tall dew-frosted glasses of ginger ale. Ice cubes tinkled in his glass as George sat relaxed in a hammock, answering questions.

"Are you affected by what the music critics write?"

"Not any more. Sometimes I don't read the notices at all. A musician has to write what is important to him."

"Have any persons influenced your life?"

"Yes, of course. Isn't that true of every one?"

He sipped his drink slowly, said: "My mother—she's the ideal mother in Israel—has had an important influence on my life—and other members of my family, including Ira and my cousin, the artist. Musicians have influenced me, too."

He was asked if he composed during set hours, and how he worked with Ira on songs.

"I don't follow a schedule," George said. "You can find me at the piano in the early afternoon or at three o'clock in the morning."

When he sat at the piano, ideas surged through his mind. Something always came forth. Some days he composed rapidly. When he found eight bars he liked, he could finish a chorus in a few minutes. He had written four tunes in one afternoon.

Once, returning from a tryout tour of *Funny Face*, he discovered that his notebook containing at least forty tunes had been left in Wilmington, Delaware. He telephoned to the hotel and was informed the notebook could not be found. He did not storm or rave. He sat down and wrote forty more. Yes, he felt completely happy when composing music.

"How do Ira and I work together? Generally, when I complete the melody of a song I give it to Ira, who then fits lyrics to it."

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Ira first sought a title. When he found one he liked, he wrote the last line. There he tried to work in the title again, if possible with a novel twist. As he wrote each line, he tried it out to see how it sang.

"No, Ira can't read music. He taps out the tunes on the keyboard with one finger, playing by ear." George chuckled at his interviewer's comment. "You're right," he agreed. "That first piano my folks bought for Ira did more for me than for him."

Were there any new themes George would like to use in his music? Was he planning any larger works?

"Well—some day I'd like to put the Gettysburg Address and Puritan New England into music. I'd like to write some classical music, too, just to try my hand at it. And I'd like to compose an opera."

He leaned forward to replace his glass on the tray.

"Remember that page of music I showed you—the Chasidic music? After I saw the Jewish folk play, *The Dybbuk*, I wrote that page of notes. Some day I'd like to write an opera on the Dybbuk story."

The Dybbuk story was not available. Someone owned the right to produce it in music.

George recalled his interest in a novel, *Porgy*, which he had read some years before. He had met its author, DuBose Heyward, and said he'd like to write music for *Porgy* as an opera. "But I won't be ready to compose an opera for a few years," George had added. "I must get more technical experience first."

He was ready now. This story of an unusual beggar, a Charleston Negro, had both humor and tragedy. He would be able to compose

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light as well as serious music for it. Song and dance, a natural expression for Negroes, and humor, too, could be a part of the opera.

George got in touch with Mr. Heyward and one October day in 1933 they set to work.

They discussed details. They would call this folk opera *Porgy and Bess*. Usable folk music existed; it would cut down the work and time required. Should they use some of it?

"No," George said. "I'll write my own spirituals and folk songs. Then the music will be all in one piece."

To earn money for two years of freedom to compose the opera, Mr. Heyward decided to work two months of each year on motion pictures in Hollywood. The first year he wrote a screen version of *Emperor Jones*. The second year his assignment for the movies was Pearl Buck's *The Good Earth*. The rest of the time he labored on *Porgy and Bess* in Charleston, South Carolina.

George Gershwin took a radio contract. Twenty-five million American radios, by courtesy of Feenamint, received Gershwin hits over the air, performed on the piano by their composer. Those who sat and listened did not know it, but they were helping to compose music for an opera.

To make words and music fit together, Heyward occasionally visited New York to confer with George. Or George, tied to a microphone at Radio City, took a flying trip to Charleston. Sometimes "Uncle Sam" gave his help to bridge the distance by carrying scenes or lyrics in a bag of registered mail.

Ira worked with them, too. His gift for sophisticated lyrics was needed to provide suitable songs for the Harlem character, Sporting Life, who wandered into Catfish Row. George and Ira, working together, sometimes struggled over a phrase. They would sing bits of music, argue about it, make changes, and finally agree that the lyric

was right. Meanwhile Mr. Heyward labored on the native material, the prayer in the storm scene, the lullaby to open the opera.

To get the feeling of the life he portrayed in his music, George lived and worked at Folly Beach, ten miles from Charleston, that summer of 1934. Nearby was James Island, whose Gullah Negroes retained the primitive ways of their tribe in Africa. Their English was different, too, enriched with African words and pronunciation.

Under a burning August sun, George watched these Negro peasants of the South shuffle before their cabins. He listened to their spirituals. He attended a Negro meeting one night, on the shore of an island perched in the Atlantic Ocean, to witness a "shouting," a relic of African days.

He watched the "shouters" closely as their hands and feet beat a rhythm to the shouted spirituals which grew increasingly more excited. Suddenly George jumped into the circle of dancing, shouting Negroes, uttering the same loud cries, beating out the rhythm with his hands and feet. To the delight of the Gullah audience, George Gershwin outdid their most skillful shouter.

One night Heyward and Gershwin were entering a rickety cabin where Negro Holy Rollers were meeting. Frenzied cries floated out to them.

"Wait!" George said in a tense whisper, and they stopped on the threshold.

A dozen voices shouted in loud rhythmic prayer; each had begun at a different time, on a different theme. Together they formed an arresting rhythmic pattern. Their words faded into each other and were lost, but the pounding rhythm with its terrifying primitive intensity came through clearly.

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"I've got it!" George said. "I'll write six prayers to be shouted at the same time, a terrible, primitive cry for God's help in the face of the hurricane."

"Rhapsody in Blue" had been completely built in Negro tones, melodies, and rhythms. George had acknowledged his debt on an autographed gift copy of the "Rhapsody" which bore his inscription:

"For Mr. Handy, whose early blue songs are the forefathers of this work."

Standing on the threshold of the cabin from which shouting voices issued, George Gershwin expressed his debt to the Negroes within, just as great European composers, for hundreds of years before him, had expressed their debt to the peasant songs and the singers of their land.

He returned to New York with a deep tan and loaded with knowledge of Negro life. The sounds and flavor of Catfish Row, Charleston, S. C., were in the chambers of his creative ear.

"We mustn't use too much Gullah dialect," George cautioned, "so opera goers will understand it."

The music of *Porgy and Bess*, George Gershwin's most ambitious work, was composed in eleven months and orchestrated in nine months. There were five hundred and sixty pages of the published piano and vocal score.

Then George prepared alone every page of the orchestration, seven hundred pages of closely written music, a beautiful manuscript, and *Porgy and Bess* was taken over by the director and the conductor.

Hundreds of auditions were necessary before the cast was complete and rehearsals began. Northern Negroes had to learn southern dialect. Some were graduates of the best music schools, others could not read a note and had to learn their roles by ear. George Gershwin,

remembering what he had heard among the Gullah Negroes, showed them how to interpret correctly.

Porgy and Bess opened in Boston in the fall of 1935 for its first public performance. During the scene of the wake, there were tears in spectators' eyes. The songs "Summertime" and "I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'" brought enthusiastic applause. When the performance ended, the composer of the spiritual "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen" said to George Gershwin:

"You're the Abraham Lincoln of American Negro music."

The playing time of the opera was too long. George spent that night walking in Boston Common with the director and conductor of *Porgy and Bess* while they decided what surgery must be performed to cut the performance by forty-five minutes for the opening in New York.

Porgy and Bess was hailed as an important milestone in American music. It had a long run in New York. On tour through the United States, it carried eighty-five persons, including the man who cared for the goat and its understudy. Later *Porgy and Bess* was presented in Europe, in several languages. Wherever it played, audiences were enthusiastic.

George Gershwin never learned that he was elected, in 1937, an honorary member of the Academy of St. Cecelia in Rome, Italy's highest honor to foreign composers. He passed away in Los Angeles as the news reached America. Before his thirty-ninth birthday an unsuccessful operation for a brain tumor brought an end to his life. Two days before he had discussed songs with Ira for a motion picture on which they were at work.

A month later the annual all-Gershwin concert in New York be-

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came a memorial concert. It was attended by the largest audience the Stadium had ever held. The Governor of New York and the Mayor of New York City were present. George Gershwin's mother, sister, and brothers were there, and people prominent in every avenue of the music world for which he had written more than a thousand compositions: musical comedy, motion picture, concert hall, opera.

As the program advanced, each musical field was represented by musical numbers composed by the boy who had once stood before a penny arcade, excited by the music which issued from a mechanical piano.

A critic, as the program drew to its close, scribbled in his notebook:

"A person is far greater than his achievement, for the work a man gives forth is a mere spark of himself. Did we appreciate George Gershwin while he lived? He came like music in the night, lingered one brief moment, and then was gone."

More than one, leaving, thought how little the trouble-filled world could afford the loss of this gifted American, whose rich promise for the future was so early stricken down. And those who knew George Gershwin intimately thought of words he had spoken to his mother when he was sixteen, while coaxing for permission to give all his time to music:

"People need music that makes them feel happy, Mamma. It helps them over the hard places in life."



We Pull Together

(EPILOGUE)

I'm glad you found our book interesting, Bill, and learned a great deal from it. I knew you would.

We students who searched out the facts learned even more. But I mustn't get ahead of my story.

Sammy Weinstein went to the library with me, the day we began our project. The book he thought I should read first wasn't in the stacks.

"Come to my house," he said. "You can take our copy."

They live over their store. We went up quietly. Sammy explained that his father was sleeping, because he gets up at six each morning and works in the store until midnight.

When we came down with the book, a bundle of newspapers was thrown from a passing truck, and hit the sidewalk. Sammy picked it up and we went inside.

His mother was working at the soda fountain. She was motherly looking, and friendly. She waved to us as we came in. Pretty soon there were two empty stools and she called us.

"Have a snack," she said, and she served us hot cocoa and some cookies in waxed paper envelopes.

Then Sammy cut the rope on the bundle of newspapers and took them outside to the stand, while I watched his mother work.

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She moved fast, all right. Men came in for cigars and cigarettes, older children came for comic books or tablets. Little ones came to buy a penny's worth of candy, and she didn't hurry them when they couldn't make up their minds between a licorice "shoe lace" or a small measure of "chicken corn." She explained how much they could have for their penny, then waited patiently. I guess she realized it was important to them, and they weren't used to making decisions.

When it was time for his mother to go upstairs to prepare their dinner, Sammy said, "I'll take over."

She put on her sweater, and his eyes followed her lovingly as she went out. "I don't know how Mother does so much," he told me. "She cooks and bakes and takes care of the house, helps in the store, and works on committees. One year she was president of her Sisterhood. She's a live wire, all right."

Sammy put his books on the end of the counter, ready to do his homework between waiting on customers.

"So long," I said. "I'll go home and begin reading your book."

About a week later all the students at our school were given a friendly letter for our parents. It was an invitation to attend an evening meeting of the Parent-Teachers Association. I gave it to my mother, then forgot about it until I heard Dad ask how the meeting went.

That meeting brought a big attendance of parents. It seems that only a few women came in the past and very little was done. This time some fathers were also present.

They heard Mr. Brandt describe the bad feeling in the town and among the boys and girls. He said the bad feeling was responsible

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for many troubles in our town, including the poor condition of the school, and that we students deserved a school of which we could be proud. He let them know how badly we felt, not having a decent gym or uniforms for our basketball team. He said something would have to be done to correct this condition, and soon.

My mother remarked, telling Dad of Mr. Brandt's talk:

"This principal is going to get something done, or know why not. He told us to talk it over at home and think about it, and come to another meeting next week—with some good ideas, and ready to start working."

Well, do you know, Bill, the next meeting was even bigger and quite a few men were there. Sammy's mother stood up and said her husband used to be a tailor. She said he couldn't come to the meeting, but he asked her to say he'd be glad to make uniforms for the basketball team, if the cloth would be supplied. Then a man got up and said the business men's club would furnish all materials.

Well, it didn't take long and the basketball team was moving Mr. Weinstein's sewing machine downstairs, to the stock room behind the store. Then Mr. Weinstein took the fellows' measurements, brought his master pattern, and made a pattern for the uniforms. The team stood around while he spread wrapping paper on the floor, laid out cloth on it and arranged the pattern on the cloth, then began cutting.

About that time I formed the habit of helping out at the store an hour or so each afternoon, so Sammy's father could work at the sewing machine without being disturbed too often.

At one Parent-Teacher meeting several people said the best way to raise money would be to run a bazaar. They thought they could

earn enough to buy a new phonograph and some records, maybe some large maps which the school needed.

Others liked the idea, too. There was some discussion about spending three months to get ready, appointing committees, making plans, and gathering merchandise.

Sammy's mother said, "If we have three months to get ready, some of us will waste the first two months. By that time we may lose our enthusiasm. My Sisterhood ran a successful bazaar last year with only one month of preparation."

People asked her questions. She had some good ideas, and experience, too, because she had been general chairman of the Sisterhood bazaar for her synagogue. Before the meeting ended she was asked to be general chairlady of the bazaar, and she accepted.

She has a funny way of saying things, a natural sense of humor that keeps people laughing. Pretty soon she was sending out mimeographed letters to her committees and to the parents that were as funny as they could be. Frank was on the student committee that ran the mimeograph machine, and he told me the fun they had when her copy arrived.

Dad chuckled as he read each letter. Soon he volunteered to help with the frankfurter booth; the appeal for help was so funny, he couldn't resist it. He and two other men hustled around to the meat markets of our town, getting pledges of frankfurters. And the two evenings of the bazaar there he was, in chef's hat and apron, taking care of the grill and waiting on customers. You should have seen how fast he and his committee tucked each juicy, dripping frankfurter inside a crisp toasted roll, and how popular that booth was. It made money, too.

That bazaar was really something, Bill. It was the first time all the folk groups of our town worked together. Jim's folks got their friends



... the folk groups of our town worked together.

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to help, and Tony's parents brought all the members of a club to which they belong. The men cut lengths of lumber and built the booths. Then the women did the decorating and arranged the merchandise collected during the month of preparation. My mother said the Home-Made Articles Booth and the United Nations Cake and Pastry Shop proved we had all pulled together.

The Home-Made Articles Booth had many interesting pieces made by men and women, which some Americans had never seen before. And the cake booth—well, when I saw those luscious home-made cakes I had all I could do to keep my mouth bailed out.

The display included deep dish apple pie, Vienna cheese tarts, Chinese rice cakes, southern spoon bread, apple shtrudel, French pastry, Cornwall saffron cake, and many others I can't name. That booth showed we are a nation of nations. Two hours after the bazaar opened, those cakes were all sold out.

The committee had planned a dance for the end of the second evening. By ten o'clock the left-over merchandise was made into packages and auctioned off. Then each folk group put on an old-country dance and those who knew it joined in. One of the dances was a Palestine hora. You should have seen how many of us joined hands, when we saw how easy it was, and we whirled around and around the floor.

How much money was made? I forgot about that, remembering the fun we had. We made more than two thousand dollars. A combination radio and phonograph was bought for our school, records for music class and some for dancing, several maps, and quite a few books. The balance was spent to improve the gym. It provided a rowing machine, horizontal bars, Indian clubs, boxing gloves, and a leather-covered exercise horse.

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In history class we continued to discuss facts we learned in our reading. We decided that the silent approach doesn't improve the world. When someone says, "Let's not talk about it," you can be sure whatever is wrong will stay that way or get worse. So when one of us discovered information that corrected a wrong idea, we told it to the class. We were trying to live up to our school slogan, "Unity Through Understanding."

Nanette, in music class, corrected a wrong idea about Jewish music. Some of us used to think all Jewish music is sad. Nanette borrowed records from the Jewish family she became acquainted with, so we could hear Jewish wedding songs and the new music coming out of Israel. We couldn't keep our feet quiet, listening to them.

One day in history class we talked about the unfair way some Americans treat other Americans. We felt that each person should be accepted or rejected on his individual worth. We said it wasn't enough to just talk about justice. We decided to make a set of rules, a sort of pledge of fair behavior, and live up to it every day in school, on the street, and in our homes. We were beginning to see that a decent person cares about what happens to other people, and he doesn't merely talk about what's wrong. He does something to help.

We asked six girls and boys, including a Girl Scout and a Boy Scout, to form a committee and draw up the rules. The next day they read the rules in class. We changed a few words that didn't satisfy us, then we pledged ourselves to live by them. Here's what I, and each member of our history class, promised:

"I shall respect the people of all folk groups, for the American way is a respect for differences, and all peoples have helped to make our country fine and strong.

"I shall respect the religion of others as well as my own, and never pass disrespectful remarks.

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"I shall be courteous at all times to every one, young and old.

"I shall never hurt the feelings of others, or injure them or their property.

"I shall keep the laws of my school and town, and work for their improvement.

"I shall give fair play at all times, including home table talk.

"I shall keep my mind and my body clean.

"I shall be honest with myself and with all people."

How did we form our teams and what did each put on in assembly? That's right, Bill, I forgot to tell you about it.

Nanette and Marilyn cut twenty slips of paper and wrote seven A's, seven B's, and six C's on them. They folded the slips, shook them inside a brown paper bag, and each of us reached in and took one. Perfectly fair, wasn't it?

We decided in class that it takes many bits of knowledge to change people's wrong ideas about others. We agreed that Team A should present its project in December, Team B in February during Brotherhood Week, and Team C in the early spring in order to spread our work out over the year.

Team A decided on a "Did You Know?" quiz about the Jewish people. They hunted for interesting facts in the *Jewish Quiz Book*, in Jewish histories and biographies, and in the *Jewish Encyclopedia*. Sammy was on that team. After they picked their questions, they asked Mrs. Weinstein to show them how to put some humor or surprises into the quiz so it would be entertaining. They got a big hand at a monthly student social, and at a Parent-Teacher meeting, too.

Team B wanted to write a play about a Jewish character. Marilyn was on that team but she wasn't much help because she knew so

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little about her people. One of the Team B fellows told me their troubles when I was already gathering material for my story on Dr. Joseph Goldberger. He looked at my notes, borrowed Dr. Goldberger's biography from the library, and they set to work. Their play showed Dr. Goldberger curing the orphan children of pellagra, with Team B's young sisters and brothers playing the small children's parts. That play proved an excellent project for Brotherhood Week.

During December, our class decided we'd like to visit a synagogue. We planned a letter to Sammy's rabbi and wrote it in class. When the answer came, inviting us to attend Saturday morning services, I can tell you we were pleased. Rabbi Gordon wrote that if we could manage to come early, he would explain some parts of the service to us. That was an interesting morning and we certainly learned a great deal.

I forgot to tell you about the project of my team, the C's. The idea came to me one Friday evening when I was at Sammy's home for dinner. Just before Mrs. Weinstein lit the Sabbath candles, I saw her drop money into a blue box. Sammy explained that most Jewish families help to buy land in Israel, and the land then becomes the property of the Jewish people. The Jewish republic is being bought acre by acre. Other countries were generally taken by conquest.

Mr. Weinstein told me one day about the brave pioneers who risked malaria and worse dangers, too, in order to rebuild Palestine. He said: "They work for all Jews. They give all Jewish people back the dignity which evil persons took away."

My team liked the idea of putting on a Palestine program. We planned a skit in three scenes, with a narrator to explain them: Why the United Nations created Israel. Why Israel is important to Jews everywhere, even if they won't have a chance to see it for them-

selves. How Israeli citizens make an important contribution to the world.

We worked hard to dig out the information for our skits, but it was worth it. We learned many interesting facts and so did our parents, from hearing us talk about it.

When we were ready to put our skits on, a Jewish organization lent us a movie in technicolor. It showed how Israel is being rebuilt. I thought the most interesting shot was of a group of young refugees washing salt from land beside the Dead Sea, so they could grow food on it. Every foot of Israeli land must be used, because so many homeless Jews are settling there.

We received many compliments on our program. The second time we put it on, at a Parent-Teacher meeting, my minister was present. He invited us to repeat the program at our church on Sunday night. It made a hit there, too.

Did our parents do anything more after the bazaar? Yes, Mr. Brandt helped them plan a Parents' Workshop on the theme "Unity for One World." The four Wednesday evenings in March were reserved for it. Each evening brought a movie and a speaker, followed by discussion and a social hour.

The first time they learned how different peoples, in various parts of the world and in different times, fought for freedom. The second week the speaker explained special problems of different lands and the travelogue, a technicolor movie, showed how those people were trying to solve their problems. The third evening our parents learned how air travel makes people of all nations our neighbors.

The last evening's movie was called *Paths from Ellis Island*. It showed how different folk groups settled in various parts of the

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United States and how they built their communities. It presented scenes of wheat harvesting, peanut and cotton picking, factory looms in operation, and many other skills developed by our many folk groups, all benefiting our country.

Our parents stood around drinking tea and talking during the final social hour. Tony's father said wouldn't it be a good idea for the men to get together again to work on the school lot, after the warm weather comes, like a real American corn husking or grain threshing, as shown in the picture that evening. He thought the school would have a dandy recreation field if the men would grade it and sink drainage pipes to carry rain water off quickly.

It was done during the spring vacation and it didn't cost the school or the town anything. The men did the work. They even provided the lumber for the wall of the handball court, and the net for the volley-ball court. I tell you, Bill, we kids sure are proud of our school.

Did Marilyn change her mind about having the Jewish people studied? She certainly did. Near the end of the school year, after we admitted how silly we considered some of the statements on those papers we wrote at the beginning, Mr. Brandt asked what our project did for each of us. Well, Marilyn admitted she'd learned many facts she wished she had known before.

What did we do with the money our class made on our book? We didn't get any money yet. Our first royalties will be paid in January and after that once each year as long as the book sells. We want to buy books like *One God* and *All About Us*, as well as other new books which explain the folk groups in America, how they work together, and what a swell job they are doing.

What about next year? Well, there's going to be a bazaar again.

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Our folks voted to make it an annual affair. When it's over they will buy a really super motion picture machine for the school auditorium, and they'll begin to set up a workshop in our school basement. They plan to buy a printing-press first. They will add machines each year, so we girls and boys can learn many skills and be really useful citizens. Another Parents' Workshop is being planned on the theme, "Helping Our Youth to Achieve a Friendly One World."

Will our history class follow last year's program in the fall? Yes, of course. We'll vote on the next group to be studied as soon as school begins.

What did you say, Bill? You're sorry your folks moved away? You can say that again.

In our town we understand, at last, that all Americans are working side by side at a loom, weaving a choice tapestry known as American life and culture. To it each brings the finest threads inherited from his people's past, and into it all our skills are blended. We want it to be a strong tapestry, a beautiful tapestry, one that will bring happiness to every American.

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